LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXVIII. APRIL, 1822. Vol. V.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

LONDON MAGAZINE.

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THE LION'S HEAD.

Frank Stanley is requested to accept our thanks, the only return we can make for the trouble he has taken.

Scriptor's paper is too heavy,—it cost 4s. 7d. an ounce from Liverpool. We look for very light articles from anonymous contributors who forget to pay the postage.

Vindex should have had an answer last month, but the matter quite slipped out of our Head. His paper lies for him at our publishers'.

The three Sonnets translated from the Italian are scarcely good enough for our acceptance. We would rather receive tolerable originals than bad translations.

Minor's "Conflagration," exhibits some power, but it is too unequal for us to give more than extracts.

Sometimes, indeed, his "words that burn" go a step on the other side of the sublime:

Blazing, it threaten'd to light up the morn,
And hiss'd all watery attempts to scorn:
Uprose the curling flames and writhed amain,
As they had burn'd themselves and roar'd with pain;
Uprose the ruddy smoke in lurid rolls,
As fiery dragons had belch'd forth their souls;
And flocks of glowing fragments forced on high,
Like red flamingoes soar'd along the sky.

We really did not know before that "Juvenile was handed down to posterity as an author much read by the Romans." He was, no doubt, the Mr. Newbery of their day. For this information we are indebted to Bs, and not less so for his candour in pointing out one fault in our Magazine, that "the London is too full of Literature." We are glad it is no worse, and have no doubt that, with Bs's assistance, we shall be able, when necessary, to render it quite otherwise.

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Centaur on Riding seems to have been inspired by the King's Mews. If he had as much of it as Charles at Charing-cross, he would be glad to feel his own feet again. Riding, however (we do not mean C.'s paper), is a very good exercise.

I. H. H.'s Letters from L—— are clever but dangerous. They are so sprinkled with private anecdote, that we should be obliged to print many passages in asterisks, to avoid other risks more easily understood. We wish that I. H. H. before he writes again, would consider what Winifred Jenkins says: "If God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might I not reveal concerning young Mistress and old Mistress." The following is almost the only extract of his paper which we can give with safety:

We have the Judges here trumpeting up and down the streets like a couple of recruiting officers. And the country ladies are so bewitched with the causes at Nisi Prius, that they sit there all day, fanning themselves red, over an action on a Bill of Exchange. O! the pleasures of the assize! The black cap, the javelin men, the hanging sentence, the Sheriff's ball! You who live at London, and those distant parts, have no more idea of the splendours of our place at such a time, than W—— has of Quadrilles. Mrs. S—— up the town has been robbed of a gravy spoon, and no one has yet discovered the robber—so that we all live in blessed fear of a penny Marr, or a twopenny Williamson. We make the most of every thing. If the thief transpires, you shall hear.

We are indebted to the kindness of various hands for the following, which we cannot mention in any other way:—The Murderer's Dream, and Sonnet by H. L.—To a Lady on her Birth-day, and Verses, by W. H. C.—Song, by J. H.—On Oaths.—Song, by W. C.—Song, by T. W.—Z. A.—Sonnet, by J. A. G.—M. M.—Verax.—" Feet and Heels."—Plutarch, jun.

Several Correspondents who desire private answers, will receive them on application at our Publishers'.

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London Magazine.

Nº XXVIII.

APRIL, 1822.

VOL. V.

THE OLD ACTORS.*

THE artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an oc-casional licence of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw every thing up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the dramatis personæ, his peers. We have been spoiled with-not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it,—the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point

fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, ene-mies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is there transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fire-side concerns to the theatre with We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character which stood between vice and virtue; or which, in fact, was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in questionthat happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning-the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry-is broken up and disfranchised as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images or names of wrong. We bark like is every thing; where, instead of the foolish dogs at shadows. We dread

^{. *} Vide No. XXVI. p. 174.

infection from the scenic representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,-not to live always in the precincts of the law courts,-but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions-to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow

 Secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove-

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy-land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of right and wrong, and the standard of police is the measure of poetical justice. The atmosphere will blight it. It cannot thrive here. It is got into a moral world where it has no business; from which it must needs fall head-long; as dizzy and incapable of keeping its stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares within the sphere of one of his good men or angels. But in its own world do we feel that the creature is so very bad?

The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants, and Lady Touch-woods, in their own sphere do not offend my moral sense—or, in fact,

in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land-what shall I call it?-of cuckoldry-the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays-the few exceptions only are mistakes-is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes,—some little generosities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted, - not only any thing like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing-for you neither hate nor love his personages--and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,-the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognised; principles which universally acted upon must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their world. When we are among

them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings,for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated,—for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained, for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,no holv wedlock bands are snapped asunder,-for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,-gratitude or its opposite,claim or duty,-paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir Paul Pliant's children?

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now acted, though it contimes, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice-to express it in a word-the downright acted villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy,-which made Jack so deservedly a favourite in that character, I must needs conclude the present ge-

neration of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages,-like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation, incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other-but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities; the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other, as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to see have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Church-yard memory-(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,-and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting fork is not to be despised,so finely contrast with the meek

complacent kissing of the rod,-taking it in like honey and butter,-with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delicate mower?—John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was overreached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has past from the stage-in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The fidgety pleasant old Teazle King too is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have past current in our day. We must love or hate-acquit or condemn-censure or pity-exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon every thing. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain -no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in down-right self-satisfaction) must be loved, and Joseph hated. To balance one disagreeable reality with another. Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teazings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage, -he must be a real per-

son, capable in law of sustaining an injury-a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged-the genuine crim-con antagonist of the villanous seducer, Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life-must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin-those poor snakes that lived but in the sunshine of your mirth-must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs. Candour-O! frightful! become a hooded serpent. Oh who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape from life-the oblivion of consequences-the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world-to sit instead at one of our modern plays-to have his coward conscience (that for sooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must beand his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this manager's comedy. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abingdon in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired, when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the

eve with a certain gaiety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased before hand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue-the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley -because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him-the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamletthe sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richarddisappeared with him. Tragedy is become a uniform dead weight. They have fastened lead to her buskins. She never pulls them off for the ease of a moment. To invert a commonplace from Niobe, she never forgets herself to liquefaction. John had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting stones and resting places of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breathhusbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist -rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the "lidless

dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy. The story of his swallowing opium pills to keep him lively upon the first night of a certain tragedy, we may presume to be a piece of retaliatory pleasantry on the part of the suffering author. But, indeed, John had the art of diffusing a complacent equable dulness (which you knew not where to quarrel with) over a piece which he did not like, beyond any of his contemporaries. John Kemble had made up his mind early, that all the good tragedies, which could be written, had been written; and he resented any new attempt. His shelves were full. The old standards were scope enough for his ambition. He ranged in them absolute—and "fair in Otway, full in Shakspeare shone." He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer, or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too acutely for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G.'s "Antonio." G., satiate with visions of political justice (possibly not to be realized in our time), or willing to let the sceptical worldlings see, that his anticipations of the future did not preclude a warm sympathy for men as they are and have been-wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish-the plot simple, without being naked-the incidents uncommon, without being overstrained. Antonio, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honour, immolates his sister-

But 1 must not anticipate the catastrophe—the play, reader, is extant in choice English—and you will employ a spare half crown not injudiciously in the quest of it.

The conception was bold, and the dénouement—the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered—not much out of keeping; yet it must be confessed, that it required a delicacy of handling both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part.

John, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had undertaken to play Antonio. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher's first

play was a new æra. The night arrived. I was favoured with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M-. G. sate cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio in the person of John Philip Kemble at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced-but in his honest friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest; but still John kept his forces under-in policy, as G. would have it-and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration-'tis M's way of showing his zeal—" from every pore of him a perfume falls—" I honour it above Alexander's. He had once or twice during this act joined his palms in a feeble endeavour to elicit a sound -they emitted a solitary noise without an echo-there was no deep to answer to his deep. G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G. as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring,-when

suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger Don Gusman (who by the way should have had his sister) baulks his humour, and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. audience were here fairly caughttheir courage was up, and on the alert-a few blows, ding dong, as R—s the dramatist afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business-when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud, for disappointment; they would not condemn, for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still; and John's manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough-his neighbour sympathised with him-till a cough became epidemical. But when, from being halfartificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalised among the fictitious persons of the drama; and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends,-then G. "first knew fear;" and mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr. K. laboured under a cold; and that the performance might possibly have been postponed with advantage for some nights furtherstill keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull. It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed, in vain the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous developement which impended. In vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning, John had taken his stand; had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was preposterous; for from the onset

he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovran and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would There was no not receive it, so. offence against decorum in all this; nothing to condemn, to damn. Not an irreverent symptom of a sound was to be heard. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it, when towards the winding up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Elvira herself-for she had been coolly arguing the point of honour with him-suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was, as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation demanding jus-The feeling rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if

they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion in a Brutus, or an Appiusbut for want of attending to Antonio's words, which palpably led to the expectation of no less dire an event, instead of being seduced by his manner, which seemed to promise a sleep of a less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Elvira, they found themselves be-trayed into an accompliceship of murder, a perfect misprision of parricide, while they dreamed of nothing less. M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fast hold of speculation,-the drama in which the world was to be his tiring room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators at once, and actors.

TO CELIA.

Old Fictions say that Love bath eyes, Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none; Blind as the night!—but Fiction lies, For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil, To one our flaws are all exposed; But when with tenderness we hail, He smiles, and keeps the *Critic* closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged, He opes the eye of evil ken, And all his angel friends are changed To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind, He met thee, on a summer day, And took thee for his mother kind, And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same, Though he had ope'd his evil eye, And found that nothing but her shame Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun, He thinks of thee; and blesses Fate, That he can look with both, on one Who hath no ugliness to hate.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S Lives of the Poets.

No. VI.

THE LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born on the 25th of October, 1735, at Laurence-kirk, in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland. His father, who kept a small shop in that place, and rented a little farm near it, is said to have been a man of acquirements superior to his condition. At his death, the management of his concerns devolved on his widow. David, the eldest of her six children, was of an age to assist his mother. James, the youngest, she placed at the parish school of his native village, which about forty years before had been raised to some celebrity by Ruddiman, the grammarian, and was then kept by one Milne. This man had also a competent skill in grammar. His other deficiencies were supplied by the natural quickness of his pupil, and by the attention of Mr. Thomson, the minister of Laurencekirk, who, being a man of learning, admitted young Beattie to the use of his library, and probably animated him by his encouragement. He very early became sensible to the charms of English verse, to which he was first awakened by the perusal of Ogilby's Virgil. Before he was ten years old, he was as well acquainted with that writer and Homer, as the versions of Pope and Dryden could make him. His schoolfellows distinguished him by the name of the Poet.

At the age of fourteen, he was sent to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he attended the Greek class. taught by Doctor Blackwell, author of the Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, and was by him singled out as the most promising of his scholars. The slender pittance spared him by his mother would scarcely have sufficed for his support, if he had not added to it one of the bursaries or pensions that were bestowed on the most deserving candidates. Of a discourse which he was called on to deliver at the Divinity Hall, it was observed, that he spoke poetry in prose. Thomson was censured for a similar impropriety in one of his youthful exercises; but Beattie gained the applause of his audience.

His academical education being completed, on the 1st of August, 1753, he was satisfied with the humble appointment of parish-clerk and schoolmaster at the village of Fordoun, about six miles distant from Laurencekirk. Here he attracted the notice of Mr. Garden, at that time sheriff of the county, and afterwards one of the Scotch judges, with the appellation of Lord Gardenstown. In a romantic glen near his house, he chanced to find Beattie with pencil and paper in his hand; and, on questioning him, discovered that he was engaged in the composition of a Mr. Garden desired to see poem. some of his other poems; and doubting whether they were his own productions, requested him to translate the invocation to Venus at the opening of Lucretius, which Beattie did in such a manner as to remove his incredulity. In this retirement, he also became known to Lord Monboddo, whose family seat was in the parish; and a friendly intercourse ensued, which did not terminate till the death of that learned but visionary man. In 1758, he was removed from his employment at Fordoun, to that of Usher in the Grammar School of Aberdeen, for which he had been an unsuccessful competitor in the preceding year, but was now nominated without the form of a trial.

At Aberdeen, his heart seems to have taken up its rest; for no temptations could afterwards seduce him for any length of time to quit it. The professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College, where he had lately been a student, being vacant in 1760, Mr. Arbuthnot, one of his friends, exerted himself with so much zeal in the behalf of Beattie, that he obtained that appointment; although the promotion was such as his most sanguine wishes did not aspire to. Soon after he was further gratified, by being permitted to exchange it for the professorship of

Moral Philosophy and Logic, for which he thought himself better fitted. In discharge of the duties belonging to his new function, he immediately entered on a course of lectures, which, as appears from his diary in the possession of Sir William Forbes, he repeated with much diligence for more than thirty years.

This occupation could not have been very favourable to his poetical propensity. He had, since his twentieth year, been occasionally a contributor of verse to the Scots Magazine; and in 1760, he published a collection of poems, inscribed to the Earl of Erroll, to whose intervention he had been partly indebted for the office he held in the college. Though the number of these pieces was not considerable, he omitted several of them in subsequent editions, and among others a translation of Virgil's Eclogues, some specimens of which, adduced in a letter written by Lord Woodhouselee, author of the Principles of Translation, will stand a comparison with the parallel passages in Dryden and Warton.

In the summer of 1763, his curiosity led him for the first time to London, where Andrew Millar, the bookseller, was almost his only acquaintance. Of this journey no particular is recorded but that he visited Pope's house at Twickenham.

In 1765, having sent a letter of compliment to Gray, then on a visit to the Earl of Strathmore, he was invited to Glammis Castle, the residence of that nobleman, to meet the English poet, in whom he found such a combination of excellence as he had hitherto been a stranger to. This appears from a letter written to Sir William Forbes, his faithful friend and biographer, with whom his intimacy commenced about the same time.

I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return; you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontane-

ously without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished.

Gray could not have requited him with such excess of admiration; but continued during the rest of his life to regard Beattie with affection and esteem.

It was not till the spring of this year, when his Judgment of Paris was printed, that he again appeared before the public as an author. This piece he inserted in the next edition of his poems in 1766, but his more mature judgment afterwards induced him to reject it. Some satirical verses on the death of Churchill, at first published without his name, underwent the same fate. The Wolf and the Shepherds, a Fable, and an Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Blacklock, which appeared in the second edition, he also discarded from those subsequently published. He now projected and began the Minstrel, the most popular of his poems. Had the original plan been adhered to, it would have embraced a much wider scope.

In 1767, he married Mary, the daughter of Dr. Dun, rector of the Grammar School at Aberdeen. This union was not productive of the happiness which a long course of previous intimacy had entitled him to expect. The object of his choice inherited from her mother a constitutional malady which at first showed itself in capricious waywardness, and at length broke out into insanity.

From this misery he sought refuge in the exercise of his mind. His residence at Aberdeen had brought him into the society of several among his countrymen who were engaged in researches well suited to employ his attention to its utmost stretch. Of these, the names of Reid, author of An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Senseand Campbell, Principal of Marischal College, author of An Essay on Miracles, are the most distinguished. His own correspondence with his friends about this time evinces deep concern at the progress of the sceptical philosophy, diffused by the writings of Hobbes, Hume, Mande-ville, and even, in his opinion, of Locke and Berkeley. Conceiving

the study of metaphysics itself to be spectable for rank and literature. the origin of this mischief, in order that the evil might be intercepted at its source, he proposed to demon-strate the futility of that science, and to appeal to the common sense and unsophisticated feelings of mankind, as the only infallible criterion on subjects in which it had formerly been made the standard. That his meaning was excellent, no one can doubt; whether he discovered the right remedy for the harm which he was desirous of removing, is much more questionable. To magnify any branch of human knowledge beyond its just importance may, indeed, tend to weaken the force of religious faith; but many acute metaphysicians have been good Christians; and before the question thus agitated can be set at rest, we must suppose a certain proficiency in those inquiries which he would proscribe as dangerous. After all, we can discover no more reason why sciolists in metaphysics should bring that study into discredit, than that religion itself should be disparaged through the extravagance of funaticism. To have met the subject fully, he ought to have shown that not only those opinions which he controverts are erroneous, but that all the systems of former metaphysicians were so likewise.

The Essay on Truth, in which he endeavoured to establish his own hypothesis, being finished in 1769, he employed Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot to negotiate its sale with the booksellers. They, however, refused to purchase it on any terms; and the work would have remained unpublished, if his two friends, making use of a little pious fraud, had not informed him that the manuscript was sold for fifty guineas, a sum which they at the same time remitted him, and that they had stipulated with the booksellers to be partakers in the profits. The book accordingly appeared in the following year; and having gained many admirers, was quickly followed by a second impression, which he revised and corrected with much pains.

In the autumn of 1771, he again visited London, where the reputation obtained by the Essay and by the first book of the Minstrel, then recently published, opened for him an introduction into the circles most re-

Lord Lyttleton declared that it seemed to him his once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from Heaven refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let him hear him sing again the beauties of nature and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains. He added his wishes that it were in his power to do Beattie any service. From Mrs. Montagu he on different occasions received more substantial tokens

of regard.

Except the trifling emolument derived from his writings, he had hitherto been supported merely by the small income appended to his professorship. But the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman to whom nothing that concerned the interests of religion was indifferent, representing him as a fit object of the royal bounty, a pension of two hundred pounds a year was now granted him. Previously to his obtaining this favour, he was first presented to the King, and was then honoured by an interview with both their Majesties. The particulars of this visit were minutely recorded in his diary. After much commendation of his Essay, the sovereign pleasantly told him that he had never stolen but one book, and that was his. "I stole it from the Queen," said his Majesty, " to give it to Lord Hertford to read." In the course of the conversation, many questions were put to him concerning the Scotch Universities, the revenues of the Scotch clergy, and their mode of preaching and praying. When Beattie replied, that their clergy sometimes prayed a quarter or even half an hour without interruption, the King observed, that this practice must lead into repetitions: and that even our own liturgy, excellent as it is, is faulty in this respect. While the subject of his pension was under consideration, the Queen made a tender of some present to him through Dr. Majendie, but he declined to encroach on her Majesty's munificence, unless the application made to the crown in his behalf should prove unsuccessful. A mercenary spirit, indeed, was not one of his weaknesses. Being on a visit at Bulstrode, his noble hostess, the Duchess of Portland, would have

had him take a present of a hundred pounds to defray the expenses of his journey into England; but he excused himself, as well as he was able, for not accepting her Grace's bounty.

With his pension, his wishes appear to have been bounded. Temptation to enter into orders in our church was thrice offered him, and as often rejected; once in the shape of a general promise of patronage from Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York; next, of a small living in Dorsetshire, in the gift of Mr. John Pitt; and the third time, of a much more valuable benefice, which was at the disposal of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winches-In answer to Dr. Porteus, through whom the last of these offers came, and whose friendship he enjoyed during the remainder of his life, he represented, in addition to other reasons for his refusal, that he was apprehensive lest his acceptance of preferment might render the motives for his writing the Essay on Truth suspected. He at the same time avowed, that if "he were to have become a clergyman, the church of England would certainly have been his choice; as he thought that in regard to church-government and church-service, it had many great and peculiar advantages." Unwillinguess to part from Aberdeen was, perhaps, at the bottom of these stout resolutions. It was confessedly one of the reasons for which he declined a proposition made to him in the year 1773, to remove to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; though he was urged by his friends not to neglect this opportunity of extending the sphere of his usefulness, and the change would have brought him much pecuniary advantage. His reluctance to comply was increased by the belief that there were certain persons at Edinburgh to whom his principles had given offence, and in whose neighbourhood he did not expect to live so quietly as he wished. In the same year, he was compli-mented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, by the University of Oxford, at the installation of Lord North in the Chancellorship.

He now, therefore, lived on at Aberdeen, making occasionally brief visits to England, where he was always welcomed, both at the court and by

those many individuals of eminence to whom his talents and virtues had recommended him. In the summers he usually indulged himself with passing some time at Peterhead, a town situated on the most easterly promontory of Scotland, and resorted to for its medicinal waters, which he thought beneficial to his health; for he had early in life been subject to a vertiginous disorder, the recurrence of which at times incapacitated him for any serious application.

The second book of the Minstrel appeared in 1774. In 1776 he was prevailed on to publish, by subscription, in a more splendid form, his essay on Truth, which was now accompanied by two other essays, on Poetry and Music, and on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition; and by Remarks on the Utility of Classical Learning. This was succeeded in 1783, by dissertations moral and critical, on Memory and Imagination, on Dreaming, on the Theory of Language, on Fable and Romance, on the Attachments of Kindred, and on Illustrations of Sublimity; being, as he states in the preface, "part of a course of prelections read to those young gentlemen whom it was his business to initiate in the elements of moral science." In 1786, he published a small treatise, entitled Evidences of the Christian Religion, at the suggestion of Porteus, who was now a bishop; and in 1790 and 1793 two volumes of Elements of Moral Science, containing an abridgment of his public lectures on moral philosophy and logic.

His only remaining publication was an edition of the juvenile works of the elder of his two sons, who was taken off by a consumption (November 1790), at the age of twenty-two. To the education of this boy he had attended with such care and discernment as the anxiety of a parent only could dictate, and had watched his unfolding excellence with fondness such as none but a parent could feel. At the risque of telling my reader what he may, perhaps, well remem-ber, I cannot but relate the method which he had taken to impress on his mind, when a child, the sense of his dependance on a Supreme Being; of which Porteus well observed, that

it had all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance.

" The doctrines of religion," said Beattie, " I had wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would, in like circumstances, think as he did), but merely as a moral or logical experiment. He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being: because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. 'Yes,' said I, carelessly, on coming to the place, 'I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance;' and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, 'It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it.' I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood .-So you think,' I said, 'that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance.' 'Yes,' said he, with firmness, 'I think so.' 'Look at yourself,' I replied, 'and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?' He said, they were.' 'Came you then hither,' said I, 'by chance?' 'No,' he answered, ' that cannot be; something must have made me: ' ' And who is that something?' I asked. He said, 'he did not know.' (I took particular notice, that he did not

say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw, that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could, in some measure, comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it."

So great was the docility of this boy, that before he had reached his twentieth year, he had been thought capable of succeeding his father in his office of public professor. When death had extinguished these hopes. the comfort and expectation of the parent were directed to his only surviving child, who, with less application and patience, had yet a quickness of perception that promised to supply the place of those qualities. But this prospect did not continue to cheer him long. In March 1796, the youth was attacked by a fever, which, in seven days, laid him by the side of his brother. He was in his eighteenth year. The sole consolation, with which this world could now supply Beattie, was, that if his sons had lived, he might have seen them a prey to that miserable distemper under which their mother, whose state had rendered a separation from her family unavoidable, was still labouring. From this total bereavement he sometimes found a short relief in the estrangement of his own mind, which refused to support the recollection of such a load of sorrow. "Many times," says Sir William Forbes, "he could not recollect what had become of his son; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, 'Mrs. Glennie, you may think it strange, but I must ask you, if I have a son, and where he is?" That man must be a stern moralist who would censure him very severely for having sought, as he sometimes did, a renewal of this oblivion in his cups.

He was unable any longer to apply himself to study, and left most of the letters he received from his friends unanswered. Music, in which he had formerly delighted, he could not endure to hear from others, after the

loss of his first son; though a few months before the death of the second, he had begun to accompany him when he sang, on his own favourite instrument, which was the violoncello. Afterwards, as may be supposed, the sound of it was painful to him. He still took some pleasure in books, and in the company of a very few amongst his oldest friends. This was his condition till the beginning of April 1799, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which rendered his speech imperfect for several days. During the rest of his life he had repeated attacks of the same malady: the last, which happened on the 5th of October, 1802, entirely deprived him of motion. He languished, however, till the 18th of August in the following year, when nature being exhausted, he expired without a struggle.

He was interred, according to his own desire, by the side of his two sons, in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, at Aberdeen, with the following inscription from the pen of Dr. James Gregory, Professor of Phy-

sic, at Edinburgh.

Memoriæ Sacrum.
JACOBI. BEATTIE. LL.D.
Ethices.
In. Academia. Marescallana. hujus. Urbis.
Per. XLIII. Annos.
Professoris. Meritissimi.
Viri.
Pietate. Probitate. Ingenio. atque. Doctrina.
Præstantis.
Scriptoris. Elegantissimi. Poetæ. Suavissimi.
Philosophi. Vere. Christiani.
Natus. est. V. Nov. Anno. MDCCXXXV.
Obiit. XVIII. Aug. MDCCCIII.
Omnibus. Liberis. Orbus.
Quorum. Natu. Maximus. JACOBUS. HAY.
BEATTIE.
Vel. a. Puerilibus. Annis. Vel. a. Puerilibus. Annis. Patrio. Vigens. Ingenio. Novumque. Decus. Jam. Addens. Paterno. Suis. Carissimus. Patriæ. Flebilis. Lenta. Tabe. Consumptus. Periit. Anno. Ætatis. XXIII. GEO. ET. MAR. GLENNIE. H. M. P.

"In his person," says Sir William Forbes, "Doctor Beattie was of the middle size, though not elegantly, yet not awkwardly formed, but with something of a slouch in his gait. His eyes were black and piercing, with an expression of sensibility somewhat bordering on melancholy, except when engaged in cheerful and social intercourse with his friends, when they were exceedingly animated." In a portrait of him, taken in middle life by Reynolds, and given to him as a mark of his regard by the painter, he is represented with

his Essay on Truth under his arm. At a little distance is introduced the allegorical figure of Truth as an angel, holding in one hand a balance, and with the other thrusting back the visages of Prejudice, Scepticism,

and Folly.

He is, I believe, the solitary instance of a poet having received so much countenance at the court of George the Third; and this favour he owed less to any other cause than to the zeal and ability with which he had been thought to oppose the enemies of religion. The respect with which he was treated, both at home and abroad, was no more than a just tribute to those merits and the excellence of his private character. His probity and disinterestedness, the extreme tenderness with which he acquitted himself of all his domestic duties, his attention to the improvement of his pupils, for whose welfare his solicitude did not cease with their removal from the college; his unassuming deportment, which had not been altered by prosperity or by the caresses of the learned and the powerful, his gratitude to those from whom he had received favours, his beneficence to the poor, the ardour of his devotion, are dwelt on by his biographer with an earnestness which leaves us no room to doubt the sincerity of the encomium. His chief defect was an irritability of temper in the latter part of his life, which showed itself principally towards those who differed from him on speculative questions.

In his writings, he is to be considered as a philosopher, a critic, and a poet. His pretensions in philosophy are founded on his Essay on Truth. This book was of much use at its first appearance, as it contained a popular answer to some of the infidel writers, who were then in better odour among the more educated classes of society than happily they now are. If (as I suspect to have been the case) it has prevented men, whose rank and influence make it most desirable that their minds should be raised above the common pitch, from pursuing those studies by which they were most likely so to raise them, the good which it may have done has been balanced by no inconsiderable evil. One can scarcely examine it with much attention, and

not perceive that the writer had not ascended to the sources of that science, which, notwithstanding any thing he may say to the contrary, it was evidently his aim to depreciate. Through great part of it he has the appearance of one who is struggling with some unknown power, which he would fain comprehend, and at which, in the failure to comprehend it, his terror is changed into anger. The word metaphysics, or, as he oftener terms it, metaphysic, crosses him like a ghost. Call it pneumatology, the philosophy of the mind, the philosophy of human nature, or what you will, and he can bear it.

Take any shape but that, and his firm nerves Shall never tremble.

Once, indeed, (but it is not till he has reached the third and last division of the essay) he screws up his courage so high as to question it concerning its name; and the result of his inquiry is this: he finds that to fourteen of the books attributed to Aristotle, which it seems had no general title, Andronicus Rhodius, who edited them, prefixed the words, ta meta ta physica, that is, the books placed posterior to the physics; either because, in the order of the former arrangement they happened to be so placed, or because the editor meant that they should be studied, next after the physics. And this, he concludes, is said to be the origin of the word metaphysic. This is not very satisfactory; and if the reader thinks so, he will, perhaps, be glad to hear those who, having dealt longer in the black art, are more likely to be conjurors in it. Harris, who had given so many years of his life to the study of Aristotle, tells us, that "Metaphysics are properly conversant about primary and internal causes." * "Those things which are first to nature, are not first to man. Nature begins from causes, and thence descends to effects. Human perceptions first open upon effects, and thence by slow degrees ascend to causes." +

His own definition might have been enough to satisfy him that it was something very harmless about which he had so much alarmed himself. Still he proceeds to impute to it I know not what mischief; till at last, in a paroxysm of indignation. he exclaims, "Exult, O metaphysic, at the consummation of thy glories. More thou canst not hope, more thou canst not desire. Fall down, ve mortals, and acknowledge the stupendous blessing."

About Aristotle himself, he is scarce in less perplexity. He sets out by defining truth according to Aristotle's description of it in these fourteen dreaded books of his metaphysics. Again he tells us, "he is most admired by those who best un-derstand him;" and once more refers us to these fourteen books. But afterwards it would seem as if he had not himself read them; for speaking of metaphysic, he calls it that which Aristotle is said to have called theology, and the first philosophy; whereas Aristotle has explicitly called it so in these fourteen books; and when he is recommending the study of the ancients, he adds: "Of Aristotle, I say nothing. We are assured by those who have read his works, that no one ever understood human nature better than he." What are we to infer from this, but that he had not himself read them? For his distinction between common sense and reason, on which all his theory depends, he sends the reader to the fourth book of Aristotle's Metaphysics, and to the first of his latter Analytics; and yet somewhere else he speaks of these as the most worthless of Aristotle's writings. As for Plato, who on such a subject might have come in for some consideration, we are told that

Philosophical Arrangements, c. xvii. P. 409, 8vo. ed.
 Hermes, p. 9, 8vo. ed. The same writer again thus defines the word. most excellent science, is meant the science of causes, and, above all others, of causes efficient and final, as these necessarily imply pervading reason and superintending wisdom. This science, as men were naturally led to it from the contemplation of effects, which effects were the tribe of beings natural or physical, was, from being thus subsequent to those physical inquiries, called metaphysical; but with a view to itself, and the transcendent eminence of its object, was more properly called ή ωρώτη φιλοσοφία, the first Philosophy." Three treatises (in a note), p. 365. Ibid.—See also Mr. Coleridge's Friend,

vol. i. p. 309. ‡ Metaph. l. vi. c. 1.

philosopher; and this, I think, is

nearly all we hear of him.

Beattie is among the philosophers what the Quaker is among religious The kowoc vove, or common sense, is the spirit whose illapses he sits down and waits for, and by whose whispers alone he expects to be made wise. It has sometimes prompted him well; for there are admirable passages in the Essay. The whole train of his argument, or rather his invective, in the second part, against the sceptics, is irresistible.

Scalda ogni fredda lingua ardente voglia, E di sterili fa l'alme feconde. Ne mai deriva altronde Soave finme d'eloquenza rara.

Celio Magno.

"What comes from the heart, that alone goes to the heart," says a great writer of our own day; and there are few instances of this more convincing than the vehemence with which Beattie dissipates the reveries of Berkeley, and refutes the absurdities of Hume.

In the second edition, (1771) speaking of those writers of genius, to whom he would send the student away from the metaphysicians, he confined himself to Shakspeare, Bacon, Montesquien, and Rousseau. Few will think that other names might not well have replaced the last of these. In the fourth edition, we find Johnson added to the list. This compliment met with a handsome requital; for Johnson, soon after having occasion to speak of Beattie, in his Life of Gray, called him a poet, a philosopher, and a good man.

In his Essay, he comforts himself with the belief "that he had enabled every person of common sense to defeat the more important fallacies of the sceptical metaphysicians, even though he should not possess acuteness, or metaphysical knowledge, sufficient to qualify him for a logical refutation of them." It is lamentable to see at how great a cost to himself he had furnished every person of common sense with these weapons of proof. In a letter to Sir William Forbes, written not long after, he makes the following remarkable confession. "How much

he was as much a rhetorician as a my mind has been injured by certain speculations, you will partly guess when I tell you a fact that is now unknown to all the world, that since the Essay on Truth was printed, in quarto, in the summer of 1776, I have never dared to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets, and see whether there were any errors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me.

As he proceeded, he seems to have become more afraid of the faculty of reason. In the second edition, he had said, "Did not our moral feelings, in concert with what our reason discovers of the Deity, evidence the necessity of a future state, in vain should we pretend to judge rationally of that revelation by which life and immortality have been brought to light." In the edition of 1776, he softened down this assertion so much, as almost to deprive it of meaning. " Did not our moral feelings, in concert with what reason discovers of the Deity, evidence the probability of a future state, and that it is necessary to the full vindication of the divine government, we should be much less qualified than we now are to judge rationally of that revelation by which life and immortality have been brought to light." There was surely nothing, except perhaps the word necessity, that was objectionable in the proposition as it first stood.

It may be remarked of his prose style in general, that it is not free from that constraint which he, with much candour, admitted was to be found in the writings of his country-

Of his critical works, I have seen only those appended to the edition of his Essay, in 1776. Though not deficient in acuteness, they have not learning or elegance enough to make one desirous of seeing more. His remarks on the characters in Homer are, I think, the best part of them. He sometimes talks of what he probably knew little about; as when he tells us that "he had never been able to discover any thing in Aristophanes that might not be consigned to eternal oblivion, without the least detriment to literature;' that "his wit and humour are now

become almost invisible, and seem never to have been very conspicuous;" with more, that is equally absurd, to the same purpose.

The few of his poems which he thought worthy of being selected from the rest, and of being delivered to posterity, have many readers, to whom perhaps one recommendation of them is that they are few. They have, however, and deservedly, some admirers of a better stamp. They soothe the mind with indistinct conceptions of something better than is met with in ordinary life. The first book of the Minstrel, the most considerable amongst them, describes with much fervour the enthusiasm of a boy "smit with the love of song," and wakened to a sense of rapture by all that is most grand or lovely in the external appearances of nature. It is evident that the poet had felt much of what he describes, and he therefore makes his hearers feel it. Yet at times, it must be owned, he seems as if he were lashing himself into a state of artificial emotion, as in the following lines:

O! Nature, how in every charm supreme! Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new! O! for the voice and fire of seraphim, To sing thy glories with devotion due!

We hear indeed, too often, of "nature's charms."

Even here he cannot let the metaphysicians rest. They are, in his mind, the grievance that is most to be complained of in this "vale of tears."

There was one other thing that Beattie detested nearly as much as "metaphysic lore." It was the crowing of a cock. This antipathy he contrived to express in the Minstrel, and the reader is startled by the expression of it, as by something out of its place.

Of the stanza beginning, "O, how canst thou renounce," Gray told him that it was, of all others, his favourite; that it was true poetry; that it was inspiration; and, if I am not mistaken, it is related of Bishop Porteus, that when he was once with Beattie, looking down on a magnificent country that lay in prospect before them, he broke out with much delight into the repetition of it. Gray

objected to one word, garniture, "as suggesting an idea of dress, and, what was worse, of French dress: and the author tried, but tried in vain, to substitute another. It would. perhaps, be impossible to find a better for the place in which it stands. There is no ground of censure which a writer should admit with more caution, than that a particular word or phrase happens to suggest a ludicrous or unsuitable image to the mind of another person. Few probably would have thought of French dress on this occasion; and to some, a passage in our translation of the Bible might have occurred, where it is said, that " the Lord garnished the heavens." Another of Gray's criticisms fell on the word "infuriate," as being a new one, although, as Sir William Forbes remarks, it is found not only in Thomson's Seasons, but in the Paradise Lost.

The second book of the Minstrel is not so pleasant as it is good. The stripling wanders to the habitation of a hermit, who has a harp, not a very usual companion for a hermit, to amuse his solitude; and who directs him what studies to pursue. The youth is pleased with no historian except Plutarch. He reads Homer and Virgil, and learns to mend his song; and the poet would have told us how he learnt to sing still better, if sorrow for the death of a friend had not put a period to his own labours. The poem thus comes abruptly to an end; and we are not much concerned that there is no more of it. His first intention was to have engaged the Minstrel in some adventure of importance, through which it may be doubted whether he could well have conducted him; for he has not shown much skill in the narrative part of the poem.

The other little piece, called the Hermit, begins with a sweet strain, which always dwells on the ear, and which makes us expect that something equally sweet is to follow. This hermit too has his "harp symphonious." He makes the same complaint, and finds the same comfort for it, as Edwin had done in the first book of the Minstrel. Both are the Christian's comment on a well-known passage in the Idyllium of Moschus,

^{*} See his Essay on Poetry and Music, 431. Ed. 1776.

on the death of Bion. Of his Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day, Gray's opinion, however favourable, is not much beyond the truth; that the diction is easy and noble; the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious; to which he adds, "that the panegyric has nothing mean in it."

The Ode to Hope looks like one of Blair's Sermons cast into a lyrical

mould.

There is, I believe, no allusion to any particular place that was familiar to him, throughout his poems. The description of the owl in the lines entitled Retirement, he used to say, was drawn from nature. It has more that appearance than any thing else he has written, and pleases accordingly.

Between his systems in poetry and philosophy, some exchange might have been made with advantage to each. In the former, he counted general ideas for nearly all in all. (See his Essay on Poetry and Music, p. 431.) In the latter, he had not learnt to generalize at all; but would have rested merely in fact and experience.

The Twelve Tales of Upddalcross.

TALE THE FOURTH.

ALLAN-A-MAUT.

1.

Good Allan-a-Maut lay on the rigg,
One call'd him bear, one call'd him bigg;
An old dame slipp'd on her glasses: "Aha!
He'll waken," quoth she, "with joy to us a'."
The sun shone out, down dropp'd the rain,
He laugh'd as he came to life again;
And carles and carlins sung who saw't,
Good luck to your rising Allan-a-Maut.

2.

Good Allan-a-Maut grew green and rank, With a golden beard and a shapely shank, And rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark, He whomelt the maid, and coupit the clark; The sick and lame leap'd hale and weel, The faint of heart grew firm as steel, The douce nae mair call'd mirth a faut, Such charms are mine, quoth Allan-a-Maut.

The person who commenced his narrative with chaunting this famous border bousing-rhyme was a tall young man, whose shaggy great coat, brass-headed riding whip, and long sharp spurs projecting from behind his massy and iron-heeled boots, might denote him to be a dealer in horses, accoutred for Rosley-hill or Dumfries fairs. But his inner coat, lined with silk, and studded with silver buttons, a small gold chain round his neck, from which depended a heart of rock crystal, enclosing a tress of nut-brown hair, and half concealed among ruffles of the finest cambric, edged with rich lace, might belong to an opulent and fantastic youth fond of finery, proud of a VOL. V.

handsome person, and vain of his influence among the border maidens.

His singular song, and remarkable dress, attracted instant attention. His character was thus hit off by a demure old dame in a whisper to me, during the applause which followed his song. "He's a frank and a conceited youth, Sir; the owner of a fair estate, and well known among the merry maids of Cumberland and Dumfriesshire at fairs and dancings, when his patrimony is showered down among the gay and the cherry-lipped, in the shape of snoods, and ribbons, and gloves. Nor will ye hinder him to reign the chief of chaps in the change-house, when the tale and the strong drink circulate together: who 2 B

like Lacie Dacre, I should be glad to know, for chaunting bousing-ballads, and telling merry adventures? He's the wildest of all our border spirits, and his exploits with the brandy-cup and the ale-flagon have obtained him the name of Allan-a-Maut; a scrap of an old-world song, Sir, with which young Spend-pelf ever commences and concludes his merriment. I have said my worst of the lad—I believe he's a kind-hearted chield, and as true to his word as the cup is to his lip. And now listen to his story, for I'll warrant it a queer one." And as she concluded, he commenced.

" That song," said the youth, " rude and uncouth though it seems, pitches, as a musician would say, the natural tone or key of the tale I have to tell; it was far from unwise in me to sing it; and so with this explanation I will proceed. It happened some summers ago, as I was returning, during the grey of the morning, from a love tryste in a green glen on the banks of Annan water, I fell into a kind of reverie; and what should the subject of it be, but the many attachments my heart had formed among the maidens, and the very limited requital the law allows one to make to so many sweet and My spirit was gentle creatures. greatly perturbed, as ye may guess, with this sorrowful subject; and a thick mist, which the coming sun seemed unable to dispel, aided me in totally mistaking my way; and I could not well mistake it further, for I found myself in a region with which I had formed no previous acquaintance: I had wandered into a brown and desolate heath, the mist rolled away in heavy wreaths before me, and followed close on my heels, with the diligence of an evil spirit.

"All hill and woodland mark, our usual country guides, were obscured, and I strayed on till I came to the banks of a moorland brook, stained by the soil through which it passed, till it flowed the colour of the brownest brandy. The tenants of this desart stream partook of the congenial nature of the region—they were not of that swift and silver-speckled sort described by the pastoral versemakers, but of a dull and dark mottled kind, and so lean and haggard as to be wholly unworthy of a fisher's

bait. I caught one under the mossy bank, and returned it again to the stream as unfit for food. I saw no living thing in my course across this desart; the heron, that beautiful and solitary bird, rejected it for a haunt; and even the wild moorfowl, which in the fowler's proverb feeds on the heather top, sought neither food nor shelter amid the brown and dreary wilderness.

"I came at last to a thick and gloomy plantation of Scotch firs, which, varying the bleak desolation of the moor, gave me the assurance that some thirty years before, the hand of man had been busied in the region. A fence of loose stone, surmounted by a rude cope or cornice of rough sharp rock, presented an effectual barrier to sheep and even deer. The latter animals will overleap a high wall of firm masonry, but turn back from a very slender impediment which threatens insecure footing.

"The soil had in many places proved ungenial to Scotch firs, the hardiest of all forest trees; they grew in dwarfish and stunted clumps, and exceeded not the altitude of ordinary shrubs. In passing along the side of the fence, I came to a hollow, where the masses of high green bracken betokened a richer soil. Here the trees, striking deep into the mossy loam, towered up into a beautiful and extensive grove, relieved in their gloomy appearance by the wild cherry and mountain ash, at that time covered with bloom. Behind me, the moor spread out high and uneven, full of quagmires and pits, out of which the peasants of Annan-vale cut peats for fuel.

"I observed, winding through the field of bracken, a kind of trodden way, resembling a hare-road, which, passing over the fence, by the removal of the cope-stone, dived directly into the bosom of the wood. The path too seemed marked with men's feet; and with the hope of its leading me to some human abode, I entered the plantation. The wood, fair and open at first, became thick and difficult; the road too grew sinuous and perplexing; and I was compelled to pull aside the thick masses of boughs, and, gliding gently into the aperture, make the best of my way by sleight and stratagem.

"I had proceeded in this way nearly half a mile, when I came to the foot of one of those vast rocks which tower up so abrupt and unexpectedly on many of the Scottish heaths. It seemed a pile of prodigious stones huddled rudely together in the careless haste of creation, rather than a regular rock. Deep chasms, and openings resembling caves, were visible in many places, shagged round the entrance with heath-berry; and where the plant that bears this delicious fruit failed to grow, the hardier ivy took root, and with little nourishment shot up into small round masses, called fairy-seats by the peasantry. At the foot of the precipice, some hundreds of high and shivered stones stood on end, like a Druidic grove, but in seven-fold confusion, and here and there a fir inserted in the cliffs of the rock struggled for life; while the ivy, shooting its stems to the summit of the crag, shook down a profusion of green tendrils, and crawled along the ground again, till the mossy soil, which bubbled up water at every step, arrested the march of the beautiful evergreen. Around the crag, a circle of spruce firs was planted; while high over the whole the rock rose savage and grey, and gave the eagles, which not infrequently visited its summit, a view over some of the fairest pasture lands in Annandale.

"The desolation of the place was heightened by the absence of living water—the voice of the brook, which lends the tongue of life to many a dreary place. A little puddle of brown moorish water supplied the place of a fountain; around its margin the bones of hares and fowls were strewn; while in a recess in the rock, the fox had sought a lair, and heaped it high with wool and feathers. But the proverbial lord of craft and cunning had for some time forsaken this once favourite abode; the presence of man had intruded on his wild domain, and driven him to the neighbouring mountains.

"I climbed to the summit of the rock, and gazed down the vale of Annan as far as the sea of Solway, and westward as far as the green hills of Nithsdale. To enable me more pleasantly to enjoy the beauty of a scene which Turner, or Callcott, or Dewint, would love to consecrate,

I proceeded to discuss the merits of some ewe-milk cheese, made for me by the lily-white hand of Jessie Johnstone, of Snipeflosh; and the gift of the maiden began to vanish before the sharp-set perseverance of youth. The sun too, dispelling the fog, gleamed over the green heads of the groves in all his summer glory, and I proceeded to examine how I might find out the way to Ae water, to the dwelling of bonnie Bess Dinwoodie.

"While I sat gazing about me, I observed a thin and curling line of smoke ascending from the base of the crag; it rose up thicker and blacker, and, wafted by the wind, gushed against my face; I never felt a vapour so strange and offensive. As I proceeded to consider the various kinds of exhalations which arise from forest or fen, I saw a large and hungry dog come out of the wood. It uttered a cry of discovery, half howl and half bark, and coming near, seemed willing to leap at my throat. I threw it a piece of cheese; it caught and devoured it, and renewed its clamour. It was soon joined, to my utter dismay, by a human being. I never beheld a man with a look so startled and threatening. He was tall and strong-built, with hair long and matted, the colour of ashes, while his eyes, large, and staring, and raw, looked, as Lancie Lauborde the tailor said, ' like scored collops faced with red plush.'

"He addressed me in a tone that in nowise redeemed his savage appearance. 'Weel met, quoth the wolf to the fox; weel met, my crafty lad: so ye have found out the bonnie bee-byke at last, as the boy said when he thrust his hand into the adder's den. I maun ken more about ye, my lad; so tell me thy tale cleverly; else, I swear by the metal worm through which my precious drink dribbles, I will feast the fox and her five cubs on thy spool-bane. On my conscience, lad, as ye brew, so shall ye drink; and that's o'er fair a law for a gauger.' What this depraved being meant by his mysterious language, and what calling he followed, were alike matters of conjecture; his manner was certainly hostile and threatening. I told him I was passing towards the vale of Ae, and had lost my way in the mist

2 B 2

Lost your way in the mist, and found the way ye were seeking for, my wylie lad, I'll warrant; but I shall come at the bare truth presently.' So saying, he laid the flap of his shaggy coat aside, and, showing me a brace of pistols, and the hilt of a dirk stuck in a belt of rough leather, motioned me to follow him.

"Resistance was hopeless; we descended from the rock by a winding and secret way, concealed among the ivy, and the branches of a spreading spruce fir. This brought us to a rude structure, resembling a shepherd's shed, half cavern and half building, and nearly hidden under the involving branches of two luxuriant firs. My guide half pushed me into this unpromising abode; a miserable hovel, loathsome and foul, and filled with a thick and noisome vapour. I was greeted on my entrance by a squat, thick-set, and squalid being, who, starting up from a couch of straw, exclaimed, 'Wha in the fiend's name's this ye have driven into our bit den of refuge in the desart, as ane wad drive a ratton into a trap? Deil drown me in a strong distillation, and that's an enviable death, if this lad's no a stripling exciseman, whelped in our unhappy land by the evil spirits of the government. If he's a gauger, take ye the spade and dig, and I'll take the sword and strike; for he shall never craw day again, else my name's nae mair Jock Mackeleg.' And the wretch, as he spoke, proceeded to sharpen an old sword on the strake of a scythe.

" 'Hooly, man, hooly with thy bit of rusty airn,' said his companion, ' ye're no sae handy with it when its warse needed, Jock, ye ken. I shall allow the young lad to live, be he devil, or be he gauger, and that's meikle waur, were it only that he might partake of that glorious spirit which I call 'stupify,' but which wiser Jock Mackeleg christened ' heart's-blood,' and learn of what a princely beverage he would deprive this poor taxed and bleeding land.' It happened well for me that these two wretches, though born for each other's society, like bosom bones, and necessary to each other in their detestable pursuits as the bark is to the bush, chose to be of different opinions respecting the mode of ma-

naging me, and thus John Mackeleg expressed his dissent from his more moderate as well as powerful associate. 'And so he's to live and taste of the 'heart's blood!' deil turn him into our distilling-worm first, that the liquid consolation the gauger tribe seek to deprive us of may run reeking through him. Ah, Mungo Macubin, ye're soft, ye're soft; ye would give the supervisor himself our hained drops of distillery dew; and for fear he should drop into a ditch, ye would carry him hame. I'll tell ye what-were ye Mungo Macubin seven times told, I will cease to be longer conjunct and several with you; else may I be whipt through the lang burgh of Lochmaben, with the halter of a gauger's horse.' And still growling out anger. which he dared not more openly express, he threw himself down on a litter bed, while his companion, with a look of scorn, answered .-" Thou predestined blockhead, am I a blind stabber behind backs in the dark, like thyself? Am I to harm the white skin of this young raw haspen of a lad, unless I ken why and wherefore? Spill his sweet life indeed! Faith, if this lad threatened ye with six inches of cauld steel in his hand, though water five fathoms deep and seven mile wide divided ye, ye would be less free of your threats. So lie still there, and put thy bonnet on thy bald scalp, from which whiskey has scalded the hair: Aye, that will do. Now sit down, my wandering man of the mist, let me have a look at thee; but first hold this cup of 'stupify' to thy head. Faith, my birkie, if I thought ye kenn'd the might of whiskey by mathematical measuring, or any other dangerous government mode of ascertaining spiritual strength, Ind make ye swallow yere gauging sticks. So sit down; else, by the spirit of malt, and the heart of corn, I will make thee obedient.'

"I sat down on an empty cask, and holding in my hand a cup full of the hot and untasted liquor, which my entertainers were busied in preparing, I could not but give a few hurried glances round this wretched lodge in the wilderness. The cabin itself seemed more the creation of distempered or intoxicated intellects, than the work of consideration and

sobriety. At the entrance of a kind of cavern in the rock, a rude enclosure of stone was raised, the whole covered over with boughs and turf, with an opening in the side capable of admitting one person at a time. The floor was bedded with rushes and bracken, but trodden into mire, and moistened with a liquor of a flavour so detestable that I felt half suffocated; while the steam of a boiling cauldron, mingling with the bitter smoke of green fir-wood, eddied round and round, and then gushed out into the morning air through the aperture by which I entered. In the cavern itself, I observed a fire glimmering, and something of the shape of a human being stretched motionless before it. personage was clad in a garb of rough sheep-skin, the wool shorn, or rather singed close, and an old fur cap slouched over his ears, while his feet, wholly bare, and nearly sootblack, were heated among the warm ashes which he raked from the cauldron fire. He lay on his belly, sup-porting his head with his hands; and about all his person nothing was white but the white of his eye. Beside him stood what seemed an old tobacco-box; he dipped it frequently into a pail of liquor; and, each time he carried it to his head, a strong smell of whiskey was diffused over the place.

"On the right hand of this menial drudge, lay the person of John Mackcleg: an old Sanquharrug interposed between him and the foul litter below; a small cask, the spiggot of which was worn by frequent use, stood within reach; while a newdrained cup lay at his head, with a crust of bread beside it. On the other side sat Mungo Macubin, on a seat covered with a sheep-skin; and, compared to his debased and brutish companions, he seemed a spirit of light. In spite of his disordered locks, and the habitual intoxication in which his eyes swam, his look was inviting, and even commanding. Something of better days and brighter hopes appeared about him. But in his eye frequently glimmered that transient and equivocal light, suspicious and fierce, which, influenced by drink, and inflamed by contradiction, rendered him an insecure companion. A sword lay on a shelf beside him, with several tattered

books; a fish-spear, a fishing-rod, a fowling-piece, and a fiddle, tuned perhaps during the delirium of drink, hung there with its disordered strings. I observed too the machinery of a wooden clock, the labour, I afterwards learned, of his knife; together with several spoons, and cups of sycamore, which he wanted the patience rather than the skill to finish. The notice which I took of this part of the establishment seemed far from displeasing to the proprietor.

" Around the shealing stood kegs and vessels for containing liquor, all of portable dimensions, such as a man might readily carry; and I wanted not this to convince me that a whiskey-still of considerable magnitude was busy in the bosom of this wilderness. In the middle of the floor stood a rude table, the top of which had belonged to some neighbouring orchard, and still threatened in large letters the penalties of traps and guns to nightly depredators. It was swimming with liquor, and strewn with broken cups; and in the midst of the whole lay several of those popular publications which preach up the equality of human intellect and estate, and recommend, along with a general division of worldly goods, a more tolerant system of intercourse between the sexes. No doubt the excellent authors of those works would regard this appearance of their labours amid the Caledonian desart as a certain proof of fame; they would seek more than ever to attract men's affections to a more flexible system of morality; to awaken a kind of devotion which affords more scope to the natural passions of the multitude, and to wean human regard from that austere doctrine which inculcates selfdenial, and sundry other such unreasonable matters. On a paper which contained a printed list of rewards given by government, to men who had laboured for the good of their country, I observed a calculation of the proceeds of illicit distillations; while on the floor lay the skin of a fat wether recently killed, and which still bore the mark of a neighbouring farmer, whose consent to this appropriation my companions, in the full relish of liberty, had not thought it necessary to obtain.

"During this examination, the eye of John Mackeleg dwelt upon all my

motions with increasing jealousy and distrust. At length, when my glance settled on the sheep-skin, he exclaimed, in a tone reproving and harsh, Deil be in ye, Mungo Macubin; will ve let that fiend's baited hook of a gauger sit quietly there, and take an inventory of the only world's goods the oppression of man has left us? Take tent, lad, take tent; ye think him a bird that means nae mischief in his sang; bide ye a bit, ye may find him worse than a water-adder, and as cuming as lang Sandie Frizel the sautman, who praised the tone of your fiddle, and your skill in cupmaking, and having proven the excellence of our distillation, sent auld Wylic Metestick, the gauger, to look at our cavern of curiosities!' 'I'll tell ye what, John,' said his companion; 'guide your tongue in a less graceless manner, else it may bring your foreteeth and my righthand knuckles acquainted. Gauger! what puts it into thy gowk's head that the lad's a gauger? Thinkest thou that a single exciseman, and ane both soft and slim, would have dropped down into the adder's den? But where's the profit of carousing with such a clod of the valley as thee?' Here the chief manager of this illicit establishment rose, and looked out into the wood; returned to his seat; and thus he resumed his conversation.

" But where's the profit of putting trust in such a capon as thee? When the day comes that we have long looked for, you will put your hand to the full tankard rather than to the sharpened steel. And such a desirable day is not far distant, else let man believe no longer in white paper and black print. What says Ringan Alarum, of the Cowgate, in his strong paper called Liberty's Lighted Match, which auld Davie Dustyhause, the west-country skinman, gave us when we sold him our cannily-come-by skins of three mug ewes. Does he not say as much as that the sceptre will soon be more harmless than a shepherd's staff; the mitre as little reverenced as grey hairs, or a scone-bonnet; a coronet as empty as a drunkard's drained cup; and that Sunday shall be as Saturday, and Saturday as Sunday; that a silken gown, flounced and furbelowed, will rustle as common in a peasant's sheal as the plaiden

kirtle of maid Margery; and that Meg Milligan, in her linsey-woolsey, will be as good and as lordly as our madames with their perfumes and pearlins? Now John, my man, should all these pleasant things come to pass, I will build a whiskey-still as big as Wamphray-kirk, with a distillation-pipe large enough to pour a flood of pure spirit over the land, in which we might float a revenue cutter.'

" Flooded as the brain of John Mackeleg seemed to be with the spirit which his own industry had produced, he had intellect enough remaining to appear visibly delighted with this promised picture of enjoyment. But his natural want of courage withheld him from indulging in his comrade's strain of unguarded rapture. 'O Lord, send it soon and sudden, Mungo! O man, soon and sudden! But I conjure ye, by the pith and power of malt, to speak lowne; O, man, speak lowne.'
'Then,' said his comrade, 'await the coming of the blessed time in silence. When it comes, we shall have whiskey-stills in every kirk, and he that drinks longest shall rule and reign among us. choose myself out a warm home in a fertile land. The justice of the peace shall be dumb, and the gauger silent, and his measuring rods regarded no more. Our young men shall drink, and our young maidens dance; the minister of the parish shall fill our cups, and the pulpit and re-pentance-stool shall hold flagons and mutchkin stoups. I will go to bed with six pint stoups placed at my feet and six at my head; and when I grow doited and dizzy, the sweetest lass in the country-side shall sit and hold my head.' 'And I,' said John Mackeleg, in a low and cautious tone, 'shall be the first laird of my whole kin: whiskey-brose shall be my breakfast, and my supper shall be the untaken-down spirit, with strength enough to float a pistol-bullet. I shall be the first of the name of Mackeleg who owned more land than they measured in the dowie kirkyard.'

"His companion eyed him with a look particularly merry and ironical; Oh thou ambitious knave, said Mungo Macubin, dost thou long to be lord of all the land which thou hast measured with thy drunken car-



cass? Why, man, thou hast meted out with that genealogical ell-wand half the land 'tween the sea-sand of Caerlaverock and the brown heathy hills of Durisdeer. And so thou thinkest a drunkard's fall on the earth has given thee possession of it? Plague take me, if I give my consent to such a dangerous monopoly.' The perverse being to whom this speech was addressed made light of its irony, and seizing a large two-eared quaigh, stooped his face into it till nothing remained above the brim save a fleece of sooty uncombed locks, and drained out the liquor at He hurled the empty a breath. cup to the figure before the fire, and, thoughopposed by violent hiccupings, exclaimed, 'More! bring me more! that was delicious. Jock, Jenny Mason's Jock, fill that cog, my man, and hear ye me; come hither and hand it to my head, for I am no sae

sicker as I should be; and that whin-stone rock seems as if it would whomble aboon me. And d'ye hear me, Jock Laggengird, let me have none of the dyke-water additions which Mungo Macubin makes to the prime spirit which he drinks. Taxes and stents have made Scotland's crowdie thin, and turned her warm brose into cauld steerie. If ye covet the present length of your lugs, let me have none of your penitential potations.'

"While Jenny Mason's descendant crawled to a cask, and turned a pin from which a pure liquid dribbled drop by drop into the cup, Mungo Macubin took down his fiddle, arranged the disordered strings, played a pleasant air, and accompanied it by singing the following rustic verses, which I have since learned were of his own composition.

MUNGO MACUBIN'S SONG.

1.

Come toom the stoup! let the merry sun shine On sculptured cups and the merry man's wine; Come toom the stoup! from the bearded bear, And the heart of corn, comes this life-drink dear. The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me; Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree. The spirit of malt sae free and sae frank, Is my minted money and bonds in the Bank.

2.

Come toom up the stoup; what must be must, I'm cauld and canker'd, and dry as dust; A simmering stoup of this glorious weet Gives soaring plumes to Time's leaden feet. Let you stately madam, so mim and so shy, Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by; The spirit of maut, so frank and so free, Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

2

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon Hangs canker'd care on the horns of the moon; Is bed and bedding; and love and mirth Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from the earth. Come toom the stoup—it's delightful to see The world run round fit, to whomel on me; And yon bonnie bright star, by my sooth it's a shiner, Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,
With your women, the plague and the play-thing of fools;
Away with your crowns, and your sceptres, and mitres;
Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the smiters:
For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.
Lo! the floor's running round, the roof's swimming in glory,
And I have but breath for to finish my story.

"The arch, and something of a drunken gravity, with which this rhyme was chaunted, with the accompanying 'thrum, thrum,' on the fiddle, rendered it far from unpleasant. John Mackeleg, whether desirous of emulating his companion, or smitten, perhaps, with a wayward desire of song, raised himself up from his lair, and improved the melody of a wild and indecorous rhyme, by the hollow sound extracted by means of his drinking quaigh from the

head of an empty barrel. I can trust myself with repeating four of the verses only; the others, when the drink is at home and the understanding gone out, may be endured at midnight by the lee-side of a bowl of punch;—but I see by the gathering storm in the brow of that sedate dame, that I have said enough about the graceless song,—yet she will endure a specimen, I have some suspicion.

JOHN MACKCLEG'S SONG.

1.

Good evening to thee, madam moon,
Sing brown barley bree,
Good evening to thee, madam moon,
Sing bree;
So gladsomely ye're glowering down,
Fu' loth am I to part so soon,
But all the world is running roun'
With me.

2

A fair good morrow to thee, sun,
Sing brown barley bree;
A fair good morrow to thee, sun,
Sing bree;
Ye laugh and glory in the fun,—
But look, my stoup is nearly run,
And, las! my cash is mair than done,
With me.

2

Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,
Sing brown barley bree,
Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,
Sing bree;
Who wooes thee on the gowany grass,
Ere he has cool'd him with the tass,
Should through a three-fold penance pass,
For me.

O fair's the falcon in his flight,
Sing brown barley bree;
And sweet's a maiden at midnight,
Sing bree:
And welcome is the sweet sun-light,—
But here's a sweeter, blyther sight,
The blood of barley pouring bright,
For me.

"Such was a part of the song, and the better part of it. As soon as he had ended his unmelodious chaunt, he silently raised the quaigh of liquor to his lips, and laying his head back, the liquid descended into the crevice, as water drops into the chink of a rock. In a moment he

started up, with curses murmuring on his lips, and hurling the quaigh, half full of liquor, at the head of the son of Janet Mason, exclaimed,— 'Sinner that thou art, thou hast filled my cup out of the barrel of reduced spirit prepared for Andrew Erngrey, the Cameronian. It is as

cauld and fizzenless as snow-water, though good enough to cheer the saints at a mountain preaching. I tell ye, my man, if you indulge yourself in such unsonsie pranks, I shall bait Mungo Macubin's fox-trap with

your left lug.'

"The drunkard's missile was hurled by a hand which it had helped to render unsteady; it flew over the prostrate descendant of Janet Mason, and striking against the furnace, poured its contents into the fire. Such was the strength of the liquid, that, subdued as it was for a devout person's use, the moment it touched the fire a sudden and bright flame gushed up to the roof of the shealing, and, kindling the dried grassy turf, flashed along it like gunpowder. I started up, and seizing the raw sheepskin, fairly smothered and struck out the flame, which would soon have consumed the whole illicit establishment. As I resumed my seat, Mungo Macubin seized my hand, and nearly wringing it from my wrist, in joy exclaimed, 'By my faith, lad, ye are a rid-handed one, and well do ye deserve a share in the profits of our distillation. Who would have thought that a stolen sheepskin, or rather the skin of a stolen sheep, could have quenched such a furious flame? And now, let me tell you, John Mackcleg, if you touch whiskey, or let whiskey touch you, for these fourand-twenty hours, I will surely measure out your inheritance with

that scoundrel carcass of yours.' And with a stamp of his foot, and a lour of his brow, he awed his companion into fear and submission.

"I could see that the chief conductor of this wild establishment no longer regarded me with distrust or suspicion. He seated himself between his fiercer comrade and me, as if he dreaded outrage; and pulling a soiled book from his bosom, appeared to examine it with some attention. It was one of those political labours of the London press, where the author, addressing himself to the multitude, had called in the powerful aid of engraving to render the obscurity of language intelligible. Our southern peasantry, with that love of the simplicity of ancient days which regards instruction as a trick of state, and wishes to reduce the tyranny of learning to the primitive score and tally, have maintained their natural condition in such entire purity, that literature in addressing them is fain to make use of sensible signs and tokens. Of these his book was full; but its owner turned over the leaves with a dissatisfied and disdainful eye, and at last threw it in contempt into the cauldron fire. He took up his fiddle again, and after playing snatches of several serious airs, sang some verses with a tone of bitter sorrow which showed little sympathy with the poetry. I remember several stanzas.

MY MIND TO ME MY KINGDOM IS.

1.

Full thirty winter snows, last yule,
Have fallen on me mid pine and dool,
My cloathing scant, my living spare,
I've reckon'd kin with woe and care;
I count my days and mete my grave;
While Fortune to some brainless knave
Holds up her strumpet cheek to kiss,
My mind to me my kingdom is.

2.

For faded friendship need I sigh, Or love's warm raptures long flown by, When fancy sits and fondly frames Her angels out of soulless dames? Sick of ripe lips and sagemen's rules, The faith of knaves and fash of fools; And scorning that, and loathing this, My mind to me my kingdom is.

3

The muse with laurel'd brow in vain Sweeps by me with her vision'd train; I've bow'd my head and ruled my hand Too long beneath her magic wand. Shall I go shrouded to my hearse, Full of the folly of vain verse? I'll court some soberer, surer bliss; My mind to me my kingdom is.

"Something in the song of Mungo Macubin had awakened a train of thought of a nature too soft for his present hazardous calling; his looks darkened down in a kind of moody sorrow, and I could imagine that retrospection was busy with him. He observed the interest which my looks testified I took in his fate, took me by the hand with much kindness, and said in a mingled tone of bitterness and sorrow, I have often thought that we have less controul over our fate than we ought, and that an evil destiny dogs us through life, and pursues us to perdition. Take counsel, I beseech ye, from my words, and warning from my conduct; this shealing contains a being whose fate may be a text for you to preach from till these black locks grow grey .-Listen, and then say with the Word. surely one vessel is made for honour. and another for dishonour. All I have cherished, or loved, or looked with kindness upon, have passed away, departed, and sunk to death or dishonour; and all I have saved from the stream of destiny is the wretched wreck on which you look. I beheld men of dull and untutorable intellects blessed and double blessed. I saw the portion of folly growing as lordly as the inheritance of wisdom, and I said in the vanity of my heart, shall I not also be beloved and happy? But man's success is not of his own shaping:-my cattle died, my crops failed, my means perished, and one I loved dearly forgot me; I could have forgiven that-she forgot herself. I have nothing now to solace or cheer me-I look forward without hope, and the present moment is so miserable that I seek to forget myself in the company of two wretches who are not disturbed with those fore-

bodings which are as a demon to me. This stringed instrument, the carving of these cups, and the making of that wooden time-piece, with that cauldron brimful to me of the liquor of oblivion, form the sum of all existing enjoyment. But from them, from this sodded sheal, from this barren spot, and this lonesome desart, I shall soon be dragged or driven; for, sorrowful and miserable as I am, my lot is far too happy to last.'

"Never were words more ominously true than the last words of poor Mungo Macubin; even as he spoke a human shadow darkened the door, another succeeded, and a third, and a fourth, followed close behind; he saw all this with a composure of face and an alacrity of resource truly surprizing. He drew his pistol, he bared his sword, and, at the motion of his hand, the silent and prostrate being at the cauldron snatched a piece of blazing fir from the fire, and sought counsel from the conduct or motions of his leader. I heard a sort of suppressed parley at the door, and presently several armed men made a dash through the aperture, exchanging blow and shot with Macubin, who, overthrowing one of the boldest of the officers, forced his way unhurt through all opposition, and disappeared in the thick wood. Meanwhile his companion applying the fir-torch to the roof, the shealing was filled with smoke, and flame, and human outcry. The fire seized the combustible wood, touched the inflammable spirit, and, wrapping all in a flame, ascended in a high and bright column above the green forest. I escaped into the wood, and never saw that wild spot, nor one of those men, more.

The Early French Pocts.

REMY BELLEAU, AND JAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

THE Painter of Nature was the appellation which distinguished Remy Belleau among the poets of his time; and it is enough to obtain for him no ordinary share of regard from those who know how much is implied in that title, and how rare that merit is of which it may be considered as a pledge. I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with an edition containing the whole of his works. That which I have seen was printed during his life-time, with the following title: Les Amours et nouveaux Eschanges des Pierres precieuses; Vertus et Proprietez d'icelles. Discours de la Vanité, Pris de l'Ecclesiaste. clogues Sacrees, Prises du Cantique des Cantiques. Par Remy Belleau. A Paris par Mamert Patisson, au logis de Rob. Estienne, 1576, avec privilege du Roy. "The Loves and new Transformations of the Precious Stones; their Virtues and Properties. Discourse on Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes. Sacred Eclogues, taken from the Song of Songs, &c." There is in these sufficient to prove that Belleau was not in the habit of looking at nature through the eyes of other men; that he did not content himself with

making copies of copies; but that he drew from the life, whenever he had such objects to describe as the visible world could supply him with. Nor is this the whole of his praise; for he has also some fancy, and a flow of numbers unusually melodious.

In the above collection, the first poem, on the Loves and Transformations of the Precious Stones, dedicated to Henry III., is on a plan not much more happy than that of Darwin's Loves of the Plants. Several of them are supposed to have been youths or maidens, who, in consequence of adventures similar to those invented by the poet of the Metamorphoses, were changed into their present shape. Thus, in the first of these tales, the nymph Amethyste, of whom Bacchus is enamoured, prays to Diana for succour, and by her is transformed into a stone which the god dyes purple with the juice of the grape. A description, which he has here introduced of the jolly god with the Bacchantes in different attitudes about his chariot, is executed with a luxuriance of pencil that reminds one of Rubens.

D'un pié prompt et legier, ces folles Bassarides Environnent le char, l'une se pend aux brides Des onces mouchettez d'estoiles sur le dos, Onces à l'oeil subtil, au pié souple et dispos, Au muffle herissé de deux longues moustaches: L'autre met dextrement les tigres aux attaches Tizonnez sur la peau, les couple deux-à-deux, Ils ronflent de colere, et vont rouillant les yeux: D'un fin drap d'or frisé semé de perles fines Les couvre jusqu'au flanc, les houpes à crepines Flottent sur le genou; plus humbles devenus On agence leur queüe en tortillons menus. (F. 4.)

A train of Mænads wanton'd round the car With light and frolic step: one on the reins Hung of the ounces speckled o'er with stars, Of eye quick-glancing, and free supple foot, The long mustaches bristling from their maws: Another with quick hand the traces flung Across the tygers of the streaky skin: They yoked in pairs went snorting, and with ire Their restless eye-balls roll'd. Fine cloth of gold, Sown o'er with pearls, hung mantling to their side, And at the knee the tassel'd fringes danced. Then, as their pride abated, in quaint curls They braid their wavy tails.

As a companion to this, I would place the fine picture of Cybele's chariot drawn by lions, as Keats has painted it.

Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele; alone, alone,
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. (Endymion, p. 83.)

In this pictorial manner, there is an anonymous poem of extraordinary merit, which, I believe, appeared first in the New Monthly Magazine. It is called the Indian Circian. The writer of it, whoever he may be, may well aspire to the title of the Painter of Nature.

To return to Belleau. Another of these little stories is built on the fable of Hyacinthus, whose blood, when he is killed by Apollo, forms the jacinth; at the same time, that the nymph Chrysolithe, who had requited his offered love with scorn, poisons herself, and is changed into the stone bearing her name. The spot, in which the boy meets his fate, when he is playing at quoits with Phœbus, is a piece of landscape-painting, sweetly touched.

Iris being sent on one of her mistress's errands, stays to refresh herself by the river Indus, where she sees and becomes enamoured of Opalle;

Opalle, grand Berger des troupeaux de Neptune. (F. 27.)

"Great Shepherd that on Neptune's flocks did tend."

He is dazzled and overpowered by the advances of the wind-footed goddess, and falls into a swoon; but is recovered out of it. Juno, meantime, being enraged at the delay of her handmaid, goes in search of her, and discovers them together. He is changed into a stone, of which Iris makes the opal.

While Venus lies asleep, Love, fluttering about her, sees his own image reflected on the polished surface of her nails. He sets himself to carve out these mirrors with the point of one of his darts, while she continues in her slumber; and then flying off with them, he lets them fall

Of tawny Indus with the crisped locks."

De l'Indois basané sous ses crespes cheveux;

where they are changed into onyx-stones.

To these fanciful Tales, are appended directions for distinguishing artificial stones from the true, together with some remarks on their medical properties, and their uses against incantations and sorceries. It scarcely need be told how bad an effect so incongruous a mixture produces. When Belleau made this addition, it is probable that the Greek poem on Precious Stones, which goes under the name of Orpheus, was in his view.

In addressing the twelve chapters of his Discourse on Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes, to Monseigneur (the Duke d'Alençon), he tells that prince that his brother (the late King, Charles IX.) being at Fontainebleau, was so much pleased with it, that he had made him read over the first four chapters several times; that the King's death, and a grievous malady under which he had himself laboured, had interrupted his design; "but now being recovered," says he, "I present this work to you." This was in July, 1576. Having tuned the verses well, he has done nearly all that could be expected of him in this task. Much the same may be said of the Sacred Eclogues, into which he has formed the Song of Songs. Profaner love employed his muse at another time; for he translated the poems attributed to Anacreon, which were then newly discovered, into French verse.

Among his other poems, is the following Song on April: having seen

it much commended in the accounts given of this poet by French writers of the present day, I have obtained a transcript of it from a public library in this country. If we compare it with Spenser's Song in the Shepherd's Calendar, April, we shall find some slight resemblance in the measure, which would induce one to imagine that Colin, though he calls it a lay,

Which once he made as by a spring he lay, And tuned it unto the water's fall,

had yet some snatches of this melody floating in his ear, which mingled themselves with the wilder music.

Avril, l'honneur et des bois,

Et des mois :

Avril, la douce esperance
Des fruicts qui sous le coton
Du bouton
Nourrissent leur jeune enfance.

Avril, l'honneur des prez verds, Jaunes, pers, Qui d'une humeur bigarree Emaillant de mille fleurs De couleurs, Leur parure diapree.

Avril, l'honneur des soupirs
Des Zephyrs,
Qui sous le vent de leur ælle
Dressent encore és forests
Des doux rets,
Pour ravir Flore la belle.

Avril, c'est ta douce main,
Qui du sein
De la nature desserre
Une moisson de senteurs,
Et de fleurs,
Embasmant l'Air, et la Terre.

Avril, l'honneur verdissant,
Florissant
Sur les tresses blondèlettes
De ma Dame, et de son sein,
Tousjours plein
De mille et mille fleurettes.

Avril, la grace, et le ris
De Cypris,
Le flair et la douce haleine:
Avril, le parfum des Dieux,
Qui des Cieux
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.

C'est toy courtois et gentil,
Qui d'exil
Retires ces passageres,
Ces arondelles qui vont,
Et qui sont
Du printemps les messageres.

L'aubespine et l'aiglantin,
Et le thym,
L'œillet, le lis, et les roses
En ceste belle saison,
A foison,
Monstrent leurs robes écloses.

Le gentil rossignolet
Doucelet,
Decoupe dessous l'ombrage,
Mille fredons babillars,
Fretillars,
Au doux chant de son ramage.

C'est à ton heureux retour
Que l'amour
Souffle à doucettes halcines,
Un feu croupi et couvert,
Que l'hyver
Receloit dedans nos veines.

Tu vois en ce temps nouveau
L'essain beau
De ces pillardes avettes
Volleter de fleur en fleur,
Pour l'odeur
Qu'ils mussent en leurs cuissettes.

May vantera ses fraischeurs,
Ses fruicts meurs,
Et sa feconde rosee,
La manne et le sucre doux,
Le miel roux,
Dont sa grace est arrosee.

Mais moy je donne ma voix
A ce mois,
Qui prend le surnom de celle
Qui de l'escumeuse mer
Veit germer
Sa naissance maternelle.

(Les Oeuvres Poetiques de Remy Belleau, 2 Tomes. Paris, 1585, La Premiere Journee de la Bergerie, p. 126.)

April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befal:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

- April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise
 With whisper'd sighs,
 Then on their light wing brush away,
 And have amid the woodlands fresh
 - And hang amid the woodlands fresh
 Their aery mesh
 - To tangle Flora on her way.
- April, it is thy hand that doth unlock, From plain and rock,
 - Odours and hues, a balmy store, That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
 - So richly blest, That earth or heaven can ask no more.
- April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid Of my sweet maid,
 - Adown her neck and bosom flow;
 - And in a wild profusion there,
 - Her shining hair
 With them hath blent a golden glow.
- April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace, That in the face
 - Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;
 - And thine the breath, that from their skies
 - The deities
- Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.
- Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,
 - High up aloft, From banishment these heralds bring,
 - These swallows, that along the air
 - Scud swift, and bear
 - Glad tidings of the merry spring.
- April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
 - Purple woodbine, Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
 - And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
 - Where thou art treading,
 - And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.
- The little nightingale sits singing aye
 - On leafy spray,
 - And in her fitful strain doth run
 - A thousand and a thousand changes, With voice that ranges
 - Through every sweet division.
- April, it is when thou dost come again,
 - That love is fain
 With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
 - That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
 - Through many a day,
 - When winter's chill our veins did slake.
- Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
 - Of the spring-time,
 - The hives pour out their lusty young,
 - And hear'st the yellow bees that ply, With laden thigh,
 - Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

Remy Belleau was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, in le Perche, 1528. René de Lorraine, Marquis of Elbeuf, and General of the French Gallies, committed to him the education of his son. He died in Paris, 1577. Some one said of him, in allusion to the first of his poems above-mentioned, that he was resolved to construct himself a monument of precious stones.

Besides the editions of his works which I have referred to, there is said to be one printed at Rouen, 1604. 2 Vols. 8vo.

JAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

Both those, of whom I have last spoken, Bellay and Belleau, belonged to that cluster of poets, to which was given the name of the French Pleiad. Iodelle, Thyard, Dorat, and Ronsard, were four others in this constellation; and Jan Antoine de Baïf made the seventh, whose lustre, if it were proportioned to the number of verses he has left, would outshine most of them. But as it is rather by the virtue than the bulk of such luminaries that we appreciate their excellence, he must be satisfied with an inferior place. The chief thing that can be said of him, I think, is that there is much ease in his manner. But this is not enough to carry us through so many books as I have to record the titles of under his name. It is said that no one has had the courage to read them all since his death.

Les Amours de Jan Antoine de Baïf. Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer, 1572. 2 vols. 8vo. There is what appears to be the same edition with his Passetems added.

In the prefatory address to the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. he speaks of the French poets who have sung of love. They are Bellay, Thyard, Ronsard, Belleau, to whom he says,

Belleau gentil, qui d'esquise peinture Soigneusement imites la nature, Tu consacras de tes vers la plus part De Cytheree au petit fils mignard.

'Gentle Belleau, who dost diligently copy nature with exquisite painting, thou hast consecrated the greater part of thy verses to the darling child of Venus.' To these he adds Desportes.

Of the four books of his Francine (the name of his mistress), and of his three other books, Des Diverses Amours, there is very little by which I could hope to please my readers. They will, I doubt not, think the following sonnet enough.

Un jour quand de l'yver l'ennuieuse froidure S'attedist, faisant place au printemps gracieux, Lors que tout rit aux champs, et que les prez joyeux, Peignent de belles fleurs leur riante verdure : Pres du Clain tortueux sous une roche obscure Un doux somme ferma d'un doux lien mes yeux, Voyci en mon dormant une clairté des cieux Venir l'ombre emflamer d'une lumiere pure. Voyci venir des cieux sous l'escorte d'Amour, Neuf nymphes qu'on eust dist estre toutes jumelles : En rond aupres de moy elles firent un tour. Quand l'une, me tendant de myrte un verd chapeau, Me dit : chante d'amour d'autres chansons nouvelles, Et tu pourras monter à nostre saint coupeau.

On a day, as the winter, relaxing his spleen,
Grew warm and gave way to the frolicksome spring,
When all laughs in the fields, and the gay meadows fling
A shower of sweet buds o'er their mantle of green,
"Twas then in a cave by the wild crankling Clain
I lay, and sleep shadow'd me o'er with his wing,
When a lustre shone round, as some angel did bring
A torch that its light from the sun-beams had ta'en;
And lo! floating downwards, escorted by Love,
Nine maids, who methought from one birth might have sprung;
And they circled around me and hover'd above,
When one held forth a wreath of green myrtle inwove;
See, she cried, that of love some new ditty be sung.

And with us thou shalt dwell in our heavenly grove.

He has formed some of these pieces on the model of the Italian canzone, with an envoi at the end.

Besides these are nine books which he calls simply his poems. In the concluding address to his book, he has given a portrait of himself.

Another of his publications is, Les Jeux de Jan Antoine de Baïf. Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer. 1573. 8vo. It contains nineteen Eclogues; Antigone, translated from Sophocles; two comedies, le Brave and l'Eunuque, the latter from Terence; and Neuf Devis de Dieux pris de Lucian, nine Dialogues of the Gods, from Lucian. The Eclogues are, for the most part, taken from Theocritus or Virgil. They seem to me among the most pleasing of his poems; but are sometimes less decorous than one could wish.

'Etre'nes de Poe'zie Fransoeze an vers mezure's, &c. &c. par Jan Antoine de Baïf. Denys du Val. 1574. Svo. This is a whimsical attempt to imitate the heroic and lyrical measures of the ancients, and at the same time to introduce a new mode of orthography, accommodated to the real pronunciation. The book contains, besides a few odes, translations of the works and days of Hesiod, the golden verses of Pythagoras, the admonitory poem that goes under the name of Phocylides, and the Nuptial Advice of Naumachius.

Of what he calls iambikes tri-

metres nökadāses, the following compliment to Belleau may be taken as a sample:—

A toe, xi övrier peins le vre, jantil Bélea, Nature cerçant zontrefer an son naïf, Ki restes des miens zompayon plus ansïen.

"To thee, gentle Belleau, artist that dost paint the truth, seeking to counterfeit nature to the life, who remainest the oldest associate among my friends, &c."

Some years before, Claudio Tolommei had endeavoured to naturalize the ancient metres in the Italian tongue, but with no better success.

Jan Antoine de Baïf, the natural son of Lazare de Baïf, Abbot of Grenetière, was born in 1532, at Venice, where his father was ambassador. He was much addicted to music; and his concerts were attended by the kings Charles IX. and Henry III. I learn from a passage in Burney's History of Music (vol. iii. p. 263), referred to by Mr. Walker in his memoir on Italian Tragedy, Appendix, p. xix. that Baïf usually set his own The friendship verses to music. which Ronsard entertained, for both him and Belleau, will appear in the account that will be given of that He died in 1592. Cardinal poet. du Perron said of him, that he was a very good man, and a very bad We shall have occasion to estimate the Cardinal's own pretensions in this way.

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALOISE SCHREIBER.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibo, of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eye, that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality, - a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise, rather for its energetic conciseness, than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibo did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up VOL. V.

to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid, that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims. The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:-" It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immoveable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibo, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at day-break, and his last at night-fall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father,

and the second second

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells, and chrystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times: "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king.

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name, by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design, he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours,-and a prize beyond all this,-my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and heaven's blessing go with you.'

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground, but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain, that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my

own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognise by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest

fear of danger." Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that

might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in Nor indeed did Ruthelm his castle. desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstacy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love, with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sun-beams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming,—
"Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness."

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her :- " Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to

visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child."—Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair-one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The*

Devil's Ladder.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. VII.

" THE valuable library of Alexandria," says Gibbon, speaking of the conflagration in 389, "was destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards, the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice." This destruction took place, it appears, in consequence of the sentence of demolition issued by Theophilus, bishop of Alexandria, against the temple of Serapis. The unfortunate library, afterwards replenished, had to undergo a second conflagration in 641, in consequence, as is commonly reported, of the Caliph Omar's casuistical ingenuity: when Amrou, the Arabian chieftain, begged the library as a gift to John Philoponus, the answer was, "if the writings of these Greeks agreed with the Koran they were useless; if

they disagreed, they were mischievous:" and the work of destruction The historian above proceeded. quoted, however, discovers that in this second instance the library contained nothing worth regretting: "The teachers of ancient knowledge, who are still extant, had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors:" a literary dictum, scarcely exceeded by the casuistry of the caliph. The secret seems to be, that some theology had crept into this famous repository: and, says the historian, "if the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind." The having our bath of proper temperature is of so much more consequence, in the view of a smiling philosopher,

than the "knowing what we worship." Briefly, then, the famous emporium of books was destroyed by a bishop; the loss was irreparable: when the hand of a caliph directed the torch, the library was good for nothing but to serve as fuel.

"And what has all this to do with the Hymn to Ceres?" As much as the conflagration of one library has relation to that of another. The burning of Moscow probably involved a loss, inferior perhaps in degree, but similar in kind, to that sustained by the cause of literature in the sack of Alexandria. It was in the ancient library of that city that a copy of the Hymn to Ceres, transcribed from a very ancient MS. about the close of the 14th century, was discovered by the research of Christian Frederic Mathai.

Pausanias quotes this hymn (Attic. 38, Messen. 30. Corinth. 14.) as the work of Homer. The Scholiast of Nicander speaks of it merely as ascribed to Homer. The argument which has been adduced against its genuineness, or high antiquity, from the supposed inferiority of the composition, is, I think, chimerical: the poem, whether we regard the noble simplicity of the details, or the occasional grandeur of the imagery, has much in it that is worthy of Homer: but a more solid objection may be raised on verbal minutiæ. Allowing for the corruptions of the text, many of the expressions are deficient in classical purity of style. Parallels have been traced with this hymn in Moschus, Catullus, Virgil, and Apollonius Rhodius; but they appear to me fanciful: and the difficulty of distinguishing between direct imitation and casual coincidence of thought, renders any such criterion of antiquity doubtful and unsafe.

It is pretty clear, that Ceres was the Ægyptian Isis: she was the moon and earth alternately: the moon being considered, in fact, as only a celestial earth. The Chidians called her Cura; which was a feminine title of the sun: the Greeks interpreted this Cora, or the damsel: and

hence we have the tale of the Virgin Proserpine, who was, however, identically the same with Luna and Lucina, Dian and Hecate. mourning of Ceres for her daughter might have had some astronomical reference. Thus Isis was said to go mourning for the loss of her husband Orus; who was the sun in the winter solstice. In the Mythologicon of Fulgentius, Ceres is said to be the Earth (under which character she is identified with Vesta) and Proserpine its fruitfulness; creeping forth, proserpentem, from the roots of the soil: as Hecate, she symbolizes the maturity of harvest, when the corn is produced a hundred fold. Pluto, as the god of the hollow places of the earth, is necessarily the god of all treasures, whether mineral or vegetable, and thus assimilates with Plutus. rape of the daughter of Ceres typifies the seed deposited under the ground: the mother, searching after the damsel with torches, refers to the heat of the sun by which the corn is ripened; and seed-time and harvest are represented by the allegory of Ceres stipulating that her daughter should dwell half the year under the earth, and the remaining half above it. There is a terra cotta at the Vatican, exhibiting Ceres in a car, drawn by serpents, with a torch in each hand. It is not impossible that Ariosto might have alluded to this, Orland. Fur. xii. 2.

*And with a blazing pine in either hand, Upon a chariot which two serpents drew, O'er wood, o'er vale, o'er mountain, plain, and strand,

Lakes, rivers, torrents, in her search she flew;

O'er earth, o'er seas, o'er all the world above, Then to the lowest depths of Tartarus

I have continued the translation as far as the break in the copy occasioned by a mutilation in the text. The remnant of the poem is chiefly occupied with a recapitulation of the surprise of Proserpine described in her own narrative, and a formidable list of the names of her companions.

For this translation I am indebted to a friend, whose just conception of the genius and manner of Ariosto eminently qualifies him to supply what is still a desideratum in our literature.

HYMN TO CERES.

My song is of the venerable Goddess, Ceres, with sweeping locks: I sing of her, And her proud-pacing daughter whom stern Dis Ravish'd away, (the wide-discerning Jove, Who launches the deep thunder, yielded her;) Far from the golden-throned, fair-fruitaged queen: She played the while with broad-zoned ocean maids, And gather'd flowers; the goodly violets, Crocus and roses, o'er the velvet mead, And yellow-flowering flags and hyacinths; Narcissus too, which earth produced, a snare To lure the rosebud-visaged maid, and please Hell's all-receiving God. Miraculous That gladdening flower, and all that look'd thereon, Gazed, as in muse, admiring, whether God Immortal, or the dying child of earth: Its root upbore a hundred heads; the sky Wide overhead with breathing odour laugh'd; Expanded earth, and the salt heaving sea. She in a trance of rapture stoop'd and spread Both her extended hands, as she would reach The beauteous toy. But then the broad-track'd earth Yawn'd in the midst asunder, on that plain Of Nysa: * and the king of hell, the son Of Saturn, many-titled, upward sprang On his immortal coursers through th' abyss, And snatching her, sore-struggling, drew her down, Lamenting-shrill, within his golden car. She strait shriek'd out aloud, and with strain'd voice Call'd on her Sire, the highest and the best: That voice no mortal nor immortal ear Heard; nor her own companions, fair of form; Save the bland daughter of Persæus; she Who still with glossy fillets binds her hair, Hecaté, far within her grotto, heard: The Solar king, Hyperion's beamy son, He also heard the damsel, when she call'd Upon her father Jove; who sate apart From all the deities, within his fane, Receiving many prayers and incense-smoke From rites of mortals. Her, resisting thus, The uncle-God, with Jove's intelligence, Imperial Pluto, many-titled son Of Saturn, dragg'd upon his deathless steeds. Long as the goddess-virgin could behold The earth and planetary heaven, the sea With fishy tides full-flowing, the sun's blaze, So long she hoped to see her mother dear,

^{*} This was the Nysa of Caria: (Strabo, xiv. 960.) Many cities were called Nusa, or Nysa: from Nusus, or Nus, who was in reality Noah. Hammon-No, mentioned in the last Leisure-Hour as a title of Jupiter, commonly occurs as the name of a city. It it called No in Scripture. Ezek. xxx. 15. Jablonski (b. 2, ch. ii. 161.) renders it διοσπολίς, Jove's city; and seems to think that No means place or seat. There can, however, be no doubt, that the city was denominated from a union of the proper name of the patriarch with that of the people of Afric, whose type was the Sun, which in common with the other celestial bodies, was the recipient of human demons, or, deified ancestral ghosts. The Dorians built a city in Sicily which they called Noa. See Bryant's New Analysis, v. ii. p. 210.

Or one near-passing of th' immortal tribes: So long, though grieved, hope lull'd her mighty mind.

Meanwhile the tops of mountains rang; the depths Of ocean thrill'd to that immortal voice: Her venerable mother heard it too; Swift anguish seized upon her heart; she rent With her own hands the fillet that enwreathed Her undecaying tresses; then athwart Her shoulders cast a mantle sable-blue, And, bird-like, flitted fast o'er moist and dry Exploring. But nor God nor mortal man Would tell her of the truth; nor angel bird Sooth-speaking meet her on her onward way. Nine days the reverend Goddess through the earth Wandered, two sparkling torches in her grasp, Nor tasted once the nectar's beverage sweet, Nor cates ambrosial, mourner as she was, Nor plunged her body in the fountain baths. But when the tenth resplendent morning rose Upon her, Hecaté then cross'd her path, Bearing a lamp, and strait accosting spake: "Bright-gifted, season-bringing Ceres dread! Who of celestial Gods or mortal men Has borne away thy Proserpine, and wrung Thy soul with anguish? for I heard a voice, But saw not with mine eyes who this might be: All, that my hurried speech imparts, is true."

So Hecaté: her answer'd not a word The long-hair'd Rhea's daughter, but with her Rush'd on, the blazing torch in either grasp: They to the Sun drew nigh, whose glance surveys Both Gods and man, and stood before his steeds. Then question'd him the noble Goddess: "Hail, O Sun! and as a goddess honour me, If e'er by word or work I soothed thy heart: My daughter—whom I bare, my sweetest branch, My glory and my beauty—I have heard Her troubled voice along the desart air, As torn away, but saw not with mine eyes. Thou o'er the space of earth, and o'er the sea Look'st from Jove's ether with thy rays; then speak Truth to my question: if that anywhere Thou hast beheld what God or man is he, Who, bearing far from me my child beloved, Reluctant to his ravishing grasp, hath fled?"
She said; and thus replied Hyperion's son: " Daughter of long-hair'd Rhea, queenly Ceres! All shall be known to thee: for I revere And greatly pity thee, who griev'st the loss Of this thy daughter with the long-paced step. There is no other God to blame save he, Cloud-gatherer Jove, who to his brother Dis Has given her, to be call'd his blooming bride. He, snatching her, athwart the murky gloom Dragg'd her upon his horses, shricking loud. But, Goddess! stay thy mighty grief: to nurse Measureless anger rashly and in vain, Becomes thee not: for no ignoble son Among immortals is imperial Dis, Brother and kinsman; since to him hath fall'n

The lot, when erst the triple realm was shared, That he should dwell with those o'er whom he reigns."

He said, and cheer'd his steeds; they at the shout Sprang with the car, like birds upon the wing. But her a grief more vehement and keen Invaded, mind and soul; and then incensed With the cloud-blackening Jove, she left her seat Vacant in heavenly council, and, withdrawn Apart, from high Olympus took her way To human cities and luxuriant tilth: Her charms defacing with the weight of years. Of men or broad-zoned women, who had look'd Upon her form, not one could recognise; Till now she reach'd the house of Celeus sage, King o'er Eleusis' incense-fuming plains. Afflicted in her inmost heart, she sate Beside the way, fast by a virgin well, Whence drew the city-dwellers, in the shade, (For overhead an olive sapling grew)
Like to an age-bow'd matron, now debarr'd The fruits of marriage, and wreath'd Venus' gifts; Such as the nurses who the children rear Born to law-giving kings, directresses Who rule the echoing mansion with their voice. Her Celeus' daughters saw, what time they came Beside the yielded waters, which they drew In brazen vases for their father's house; Four like to Goddesses, in virgin bloom, Callidice, Cleisidice, fair Demo, And, eldest of them all, Callithoë. They saw, but knew her not: the face of Gods Is hard to be discern'd by mortal eyes. But, standing nigh, they greet her with wing'd words: "Who, whence art thou, dame of an aged race? Why wend'st thou from the city, nor draw'st nigh The dwellings, where the dames of kindred age, And younger women, live in shady chambers, Who with kind speech and act might welcome thee?"

They said, and these the Goddess' answering words: "Dear children! strangers of soft woman-kind! Hail! I will speak; it shall become me well To meet your questions with the words of truth. Doris, the name my honour'd mother gave: Anon from Crete o'er the broad face of sea I, undesiring, came: a pirate band Forced me reluctant: soon at Thoricum In their swift ship they touch'd: the women throng'd Up the main land; they near the hawsers spread Their viands. But my soul no dainty fare Desired: with stealthy step I broke away Through the main land's dark soil, and thus escaped My haughty lords, lest haply they may sell Their unbought slave, and revel in my cost. So came I hither wandering; nor yet know What land it be, or who inhabit it. Now may the dwellers in th' Olympian halls Grant you both youthful husbands, and fair babes As parents wish: but damsels! pity me Kindly, dear children! till I reach the house Of man and woman, ready with my hands

To labour for them, whatsoever works
May suit an aged woman. I would rear
A new-born infant, dandled in mine arms,
And spread the couch in my lord's massive chamber,
And teach the females their embroidery-tasks."

The Goddess said; and thus the virgin chaste Callidice, the fairest of the fair: "O! nurse! the dispensations of the Gods, Though grieving with the burden, men must bear: The Gods are stronger: but I will instruct Thee clearly; and will name the ruling chiefs, The great ones of the people, who protect Our city's walls with councils and just laws. Here dwells Triptolemus the sage; and there Diocles; Polyxenus here, and there Blameless Eumolpus, and here Dolichus, And there our noble father. Of all these Their wives maintain the household-state, nor one Would scorn thy person, though at hasty glauce, And thrust thee from the door, but welcome thee; For thou are like some Goddess. An' thou will, Remain, the while we seek our father's house; And to our beauteous mother Metanira All in its order tell; if haply she May bid thee to her mansion, nor permit Thy quest of other dwelling-place. A son, Late-born, in her compacted chamber lies, With many wishes sought, with joy embraced: If thou wilt rear him up, and he attain The measure of his youth, she of thy sex, Who sees thee, well might envy; such thy meed."

She spoke: the Goddess bent her head, and they Filling their shining pitchers from the springs Bore them away exulting: swift they reach'd Their father's spacious house, and all, whate'er They heard and saw, unto their mother told. She, instant, sent them forth, to bid the dame With measureless reward. They, -as the deer, Or heifers in the vernal season, full With pasture, o'er the meadow leap with bounds,— Gathering the foldings of their graceful robes, Went hastening to the hollow wain-worn way; Their tresses, like the crocus flow'rets, waved Dishevell'd on their shoulders; and they found By the way-side, where they had left her late, The venerable Goddess: her they led To the dear dwelling of their sire; but she, Behind them, sore-afflicted in her heart, Walk'd with veil'd head; the sable mantle trail'd With hollow rustling round her slender feet. Straight came they to Jove-foster'd Celeus' gates, And through the portal pass'd to where beside The solid couch's pillar sate erect The venerated mother; on her lap The babe, the new-sprung blossom; towards her ran The virgins; but the Goddess set her feet Across the threshold, and behold! she touch'd The roof-beam with her head, and through the doors Flash'd a dilated splendour all divine. The mother shame and awe and trembling pale Seized, and she left her seat, and bade her sit.

But season-bringing Ceres, bright of gifts, Was loth to sit upon the shining couch; But speechless stood, with her fair downcast eyes, Till the discreet Iambe placed a stool Firm-join'd, and o'er it cast a white-woven fleece: There sitting, with her hands she round her drew The veil: long speechless she afflicted sate Upon the stool; unoccupied by word Or act, without a smile, her lips untouch'd By food or beverage, pining with desire Of her full-bosom'd daughter, sad she sate: Till the discreet Iambe, chiding her With many railleries, turn'd the chaste dread queen To smiles and laughter, and a chearful mind, And from that hour with winning manners charm'd. Then Metanira, filling to the brim A cup with luscious wine, presented it; But she refused; and said within herself, To drink the red wine were unlawful yet: But bade them mix a liquor for her drink Of meal and water, and the pounded herb: She the mix'd beverage, as commanded, brought; The Goddess, much revered, took of her own. Then Metanira elegantly-zoned Thus greeted her: "Hail lady! for I deem Thou dost not spring from base, but noble, parents; Since in thine eyes a grace and modesty Shine forth, as of a law-dispensing prince. Th' allotments of the Deities mankind, Though grieving, needs must bear, and feel the yoke. But since thou art come hither, all of good I have is thine. Rear only this my son, Whom late of birth, unhoped for, the immortals Have sent me, and he is most precious to me. If thou should'st rear him up, and he attain His youth's maturity, all of thy sex May envy; such thy nurture's recompense."

To her then Ceres of the wreathed hair:
"And thou, O lady! hail—and may the Gods
Shower down their bounties on thee: willingly
I undertake thy son, and will uprear
As bidden. Not, I trust, a nurse unskill'd,
That aught of charm or scathe should hurt the boy.
I know a sovereign antidote: I know
An amulet, 'gainst incantations proof."

Thus having said, in her immortal hands
Received, she laid him in her balmy breast.
The mother's heart was glad: and so she rear'd
Wise Celeus' goodly son, Demophoön,
Whom Metanira, shaped in beauty, bare
Within the mansion. He in stature throve
As though he were a god; nor eating corn
Nor sucking at the breast. For Ceres bathed
His limbs in oil ambrosial, like a child
Of Deity, and sweetly breathed on him,
And foster'd in her breast. By night she hid
The infant, as he were a brand, within

^{*} Those who assisted in the Eleusinian rites first fasted, and then partook of a potion similar to that here described.

The strength of circling fire: tho' unperceiv'd Of its own parents. But to them he seem'd A prodigy, of godlike-vigorous growth. And she had made him proof 'gainst age and death But that the beauteous Metanira, fond, Lay on the watch by night, and stole a glance From forth her perfumed bed, and shriek'd, and smote Upon her thigh, affrighted for her son; And drew her breath in strong indignant fear, And loud bewailing utter'd these wing'd words: "O! son, Demophoon! our guest has hid thee Amidst much fire; grief, care, and woe to me!" She spoke in lamentation and was heard By Ceres, holy Goddess, who, incensed, The darling son, that she unhoped had borne Within the mansion, snatching from the fire With her immortal hands, laid on the earth; Chafed grievously in spirit, and address'd Fair Metanira: "Ignorant and rash, Ye sons of men! of good or ill to come Alike unconscious !—thou too folly-struck Hast wrought thy harm: for, bear me witness, Styx! The unrelenting river! I had made Thy darling son superior to decay, Immortal, and had crown'd with fadeless glory; But now he may not 'scape the Fates and Death: Yet is imperishable honour his, For that he rested on these knees, and slept Within mine arms. But, when the times are ripe, And years roll round, Eleusis' sons shall wage Grave battle with him, striving all his days. I am the honour'd Ceres, who bring joy And gain to mortals and immortal Gods. Come therefore; let thy people build me up A temple, and an altar underneath, Below the city and the lofty wall, Upon the beetling cliff, that overhangs The fount Callichorus: myself will teach The orgies, that, in time to come, with dues Of sacrifice ye may appease my mind."

So spake the Goddess: and at once transform'd, Changed both her shape and stature: her old age Cast off, around and round her beauty breathed; Ravishing odour from her perfumed robes Was scatter'd, and a light shone far and wide From her immortal body, and her locks Stream'd yellow o'er her shoulders: splendour fill'd The solid mansion as with lightning gleam; So pass'd she through the portal. She—her knees Sinking beneath her, long was reft of voice; Nor yet remember'd from the floor to raise Her little one, the boy, the late-born babe: His sisters listening caught his plaintive cry, And from their well-spread couches leap'd; while one, Lifting the infant in her hands, laid close Within her bosom, and another waked Th' extinguish'd fire; a third with delicate feet Hurried to rouse the mother where she lay Faint on her perfumed couch. Then thronging round They bathed the panting babe, most lovingly Embracing him: but he was little soothed:

Inferior nurses held him now in charge. They through the live-long night appeared the Goddess. In this their consternation: with the dawn To potent Celeus they the truth rehearsed, And hest of wreathed Ceres. He convoked The skilful people, and enjoin'd them rear A temple rich, and altar on the height. Strait they obey'd; and rear'd, as he had said, The temple, and it rose by heaven's decree. But when the work was done, and they had ceased From toil, they each departed to his home. But yellow-tressed Ceres, sitting there Apart from all celestials, unremoved Remain'd, still pining for the deep-zoned maid. But grievous o'er the many-feeding earth, And harsh to man she made the year: the soil Sprang with no seed; wreath'd Ceres hid it deep; And many a crooked plough yoked steers in vain Dragg'd through the fallows; the white barley fell, Laid flat with earth, and smitten in the ear; And the whole race of speech articulate Had surely perish'd by a famine sore, And of the glorious tribute of their fruits And victims disappointed those in heaven, But Jove perceived, and ponder'd in his mind. Then first he Iris sent, the golden-wing'd, To summon fair-hair'd Ceres' lovely presence. He spoke, and she obey'd cloud-darkening Jove, And swift with running foot-steps clear'd the space Between; approach'd Eleusis' odorous streets, And found the blue-veil'd Ceres in her fane; And calling to her, greeted with wing'd words: " Ceres! the God, whose knowledge faileth not, Calls thee, and bids thee join th' immortal tribe. Come, therefore, lest the word of Jove, which I Impart to thee, be frustrate." So beseeching She spake; but unpersuaded was her mind. Again the Father of the blessed Gods, Existing ever, used the embassy Of all: and, one the other following, each Call'd her, and many goodliest gifts bestow'd, And honours proffer'd, whatsoe'er she would, Among immortals: yet not one could sway Her thought or purpose, so in soul incensed, But sternly she their speeches bland refused. Not once, she said, would she with due feet climb Fragrant Olympus, nor the fruits of earth Release, till with her eyes she should behold The comely visage of her daughter lost. This when wide-glancing Jove, deep-thundering, heard, He sent the herald with the golden rod To Erebus, to move with melting words The God of hell, if so he might lead back From gulf of murky darkness into light, Among the Gods, the spotless Proserpine; That her own mother might again behold her, And fay her wrath aside. Nor disobey'd Hermes, but with a rush descended swift Under th' abysses from his seat in heaven. That king he found within his halls, reclined Upon a couch, his modest spouse beside, But sore reluctant through her mother's longing.

Still, under her intolerable grief, She held high counsel on the things of Gods. The gallant Argus-slaving messenger Drew nigh, and him accosted: "Blue-hair'd Dis! Lord of the ghosts departed, Jove, my sire, Commands me bring the noble Proserpine Back from th' abyss of Erebus, to heaven; That her own mother, looking on her eyes, May pause from that dread anger which she bears, Resentful, 'gainst immortals; for she plans A mighty deed: to waste the feeble race Of earth-sprung men, hiding the glebous seed, And minishing the tribute to the Gods. She holds her heinous anger, nor consorts With Deities, but sits apart, within Her incense-smoking fane in steep Eleusis." He spoke; the monarch of the dead relax'd His brow in smiles, obeying Jove's behest. Instant he urged his prudent spouse: "Away! My Proserpine! go to thy mother back, Who veils herself in sables, and take with thee A gentle mind and temper, nor in vain Grieve without measure. Not amidst the Gods Am I so base a husband, since allied To Jove thy father. When thou hither comest, Whatever lives and moves shall own thee queen: And 'midst immortal honours greatest thine. To thee the punishment of souls unjust Shall to all time belong, and those who fail To soothe thee with just rites and presents due." He said; the prudent Proserpine rejoiced, And sudden sprang with glee. He gave her then, To chew, a honey-sweet pomegranate-seed, Thus to himself attracting her; lest there With her chaste dark-veil'd mother she should stay Through all her future days. Imperial Dis-To golden chariot yoked th' immortal steeds: She climb'd the car; brave Hermes at her side, Seizing the reins and scourge into his grasp, Drove them from out the palace: prompt they flew, And swift achieved their journey's lengthening way: Nor sea, nor river-wave, nor grassy vales, Nor steepy heights restrain'd the rushing tramp Of those immortal coursers: o'er them all They pass'd, and flying cut the deepening gloom. He drove them on, and stopp'd, where still remain'd The crowned Ceres by her odorous fane. She, when she saw, sprang forward, as the wild * Hill-nymph of Bacchus cleaves the shadowy wood.

^{*} The corruptions in the copy of this hymn are nuts to the commentators; those clarissimi, as they say of each other, who seldom make but they mar. Not satisfied with rectifying palpable errors, they must be meddling when there is nothing to mend. Such is the intoxication of success! On this spirited comparison Ruhnken remarks: "Angry and frantic persons are often compared with Bacchanals. But who in his senses would assimilate to a Bacchanal a mother exulting at the sight of her daughter, whom she thought lost?"—He then directs us, in the Bentleian style, to replace Kimmai, a fawn, in the room of Manas, a Bacchic priestess. Now, to say nothing of the whole tenour of the narrative having witnessed to the "angry and frantic" feelings of Ceres, who "in his senses" would compare the mother to a fawn?—The similitude is surely better suited to the daughter: and what resemblance is there between the velocity of a frightened fawn, and the forward eagerness and impetuosity of an agitated mother?—I give my vote for the Bacchanal.

THE OLD WHITE HAT-AND THE OLD GREY MARE.

I could write a volume upon this old white hat, and upon the eccentric but excellent being that once wore it. - Poor Frank Chilvers! thou wert my chosen one, in whom I had much joy; my Lycidas, with whom at morn and dewy eve I have wandered over woodland, hill, and dale; and shalt thou go down into the darkness and corruption of the great mother, without the "meed of one melodi-ous tear?" Thou wert sequestered and eremitical in thy tastes and habits, finding such fullness of serene content in thine own thoughts, and the contemplation of nature, that few of the bustlers upon the great stage of life knew of thy existence; but can the chosen associates who were admitted within the sphere of thy oddities, and shared the overflowing love of thy kind heart, ever forget For their own sakes they ought not, for they will have nothing so soothing and sweet to remember.

Frank Chilvers was a younger son of that respectable family, which has for many ages been settled at Fordham, in Nottinghamshire; and as he objected, upon those peculiar and fastidious notions which formed his character, to the army, navy, and church, all of which had been submitted to his adoption with reasonable prospects of advancement, his parents gave him his portion, which was not inconsiderable, and, at his own request, left him to select his own occupation and mode of life. His first speculation was to establish a brewery in the country, upon the novel principle of consuming malt and hops, and excluding quassia, coculus indicus, " poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrops of the East;" but the knowing rustics did not understand being defrauded of their full allowance. They had been accustomed to a clammy, warming, soporific compound, and they did not comprehend why a gentleman's son should come into the place and introduce a new liquor, not half so comforting and drowsy as the old .-He calmly assured them, that it was no new liquor of his invention, but of the very same quality with that barley wine which Xenophon brewed and gave to his troops, in the memorable retreat of the ten thousand. But they shook their heads; tapping their foreheads to one another, to insinuate that his wits were not quite right; and as no one would venture upon a beverage brewed by, a madman, he sold off his stock and his business, retiring from the concoction of Utopian beer, with about half the property he had embarked in the concern. He made a bad pun upon the occasion, which was one of his inveterate habits, and thought no more of his loss.

Virgil's well known line," O fortunatæ agricolæ," &c. determined his next choice, which was the occupation of a farmer; almost the only one, he observed, in which a man can honourably and independently maintain himself by contributing to the support of others. The latter part of this opinion he exemplified more practically than the former; for as he was quite certain that his labourers could not exist upon the common wages, he instantly doubled them; and, as in many instances, he was aware that his customers could not afford to pay the regular price for his produce, he sold it under the market rate: both which modes of farming, co-operating with the bad times, eventually impoverished him, and procured him, from those who had benefited by his ruin, the title of the silly gentleman-farmer. Various were the methods to which he now had recourse for his maintenance, for he disdained all application to friends or relations. At one time he was an usher; at another, he supported himself, like Rousseau, by copying music, in which he was a proficient; now he translated for the booksellers; and for some time he was in the situation of a banker's clerk. It were useless to recapitulate the manifold employments in which he was engaged, or the variform difficulties he had to encounter; but it is not useless to record, that in all his trials he invariably preserved the same philosophical equanimity, nor ever suffered his reiterated disappointments to cool his philanthropic ardour, or diminish his favourable opinion of mankind. Many men, of restless and enquiring minds, are

perpetually running backwards and forwards, between the past and the future, those two impassable boundaries of human knowledge; and in their inability to escape from this narrow range, content themselves, like the squirrel in his cage, with repeating the unprofitable rotations which afford exercise to their faculties, without advancing their progress a single step. Chilvers built up the level of his mind, and prevented himself from sinking into the slough of despond, by drawing materials from those two terminal mounds; making the past contribute its rich store of historic and poetical recollections, and extracting from the future those sweet and soothing assurances, of whose truth he found daily and delicious confirmation in the beauty, accordance, and benevolent ordinations of nature. Thus he lived on, often in great poverty, but never discontented with his lot, until nearly his sixtieth year, when the death of an old bachelor cousin suddenly placed him in a state of actual independance, and comparative affluence. He immediately quitted London, and retired to C-Row, a village about eleven miles distant from the metropolis, where he purchased a beautiful cottage, and where the writer of this memoir first had the happiness of his acquaintance.

A natural modesty, and the perfect content he found in his own reflections and occupations, gave him a disposition to segregate himself from that class of formal and heartless visitors, whose invasions of your house originate in curiosity, and are continued by ceremony; but as the world, however little disposed to liberality upon other occasions, is seldom deficient in magnifying any sudden accession of fortune, and had exhibited its usual powers of multiplication in the present instance, he found it somewhat difficult to repress the eager advances of his neighbours, when they had regularly ascertained that Mr. Jackson, the rich city grocer, had sanctioned their visits, by first leaving his card. A blind, stupid, and crawling deference to wealth, if it be not peculiar to the English nation, certainly attains its maximum of intensity among those idolatrous worshippers of the golden calf; of which the reader may be

convinced, if he will walk along Cheapside with any civic Cræsus, and observe the sycophantic homage and cringing servility with which he will be saluted. Let him travel with such a man in any part of the island, and as he clatters into a country town with his outriders and gay equipage, contemplate the awestruck look of the natives, and the fawning alacrity of hosts, hostlers, and waiters, and he will not be surprised that Mr. Jackson, with three stars at the India-house, and the best portion of a plum in bank stock, should be deemed a little monarch in his own village. Nobody rode in such a gorgeous equipage; and when he went to church to abjure pomps and vanities, nobody's servant followed, with a gilt prayer-book, in a finer livery or more flaming shoulder knot: of course, nobody could be so proper to decide, whether the philosophic Chilvers was a visitable person or not. Miss Briggs, an elderly maiden relation, and an inmate in the family, decided this important question in his favour, when it was very near being negatived, by declaring, that his being undoubtedly a person of property was quite sufficient; that she dared to say, he was a very good sort of man, in spite of his little oddities; and that, in her opinion, he ought to be visited even in spite of his old white hat.

Chilvers was so elemental in his views, as generally to overlook all conventional modes and forms; and thus, without affectation of singularity, he often fell into somewhat grotesque peculiarities. One summer he purchased a white hat, and once ventured to tie it down under his chin, on account of a face ach. The ridicule and laughter of the rustics first made him sensible, that he had presumed to deviate from customary fashions; but as he felt benefit from that which he had adopted, and had a perfect contempt for vulgar or polite raillery, he adhered to his hat as religiously as a Quaker; and partly from habit, partly from obstinacy, constantly wore it, even within doors. The giggling, sneers, and whispering of the visitors, when the irruption formally broke in upon his quiet cottage, suggested to him the idea of checking their unwelcome invitations, by going to their houses in his old white hat, and giving them to understand that he never took it off. Even this expedient failed. A rich man without children, or apparent relations, has too much to leave to be left alone, and cards and visits rather increased than diminished, in spite

of the old white hat.

Accident, however, effected what this inseparable appendage could not accomplish. A female cousin of Chilvers, about thirty years of age, had been left a widow, with a little girl of five years old, in a state of utter destitution; and as soon as she learnt his accession of fortune, very naturally applied to him for assistance. Upon occasions of benevolence he was not in the habit of calculating appearances, or balancing surmises. so he tied down his old white hat, got into a glass coach, drove to his relation's, and in less than twelve hours from the receipt of her letter, had established her, with her child, in his cottage, giving up his own bed-room for her use, because, as he said, young women liked to be cheerful, and from the corner window she could see all the company on the great Romford road. When the dust allowed any objects to be discerned at that distance, it is certain that a glimpse might occasionally be caught of a drove of oxen, or a cart laden with calves for Whitechapel market: but Chilvers had been told that his window commanded this great thoroughfare, and had never been at the pains to ascertain the nature of its command. Such as it was, there the widow had her habitation, her kinsman little dreaming that, in following the dictates of his kind heart, he had at last hit upon an expedient for effectually clearing his house of ceremonious, card-leaving, and cardplaying annoyances.

However liberal the world may be in measuring a man's fortune, they seldom extend the same generous estimate to his actions and morals, but are exceedingly prone to deduct from his honour and honesty, at least as much as they have added to his wealth. So it fared with Chilvers. They were willing to overlook his whims and caprices, and even tolerate his old white hat, but there was really no shutting their eyes to the improper nature of the connection

with this pretended widow, this Mrs. Hall, or Ball, or whatever he called her; and, indeed, it was obviously an old affair, for the brat of a child was the very picture of him. He might, at least, have concealed the creature, and not have brought her into his own house, and under the very noses of such universally-allowed-to-be-respectable people as the inhabitants of C-- Row. Miss Briggs again took the lead on this momentous abomination; and although, but a very few days before, she had been heard to pronounce him remarkably good-looking for a middleaged man, she now, with a toss of ineffable anger and disdain, most energetically termed him a good for nothing nasty old fellow; and the obsequious village re-echoed the assertion. Footmen, boys, and maids, no longer lifted his latch with cards and invitations; and the females of the place were suddenly seized with an anaccountable obliquity of vision, when they saw him approaching with the unconscious author of this revolution leaning upon his arm. The outrageous puritans instantly crossed over the road, regardless of mud or puddle; some looked steadily at a sign-post, on the opposite side of the way; others gazed upon the heavens, or contemplated the earth; while a few summoned a whole pandemonium of outraged chastity in their countenances, and passed him with a fling of ineffable scorn; but he was too absent and heedless to be even conscious of the cut direct and insolent, still less of the cut oblique and embarrassed. He was too happy in the quiet repossession of his house, and resumption of his studies, to be solicitous about the cause; and as to the poor widow, her time and thoughts were so exclusively occupied with little Fanny, her daughter, that she required not the attentions of her neighbours.

Nothing could exceed the amazement of Chilvers, when I explained to him the meaning of this estrangement. Why, she is not thirty, he exclaimed, and I am sixty; what disproportion will secure a man from scandal? With his usual philanthropy, however, he soon began to find excuses for the world, and as he was highly sensitive to any imputations thrown upon his relative, though ut-

terly callous to them in his own person, he consulted me as to what conduct he could adopt, so as to silence calumny, and yet afford the shelter of his roof to this destitute widow. None, I replied, but by marrying her. With all my heart, he rejoined, if Mrs. Ball will give her consent. Already deeply impressed with gratitude and esteem, weary of struggling with misfortune, and anxious to secure a protector for her little portionless daughter, this simple-minded and kind-hearted woman did not hesitate in accepting his hand;-the marriage took place, and Chilvers, who was before an old rogue, and an old sinner, was instantly converted, in the village vocabulary, into an old fool and an old dotard. This union, dictated solely by benevolence on one side, by gratitude and maternal solicitude on the other, without a particle of love on either, was, without exception, the happiest and most undisturbed that has ever fallen within my observation. And yet there was no intellectual congruity between them; she was an uneducated simple woman; he was a profound, original, and elemental philosopher. But there was affinity and sympathy in their kind and generous hearts; he had found an object for the overflowings of his benevolent bosom, and she looked up to her benefactor with a mixture of filial and conjugal affection. This case may have been an exception to the general rule, but it certainly affords a proof that disproportion of age is not necessarily incompatible with married happiness. Their's was unbroken except by Death; and he, alas! unlike Miss Briggs, came but too soon to visit the cottage, in spite of the imputed mistress, and even of the old white hat.

Chilvers had a mortal antipathy to all interference in parochial affairs, deeming them the infallible foes of neighbourly concord, and the bitter springs of jealousy, bickering, and ill will. During the war, when the militia papers were left at his house, he regularly inserted in the column of exemptions-" old, lame, and a coward,"-and returned it to the proper officer, generally within an hour of his having seen it. Once he was appointed overseer of the poor, in the very natural supposition that from his indolent and sequestered VOL. V.

habits he would appoint a deputy, for which office several applicants accordingly presented themselves; but he detected the motive of his nomination, determined to punish his annoyers, and to the amazement of the whole village declared his intention of acting. His first step was to abolish the quarterly dinners, and other indulgences and perquisites, which his coadjutors had been in the long established habit of enjoying; his second, was to compel them to the performance of those duties which for an equally lengthened period they had been accustomed to neglect; and the result was precisely what he wished-they never troubled him in future. Upon only one other occasion was he moved to enter into the parochial arena, and as it occurred but shortly before his death, of which indeed it was the ultimate cause, and was productive of a little scene of which I was an eye-witness, I shall

proceed to relate it.

About half way down Loughtonlane, a footpath strikes off across a large field, and coming out opposite the free school considerably shortens the way to church. I say considerably in a relative sense, as to those who principally availed themselves of it-the lame, and the feeble, and the crutch-supported old men and women who toddled out of the almshouses in the lane, and were duly seen on a Sunday morning creeping across it, as if they could never complete their journey, though they were always sure to be in their places before the bell had done tolling. In point of fact, the distance saved was not above two hundred yards; but a foot-path had existed, not only in farmer Blunt's day, who had owned the field for the last forty years, but time out of mind before him. Farmer Blunt's time, however, was up; he was deposited in the church yard, and the property having been sold at his death, fell into the hands of a Mr. Martindale, who had lately returned from Calcutta, so saturated with gold, that it had completely tinged his face and converted half his liver into bile. Visiting his new purchase with a worthy successor of Capability Browne, it was pointed out to him that farmer Blunt's house, though uninhabitable at present, offered singular advantages for the

construction of a mansion worthy of her way home but the shameful sum its new proprietor. A very little rebuilding and alteration would convert it into an admirable wing, and there would then be nothing in the world to do, but to run up a centre and another wing in order to complete the edifice; while the fields, naturally picturesque, by simply grubbing up the hedges, and planting a few trees, would spontaneously assume a parkish appearance. Such palpable facilities were not to be neglected; the old farm house was tortured and transmogrified to qualify it for acting the part of a wing; a park paling speedily encircled the field, and a board at each extremity of the abolished foot-path informed the world that "trespassers would be punished with the utmost severity of the law." After church, on the following Sunday, the aforesaid old almswomen of both sexes assembled in a body, under this obnoxious notice, where they spent an hour or two in debating how long they had respectively remembered the thoroughfare; complained bitterly of the alteration; and though they were all comfortably maintained upon charity, unanimously agreed that nobody cared for the poor now-a-days. The rest of the parishioners, who were either uninterested in the question, or had not the remotest idea of quarreling with a rich man, took no notice of the occurrence, although two or three, who had left cards at the nabob's temporary residence, and not had their visits returned, were heard to declare that it was a scandalous proceeding-quite contrary to law, and, for their parts, they wondered the matter was not taken up by somebody. Although every body wishes to be thought somebody, nobody seemed desirous of assuming the character upon the present occa-My friend having been prevented going to church by illness, his wife staid at home to nurse him for two successive Sundays, and though she was present on the third, and passed the board with the usual conclave of superannuated malcontents under it, she was just then so busy in calculating the cost of Mrs. Palmer's new puce velvet pelisse with fur trimmings, which she was sure she could not afford, and had no right to wear, that she saw nothing on

of nine pounds fifteen shillings, " without reckoning the lining; which latter words she repeated to herself in a graduated tone of increasing amazement as often as she recapitulated her calculation, and arrived at the same startling conclusion. Owing thus to his own sickness, and Mrs. Palmer's new velvet pelisse, nearly a month elapsed before the nabob's innovation came to the knowledge of the owner of the old white hat.

With his usual scepticism he would not trust to the reports of others, but in spite of a recent sickness, and the expostulations of his wife, tied his old hat under his chin, sallied into Loughton-lane, and not content with reading the placard in that direction, skirted the new paling, till he came in front of the free school, where he perused the duplicate, notwithstanding the mud with which some indignant urchins had bespattered it. His resolution was instantly formed. How can we expect the poor, said he, who so fearfully outnumber us, to leave us in quiet possession of our fortunes and luxuries, if we are to look coldly on and see them deprived of their humble rights. Reciprocal forbearance and protection are the upholding principles of the social compact, and the best security for the continuance of the former is the scrupulous exercise of the latter. They may take the law, said a neighbour to whom he thus expressed himself;-they may take Okehamhall, said Chilvers, for it has been to let these two years, but how are they to pay for it? I wouldn't have gone to law for myself if he had blocked up my hall door, and compelled me to get in at the top of my house, like Robinson Crusoe; but though I might compromise my own rights, I do not feel at liberty to sacrifice those of the poor, so I'll just step on and call upon Mr. Clinch.

Mr. Clinch was a brisk little lawyer, who, by a smirking industry, and technical knowledge of legal quibbles and subtleties, had bustled himself into a thriving business, though he knew no more of the leading principles upon which the noble palladium of the law was built, or of its great expositors, than the rat which is conversant with all the holes, flaws,

and hiding places under St. Paul's, knows of architecture and Sir Christopher Wren. He had lately settled in the neighbourhood, having bought a small brick house at the confluence of three roads, on whose top he had built a fantastical wooden tower, where he occasionally took his wine and the dust; and upon the strength of this castellated superstructure, and two little brass cannons on the lawn, which were always fired when he set off for London at the commencement of term, he gave his residence the very consistent name of Castle-cottage. The rustics called it the Lawyer's Folly;-Chilvers denominated the tower, Mr. Clinch's Coke upon Littleton, and the guns his Term Reports .- At this interview, hostilities were resolved on, and the man of law having learnt in the course of his enquiries, that old Adam Wright remembered when there was not even a stile at the thoroughfare in question, and had rode through it scores of times on horseback, wrote to my friend requesting he would order the fellow to step up to C-Row, and he would come over, take his bit of mutton with him, and examine the rustic after dinner. Old Adam Wright was a pensioner of Squire Tilson, in whose lodge he resided, and as Chilvers knew him to be infirm, as well as old, his method of ordering the fellow to step up was to send over a chaise-cart for him, with a civil message requesting an interview. I was in the parlour when he arrived, and could not help smiling at his rueful looks, when he saw Mr. Clinch at table with paper before him and pen in hand. Standing close to the door as if fearful of advancing, he cast a most suspicious glance from his little grey eyes, which, from the bend of his body, he was obliged to turn upwards, while a sudden blush reddened his wrinkled forehead, and even tinged his bald head. Sit down, Mr. Wright, said my friend, at the same time pouring him out a bumper of wine, which the old man tossed off at one gulp with a dexterity worthy of his younger days. The lawyer stared; Adam Wright sate timidly down-drew up his breath, and again gazed round him suspiciously, but upon learning the object of his examination, presently recovered his composure. I understand, good man, said Mr. Clinch, that you have rode through this field when it was open, scores of times. Never but once, was the reply. Only once! why then did you say you had? I never did say so. Hem! said Clinch—a shy bird. Behold the exaggeration of village gossips, said Chilvers;—but you did once ride through it, Mr. Wright; will you have the goodness to relate to us what you recollect of the circumstances?—I recollect them all, replied Adam, as well as if it happened yesterday, though I was only nine years old at the time.

Mayhap, Sir, you might know strait-haired Jack as they called him, that drove the Cambridge. Chilvers regretted that he never had that honour. Well, Sir, I was then apprentice to his own father, old Harrison, that kept the farrier's shop at the lower common-How was it bounded on the north? interrupted Clinch. The Lord knows, resumed Adam. That must be ascertained, however, quoth Clinch, laying down his pen. It can't be done no how, said Adam, for the great stack of chimnies has fallen in, right where I used to stand and blow the bellows. God preserve us! thank heaven, there's only a low chimney to our lodge. See how an old man clings to life, whispered Chilvers: he never troubled his head about chimnies when he was young. -Well, Sir, said Wright in continuation, old Harrison (I called him master then) had been trumpeter or horse-doctor in the Greys-Which was he? again interrupted Clinchhe must have been one or the other. No, Sir, he wasn't, for I believe he was both. Ay, that will do-go on. Well, he served in the Greys, I don't know how many years, and when he was discharged superannuated, they allowed him to buy his grey mare that he always rode: and how old she was, God knows, for the mark was out of her mouth afore ever she came to him, and he rode her twelve years in the army. Upon this mare he used to go about for orders, attending the gentlemen's hunters round the country, and what not; but never suffered any body to mount her without it was himself. He had only to call out Polly, and she would come running up to him directly, and would follow him up and down town, just like a dog, without ever a bridle,

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no, nor so much as a halter.-Well, master never breakfasted at home; the first thing in the morning, he used to put some soft gingerbread in his pocket, for his teeth were knocked out at some great battle, and go down to the King's Head, and there if you passed the bow window you would be sure to see him in his cocked hat sitting behind a half pint of purl. On the morning I was telling you of - You have told us of no morning yet, cried Clinch. mean the morning when I rode through the field in the afternoon;on that morning I took Polly down to the King's Head according to orders, as master was going over to Romford to look at Squire Preston's hunter that was took ill; but it seems that just as he got to Woodly-end, down came Polly, and a terrible fall by all accounts it was. However, master wasn't much hurt, but we saw something had happened by his coming home without Polly, though he never said a word, but desired us all, for he kept three men besides me, to leave off work, take spades and dig a great hole in the yard, while he broke up the ground for us with a pickaxe. To work we went, and in three hours we had made a rare pit, all wondering what it could mean. Adam, said he to me when we had done, go to the paddock at the upper common where you will find Polly; bring her here, but don't offer to get upon her back, and don't go faster than a walk.—So I took a halter— Was it leather or rope? inquired Clinch; Adam could not tell, so he proceeded. When I got to the paddock, there was Polly, sure enough, with her knees all bloody; but as I saw she was'nt lame at all, and seemed in good spirits, I put the halter in her mouth, and going back a little, so as to get a short run, I put my hand upon her shoulder, and jumped upon her back. Jumped upon her back! echoed Clinch, looking incredulously at the decrepid object before him. Lord love you, continued Adam, I was then as nimble as a squirrel, and as lissome as a withy. So I rode her across this here field, for there was nt even a stile then, nor any sign of one, and got off when we reached the high road for fear of being seen, and led her into our yard, where master was sitting in his

cocked hat, and the men all whispering together up in a corner. As soon as I came in, he called out to our big foreman; Sam, says he, step up intomy room, and bring me down the horse pistols that I took from the French officer at the battle of-I forget what place he said, but I know it ended with a quet, or a narde, or some such sound; so I can't be much out. They glittered as he took them out of their cases, for he always cleaned them every Sunday morning, and as I stared first at master as he proceeded to load them, putting two bullets in each—then at the great hole in the ground, then at the men all looking solemn-like, and then at poor Polly, gazing in master's face, while her knees and legs were covered with blood, I felt my heart beat, and was all over in a fluster. When he had finished loading the pistols, he went and stood in front of the mare. Polly, said he, I have rode thee these sixteen years over road and river, through town and country, by night and by day, through storm and sunshine, and thou never made a bolt or a boggle with me till Thou hast carried me over now. five thousand dead bodies before breakfast, and twice saved my life, once when the allies left us in the lurch, and we were obliged to scamper for it; once when our company fell into an ambush, and only thirty men escaped. We must both die soon, and should I go first, which I may quickly do if you give me such another tumble, it will be a bad day's work for thee. Thou wouldst not wish to be starved, and mauled, and worked to death, and thy carcase given over to the nackers, wouldst thou? Polly put down her head, and rubbed it against him, and while she was doing so, he tied a handkerchief over her eyes, and kissing her first on one side of the face, and then on the other, he said: Polly, God bless thee! and instantly fired one of his pistols right into her ear. She fell down, gave one kick, and never moved nor moaned afterwards; but I remember the tears gushed out of my eyes just as if a Christian had been shot, and even big Sam looked ready to cry as he stood over her, and said, poor Polly! We buried her in the hole, and master told us we had worked enough for one day, and

might spend the afternoon where we liked, and he was just going to fire his other pistol in the air, when he saw a crow on the top of the weather cock; and, sure enough, he brought her down, for he was a rare shot. After all, it was a cruel thing to use a poor dumb beast in that way, only for tumbling with him; and no one could tell why he buried her in the yard, when the Squire's gamekeeper would have given a fair price for the carcase to feed the hounds. But old Harrison was an odd one. we've got a mort of regular doctors in the parish now, besides the poticary, and I dare say they may do well enough for Christians, and such like, but I reckon there's ne'er a one of 'em could stop the glanders in a horse like master Harrison.

Adam having finished his narrative, Clinch proceeded to question him upon the more recent occurrences of his life, and finding his recollection much impaired upon these points, he very unceremoniously gave him his dismissal, but not before Chilvers had slipped something into his hand. Here's a pretty rascal, said the man of law-he has heard that we wanted evidence, and has trumped up this circumstantial tale in the hope of a reward; but did you observe how neatly I detected the old rogue when I began to cross-question him? Will any one believe that he could so minutely detail an occurrence of sixty or seventy years ago, in which, by his own account, he was no way interested, when he cannot recollect much more recent and important particulars of his own life? The importance of these matters, said Chilvers, is not to be considered abstractedly but relatively: at the time of poor Polly's death, Adam had never witnessed any exhibition more solemn and affecting; probably had never been present at the death of a large animal. You seem to forget that the tablet of the memory, like certain stones, though sufficiently soft at first to receive deep and distinct impressions, hardens with age; and that this very induration fixes and indelibly preserves the characters first engraved, while it prevents any future incisions, unless of a very su-perficial and evanescent nature. You may scratch or write upon it, and this answers the temporary wants of age, but you can no longer chisel or

stamp any durable impress upon its stubborn substance. This seeming inconsistency is, in my opinion, a forcible confirmation of old Adam's veracity. A jury won't think so, retorted Clinch, and that's the only

thing to look to. I have given this dialogue, and old Adam Wright's examination circumstantially, because every particular is deeply fixed in my own recollection, by the fatal results of which the affair was speedily productive. Chilvers, as I have mentioned, had been ill when he sallied forth to read the placard announcing the shutting up of the footpath. Upon that occasion, he got wet-he sat some time at Mr. Clinch's: his complaint, which was the gout, was driven into his stomach—and in spite of immediate medical advice, and the unremitted self-devotion of his wife, who never quitted his side, he expired in ten Death-bed descriptions are productive of no good to counteract their painful details; they prove nothing; for whatever may be gained in the sincerity of the dying person, is balanced by the diseased state which the mind generally participates with A man's opinions are the body. worth nothing unless they emanate from a vigorous intellect and sound frame, uninfluenced by immediate hopes or fears. Suffice it to say, that Chilvers died as he had lived—a phi-

lanthropist, and a philosopher. After the melancholy ceremonies of the funeral, which I took upon myself to direct, I accompanied my wife to the cottage, where we meant to reside for some little time, to offer our consolations to his relict, now a second time a widow. I have never been more forcibly impressed with the vanity of human learning, and the vain glory of philosophy, than in the instance of this uneducated female, who from an innate principle, or instinct of religion, although utterly ignorant of all theological points, possessed a mastery over her mind, and a consolation under afflictions, which the most profound adept in the schools of worldly wisdom would in vain attempt to rival. Conscious that the death of her husband was a dispensation of Providence, under which it was perhaps guilty to repine, she set resolutely about the suppression of her grief, beginning by carefully locking up and concealing all

those articles of his dress and daily use which, by recalling him suddenly and forcibly to her recollection, might upset her pious resolutions; so that upon our arrival, we found her in a frame of mind much more calm and resigned than we had anticipated. Though Chilvers never killed a bird, or caught a fish in his life, he had a favourite spaniel, called Juno, almost as inseparable a companion as his old white hat: the partaker of his morning rambles, and the invariable residuary of his crusts at tea-time. This faithful animal his widow could not resolve to dismiss; but, with this exception, she imagined she had so disposed of every personal memorial, as to be secure from too frequent a renewal of her griefs by the sight of external objects. She was, however, mistaken. We were all seated in the parlour, myself and my wife endeavouring to divert the widow's thoughts from the past, by directing them to the future management of her little girl, and flattering ourselves that we had infused into her mind a more than usual serenity, when our attention was aroused by a barking and laughing without—the door thrown open, and in scampered Juno with the old white hat tied upon her head, while little Fanny followed, shouting behind, delighted with the success of her frolic! - O Fanny! Fanny! cried the agonised mother; why did they suffer - she could not utter a word more; but, overcome by her feelings, rushed out of the room, and locked herself into her own chamber. The child, it seems, had seized the old white hat in the first confusion of her father's death. and concealed it in a closet of the nursery, whence she had now withdrawn it to fasten upon Juno's head, quite unconscious of the distress she was preparing. Young as she was, I endeavoured to impress upon her mind the loss of her papa, for so she always called him, and the necessity of refraining from all mention of his name, or allusion to his death, in the presence of her mother. She appeared to understand, and promised to obey my directions. Fortified and composed by the consolations she never failed to draw from her solitary religious exercises, the widow shortly returned to the parlour, and a tranquillity, though somewhat embarrassed, was again established in our

little circle; when Fanny, ready to burst with the possession of what she considered a mystery, kept hovering about her mother; and, at last, taking her hand, and looking up in her face with an affectionate importance, she lisped out hesitatingly, I know something. Papa's dead, but I must'nt tell you, because it's a great secret, and you'll be angry if I The poor widow hid her face in her handkerchief with one hand, and with the other covered the child's mouth, as if to silence her: but as the little urchin seemed disposed to expostulate, I took her by the hand, led her out of the room, and directed the maid to put her to bed.

On re-entering the parlour, I once more found the mother in a state of comparative serenity, and calculated on passing the evening without further outrage to her feelings. The child was asleep—the old white hat was locked up, and it was settled that after tea I was to read a sermon, which I had selected for the purpose, as the best adapted to pour balm and peace into her wounded bosom. The equipage was already set out, and I recalled that simple but exquisite picture of fire-side enjoyment, which Chilvers was so fond of quoting:

The hearth was swept—the fire was bright, The kettle on for tea, &c.

when my attention was called to Juno, who, instead of basking leisurely before the fire, as was her wont, kept searching round the room, smelling to every individual, and occasionally planting herself close to the door, with an earnest air, as if expecting the arrival of some one else. After waiting some time, she betook herself to the rug, with an appearance of disappointment, whence she presently started with a short bark, and expression of alacrity towards the door. It was Patty entering with the urn. Now, if Juno had been in a frame of mind to be easily pleased, she could not have muttered such a discontented growl at the sight of Patty, whose fair complexion, auburn hair, red arms, and somewhat substantial figure, constituted her a pleasing specimen of the rural English, or rather Saxon beauty; while her manner and attire rendered her a worthy counterpart to Milton's "neat handed Phillis." Juno, however, who had no eyes except for

her poor master, whom she was never to see more, returned grumbling to Exactly the same eager the rug. excitement, and surly disappoint-ment occurred, when the maid returned with the toast; but the dog, instead of contenting herself with the rug upon this occasion, stood before her mistress, looked wistfully in her face, and whined, as if inquiring for her master. I exchanged glances with my wife, and saw at once that we mutually understood what was passing in Juno's mind, as well as her mistress's. Poor widowed sufferer! I saw her nostrils dilating, the muscles of her mouth working, and her eyes filling, though by a resolute effort at self-command, she was striving to suppress and swallow down the rising emotion. She might, perhaps, have succeeded, but Juno, after again listening some time at the door, while a dead silence reigned in the chamber, finally placed herself before her mistress, and set up the most dismal and affecting howl I ever My heart sank within me, as if a cold hand had been dragging it down, and I felt my eyes suffused. My wife had turned towards the window to hide her emotion, for I perceived that she was weeping, and notwithstanding the intensity of my feelings, so rapid and inconsistent are our thoughts, that I found a moment

for mentally condemning the absurd fashion of reticules, as she had no handkerchief, and was wiping her eyes with the petticoat of Fanny's doll which had been left in the window seat. But who shall describe the agony of the widow? The gush of passion overpowered all the barriers of resolution and religion,-the woman predominated over the Christian, and her emotions flowed more vehemently from the previous controul to which they had been subjected. Convulsive and hysterical sobs for some time choaked her utterance, and when she was able to articulate, as if anxious to excuse the violence of her grief by the virtues of its object, she turned towards me, and exclaimed: Was'nt he a kind creature-every body loved him, and even Juno, you see, cannot forget him. O! Sir, you dont know half the kind, generous, and charitable things he did in private." Her feelings again overpowered her; she sank her head upon Juno's, who by this time had leaped into her lap, and I shall never forget her woe-stricken look when she raised it, and sobbed out-(Psha! where is my handkerchief-my tears are blotting the paper;)-when she sobbed out-

Gentle reader, forgive me; my heart and my eyes are both too full;

I cannot write a word more.

BRIEF OBSERVATIONS UPON BREVITY.

"BREVITY," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. Truth, says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical Duodecimos, is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body. Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary.

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look down upon, or else overlook, so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially brief, would scantly raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee;

study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgement: if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British Senate, or the British Forum: or, if thou canst, recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the long Parliament; when the longwinded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-ear'd and long suffering multitude: over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of Æschylus, the blistering humour of Aristophanes, and the blustering humour of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of Blackstone, and assisted the incomparable Brinsley to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the Gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were

lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and far short of my wishes. In most things too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners. All the delicate viands that sea and land, with all the points " on the shipman's card," produce, are not so irresistible a temptation to gluttony, as the ennui of a needless half-hour at table: certain motions of the jaws are undoubtedly infectious; such are laughing, yawning, and eating. Should the nightmare, " and her nine fold," descend visibly upon the dishes; should indigestion, after the old fashion, assume the shape of Abernethy to admonish me, and gout appear in the yet more formidable likeness of a racking toe, the mere dead weight of time would turn the balance of my resolves. I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are "large and comely," and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of "dumpy women." Allthis is very true, but what is it all to me? Vomen are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says, be better sympathy. And as for his Lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted " with the youngest wren of nine," than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an amazon might condescend to say to me. it would sound of " nothing but low and little." Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would "whisper soft nonsense in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duellists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her (alas, I am past my dancing days) I should seem like a cock-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her (proh dolor! I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave, * called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness): but should I wed her, I must "stand the push of every The beardless vain comparative." young Etonian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs (carmen lugubre!); the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives, and coblers in their stalls, would cry out after us There goes eighteen pence; and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal.

But of all long things, there are three which I hold in special abhorrence: a long bill, a long coach, and a long debate. Bills, it must be observed, are apt to grow long in proportion as the means of paying them are short; and tradesmen do not, like "honorable gentlemen," move for leave to bring them in. But

^{*} It is needless to mention, that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Colebs.

it is not the appalling sum total that I regard. It is the mizzling insignificant items, the heart-breaking fractions, the endless subdivisions of misery, that provoke me. It is as if one were condemned to be blown up with a mass of gunpowder, and at the same time to feel the separate ex-

plosion of every grain. Few of those pestilential vehicles called long coaches infest our roads at present; but when I was a young traveller they were frequent, espe-cially on the northern stages. Their external semblance was that of a hearse, and their inward accommodations might vie with those of a slaveship. An incontinent vestal might have rehearsed her living inhumation in one of them. They carried ten inside! Authors, children, and dandies, were only counted as fractions: and Daniel Lambert himself would only have been considered as an unit. Their pace was intolerably slow; their stages long; their drivers thirsty; ale-houses innumerable. is difficult to conceive what a variety of distress they sometimes contained. I remember a journey in one of them, I think it was between Lancaster and Manchester, perhaps the dullest road in England, which beat the miseries of human life hollow. It was during the high fever of trade, and just after the summer holidays. I was then a minim, and counted as nobody, Three youths, returning "unwillingly to school," with all their consolatory store of half-eaten apples and gingerbread, and with looks that indicated a woeful neglect of regimen during the vacation, composed one passenger. The landlady of the Swan inn, in bulk a Falstaff, and clothed like the Grave-digger, ditto (bearing a brandy-bottle, which, with most importunate civility, she proffered to the company, in spite of repeated and sincere refusals); a consumptive gentleman, who supplied his lack of natural dimension by a huge box-coat; a sick lady, with her son (who by the way was very disagreeably affected by the motion of the carriage), her sister, and a lap-dog; a strong ministerialist of eighteen stone; and an equally violent, and almost equally bulky, partizan of opposition; (neither of these worthies were perfectly sober, and their vociferation was such as to drown every other sound, except the

complaints of the sick lady, and the occasional yelping of the lap-dog;) a very smart, yet innocent-looking young woman, who was sadly pestered with the coarse gallantry of a middle-aged manufacturer of cotton; there was also a very prim and self-complacent young gentleman, who seemed to value himself much on his acute sense of the disagreeable, and not less on a peculiar delicate mode of swearing, mincing and clipping his oaths till they were almost softened into nonsense—

Such were the intestines: the roof and box were proportionably loaded. There was some little danger of breaking down, and no little fear of it. Every jolt produced a scream from the sick lady, a yelp from the lap-dog, an oath from the young gentleman, and a nauseous jest, or a vulgar proffer of service to the females, from the cotton-manufacturer. Against this chaos of discords we had to balance the momentary interruption of the political jangle, and a shriek in exchange for the customary

groans of the landlady's.

Scenes of this kind are particularly distressing to children; confinement and the want of fresh air are themselves sufficiently painful to them, and they seldom possess the faculty of deriving amusement from inconveniences. But all the troubles of our progress were nothing to the intolerable stopping. All conversation, even that of the politicians, ceased instantly. answered sigh, and groans were heard in all the notes of the gamut. very horses seemed to sympathize with the feelings of the passengers, by various inarticulate sounds expressing, not, indeed, impatience to be gone, but uneasiness at staying. It was a hopeless condition. Every face was a glass, in which one might perceive the lengthening of one's own. For the last stage, a dozing silence prevailed, which made me almost wish for noise again. Any thing to drown the rumble of the wheels, and the perpetual and unavailing crack of the whip, which was applied unmercifully, and, as it were, mechawithout the smallest accenically, leration.

I am not sure whether these machines have not been put down by the legislature. Would that the same august body would exercise their authority upon long speeches

as well as on long coaches, and be as careful of the national time as of the bones of his Majesty's locomotive subjects. Oh! that the value of brevity were understood within the walls of St. Stephen's! I never cast an eye on the close-printed columns of a paper, without being transported by imagination into the Speaker's chair. (I had rather be transported to Botany Bay.) How anxiously must that model of enforced patience keep watch for some irregularity, and with what joy must he seize the opportunity of crying Order. How sweet to his ears must be the sound of his own voice, thus coupled with the sense of authority.

A long debate is, to me, like a long story, of which I know the conclusion before it is begun. To read or listen to it is as tedious as to play

a game which you are sure of losing, or to fight for your life when you know that, in case of defeat or victory, it is alike forfeited. The catastrophe of every discussion may be so clearly foreseen, and the very arguments, and almost the very metaphors of each member, so easily anticipated, that it is a cruel oppression to force a man to thread the intricate mazes of eloquence, in order to arrive at a point to which a hop, step, and jump, may carry him. I proposed to speak briefly of brevity, and, lo! I have produced a long discourse upon length. I intended to show that lovely things are brief, and I have digressed into an exposition of the unloveliness of lengthiness. Lest I should utterly belie my title, I will even conclude here.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

No. IV.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, BY SIR L-S-

From sentimental clod-poles* to sentimental jack-tars, † the transition was, perhaps, somewhat too easy. The progress of the student may be best assisted by striking contrasts, and by the strong opposition of the characteristics of the subjects submitted to his consideration. As the show-man of this dramatic gallery, and commentator on its contents, I ought to have reflected on this in the outset of my undertaking, and adopted some plan for the arrangement of the specimens. Variety is the soul of pleasure; and even they who follow me more for amusement than instruction, would, most likely, have been better pleased at abrupt leaps from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," than tamely sliding down from one object to another. If confession, and repentance of my error, will avail me aught with my kind company, I do confess and repent; and will endeavour to atone by now leading them abruptly from the contemplation of the charms of melodramatic ruffians, and ranting barons, to the softer and less palpable beauties of the gentle Sir L—S—.

Sir L—'s Pegasus is not that unruly beast that would set rivers

flowing out of rocks by a kick of its hoof. I'll warrant him to amble across the breakfast-table in the houdoir of a St. James's beauty, and never crack the tea-pot. He is the quietest steed in the whole dramatic stud; and if Tattersall had the selling of him, he would, undoubtedly, and might truly, say in his recommendation, "He is so tame that a lady might ride him."

The scenes now to be taken in review are specimens of the genteelest, most inoffensive style of comedy since the days of the insipid Hugh Kelly. Thalia, instead of a merry, laughing, romping, mischie-vous nymph, is here a well-behaved, mincing, simpering young lady. But if she possess not the blood and muscle of the Muse of Congreve and Sheridan, neither does she snivel and blubber like the comic inspirer of the author of Virtue's Harvest Home; smelling all the time of the fumier. She is a thorough boarding-school miss, and would do credit to the best establishment in all Chelsea. She never speaks one word higher than another, nor utters an uncivil or a severe expression, nor indulges in satire or invective, nor ill-naturedly

^{*} See Virtue's Harvest Home, No. 1, of The Beauties of the Living Dramatists.

⁺ See Britain's Glory, No. 2.

⁺ See The River-Rock, No. 3.

exposes other people's vices and follies; but bows and curtsies, and is polite to all the world, as a well-bred young lady ought to be. She holds up her mirror to the human

the smoke-dried shrubs of Grosvenor-square; and the results of her observations and reflections are such faithful transcripts of that most interesting of all the modifications of nature of the Opera and the evening life, called fashionable life, as are ex"At home," and meditates among hibited in the following scenes from life, called fashionable life, as are ex-

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

A genteel Comedy,* in five Acts, by Sir L-S-.

CHARACTERS.

The DUKE OF DAFFODIL. † The MARQUIS OF BLOOMFAIR. The EARL OF SWEETBERRY. LORD NARCISSUS HYACINTH. LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE. COLONEL FITZMYRTLE. JESSAMY, the Earl of Sweetberry's Valet.

COUNTESS OF SWEETBERRY. LADY CECILIA ROSELILY. LADY AMARILLA ROSELILY. LADY JULIA TUBEROSE. FLORETTA, Lady Sweetberry's lady's maid.

Act I. Scene I. 1-The Countess of Sweetherry's Boudoir tastefully decorated. Enter Jessamy and Floretta, meeting; they bow and curtsey.

Floretta. Bless me, Jessamy, what brings you into my lady's boudoir? Jessamy. Permit me to inquire what brings you here, Mrs. Floretta? §

-'s dramatis personæ, it must be allowed that they + Say what you will of Sir Lhave always pretty names-sweetly pretty.

‡ By the notes already alluded to, it appears that the Author had been long undecided about which scene he should open his play with. Indeed it does not greatly matter, as they have no very intimate connexion one with the other, nor is there such a continuity of interest in the piece, as to render the transposition of the entire acts, or even the omission of an act or two, of any consequence. Perhaps his decision to open the piece in the way he has done is judicious, not only because the scene, where it is, can do neither good nor harm, but, for the more important reason, that a beginning, some way or other, is absolutely necessary.

§ This is genteel Comedy indeed! Jessamy and Floretta are the beau ideal of servants.

^{*} Attached to the manuscript of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE are a few notes and memorandums in the author's hand-writing. From these, it appears that the piece was presented a few years ago, to the Theatre Royal, C-G-, under the title of NARCISSUS AND AMARILLA, and in the form of a Romantic Drama, in Three Acts. Being rather deficient in plot, incident, situation, character and dialogue, and its success, as a Romantic Drama, doubtful, the author was recommended to cut it down into a two-act farce. Having proceeded on this recommendation, he then presented it as Who's for the Opera! a Farce, in Two Acts. Being now found wanting in the liveliness, spirit, and bustle, necessary to the success of that species of composition, it was rejected, first, by the beforementioned house, as "unlikely to assist the interests of that Theatre;" next by the H-M- as "not promising any beneficial result to that concern;" and, lastly, by D- L- as " not appearing to the judgment of the sole manager, uncontrolled director, and self-accountable lessee of that most important, extensive, and national establishment, to promise sufficient opportunities for the display of the talents of the servants under his command, or such beneficial results, in a pecuniary point of view, as the gigantic nature of the undertaking he has been called to govern warrants him in looking forward to." An intelligent friend next advised the re-extension of the work into a three-act Opera. In less than a year this change was effected; and as the MARRIAGE IN HIGH-LIFE, a Comic Opera, in Three Acts, it was again rejected by all the Theatres above named; and, also, by the manager of the E - O - as "not likely to succeed on his boards, and he being capable of writing almost as good an Opera himself." The author now did what he ought to have done in the first instance: he obeyed the dictates of his own genius; and instead of reducing his three-act Opera into a one-act Interlude (as another intelligent friend counselled him to do) he boldly stretched it out into a five-act Comedy; and it is to that resolution we are indebted for the unrivalled work before us.

- Floretta. I come for my lady's reticule. (She takes it from a toilette-table, which is covered with flowers and foreign essences.)
- Jessamy. And I for my lord's snuff-box. (He takes it from a beautiful
- Floretta. I imagine that Colonel Fitzmyrtle will not lead Lady Amarilla Roselily to the hymeneal altar.
- Jessamy. Really, Floretta, I cannot say; nor should I think it proper to interfere in the affairs of the family. But did not the Colonel secretly charge you with a letter to Lady Amarilla?
- Floretta. The Colonel is too much of a gentleman to do any thing so improper; and, had he attempted it, I would not have assisted him in such a clandestine proceeding.
- Jessamy. Pardon the question, Floretta; and to convince me that you forgive me the suspicion, deign to allow me to press my lips to your cheek.
- Floretta. (Blushing deeply.)* That is a liberty I never permit; but you may take my hand. Jessamy.
- may take my hand, Jessamy.

 Jessamy. (Pressing her hand respectfully to his lips.) Au revoir, Floretta.
 - Floretta. Votre serviteur, Jessamy.
 - [Execut severally. He bowing, she curtseying.
 - Scene II.—The Earl of Sweetberry's Library, elegantly fitted up.
 Enter Lord Sweetberry and Colonel Fitzmyrtle.
 - Lord Sweet. It is with infinite regret, my dear Colonel, I repeat that I
- Colonel. Yet allow me, my dear Lord, the pleasure of once more recapitulating them. I do not presume to offer myself a candidate for the fair hand of your Lordship's elder daughter, the elegant and accomplished Lady Cecilia Roselily; but I hope you do not consider me as unworthy the honour of leading to the hymeneal altar her not less charming sister, the lovely and
- amiable Lady Amarilla.

 Lord Sweet. Who waits?
 - Enter a Servant in a splendid Livery.
- Lord Sweet. Chairs. (Servant places chairs, and exit.) Pray be seated, Colonel. (They sit.) I should consider your alliance with my family an honour, my dear Fitzmyrtle; but you know—
- Colonel. My fortune, I own, is not large; but I am of an ancient family, my rank in the army is not despicable, and I have expectations of a baronetcy—
- Lord Sweet. By the possibility of succession to your uncle Sir Egerton Gayblossom; but Sir Egerton has a son, and your elder brother—
- Colonel. Is now with his regiment; my cousin, Mortimer Gayblossom, is about to join him; they may both unfortunately fall bravely in Spain, and then
- Lord Sweet. Your suit would still be unavailing, as I have promised the
- hand you sigh for to Lord Narcissus Hyacinth. (They rise.)

 Colonel. Then pardon, my dear Lord; a promise is sacred, and to press
 the conversation further would be impolite. I will instantly order my valet
 to pack my portmanteau; I will set off for Paris, and, in that gay vortex
 of pleasure, endeavour to banish the recollection of the lovely Lady Ama-
- rilla for ever.

 Lord Sweet. I approve your project, Colonel. But come; will you return to the dining-room, where the gentlemen are still engaged over Cham-
- This it is to live in fashionable families. They are better bred than the lords and ladies in certain plays I could name. It will presently be seen that their discretion (a rare quality among servants) is quite equal to their breeding.
- * How is the actress to accomplish this? Never mind; they'll arrange that at re-
- + This scene possesses no particular interest, nor are the characters introduced by it very distinctly marked, or distinguished one from the other; but both his Lordship and the Colonel are eminently polite and well-behaved, and the scene, on the whole, is genteel.

pagne and pine-apples,* or emigrate to the drawing-room and sip coffee with the ladies?

Colonel. I fly to the drawing-room, my Lord; but call it not emigration,

for wherever the ladies are, there is my native home.

Lord Sweet. Elegantly said, Colonel. I grieve that I cannot call your son-in-law,—for—shall I confess it?—you are a charming man. After you, Colonel. (Bowing.)

Colonel. Pardon me, my Lord. (Bowing.)

Lord Sweet. I cannot think of preceding you. (Bowing.)

Colonel. Your Lordship does me too much honour. (Exeunt, bowing.)

Scene III.—The drawing-room at Lord Sweetberry's, most superbly furnished, and elegantly ornamented. In various parts are vases and tripods bearing flowers. On one side a grand piano, by Broadwood; on the other, a most beautiful harp, by Erard. Scattered about on different pieces of ornamental furniture, are Chinese puzzles, Latour's rondos, Ackermann's fashions, and the "Sleeping Beauty," bound in rose-coloured satin.

At the back of the Scene The Countess of Sweetberry, the Marquis of Bloomfair, Lady Julia Tuberose, and the Duke of Daffodil, are engaged at five-guinea whist. Other card-tables occupied by beauty and fashion. Lady Amarilla, Lord Narcissus Hyacinth, Lady Cecilia,

and LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE, looking on.

Countess of Sweet. Well, my dear Marquis, do you never mean to play again?

Marquis. Bless me!-Eh!-Pardon, my lady, I was distrait. What are

trumps?

Lady Julia. Diamonds, I believe.

Duke. Spades, I think.

Countess. No,-Clubs-eh?+

Lord Narcissus. May I speak?-Hearts.-Lady Julia dealt.

Lady Julia. So I did. Positively I forgot.

Lord Narcissus. Can Lady Julia forget, -hearts? #

All. (exclaim together.) Sweet! pretty! delicate! Did you hear what Lord Narcissus said?

Marquis. The game, the game; you forget we are at whist.

(LORD NARCISSUS and LADY AMARILLA coming forward.)

Lord Narcissus. Indeed, Lady Amarilla, I am not surprised at the Colonel's having lost his heart to you; for who could behold so much loveliness and

not love?

Lady Amarilla. (Tapping him on the arm with an India fan.) Be quiet, you fascinating creature, do.

This allusion is skilfully introduced. The tone of the dialogue sufficiently guarantees the fidelity of the author's representations of fashionable life; but a wary dramatist has more than one string to his bow. Sir I.— gives us a "boudoir tastefully decorated," "beautiful chiffonnieres," a "library elegantly fitted up;" and, as if this were not enough to convince us that we are breathing the air of Portland-place or Grosvenor-square, he marches up with a reinforcement of Champagne and pine-apples. He is not the man to spoil a ship (the figure I use will, I fear, cut but a sorry figure beside the genteel phrases of La Belle Assemblée) for want of a ha'p'orth of tar.

+ This is, indeed, a masterly touch. Making a whole party at whist forget the trump colour is an admirable trait of observation. The absence of mind, whether real or affected, implied by it, stamps indelibly the impress of fashion on the players. The stupid vulgar who play for sixpences, though they often succeed tolerably well in aping their

betters, must not hope to rival them in points like this.

‡ Sir I.—'s wit is not of that kind which knocks you down at a blow. It does not resemble the hearty, double-fisted hits of Congreve's, nor the small-sword thrust of Sheridan's; it neither makes you laugh, like Kenny's, nor does it make you cry, like Morston's. Indeed I scarcely know how to characterise it otherwise than by negatives—it is difficult to define—it is sui generis. Yet let me try what I can do with it. Its most striking characteristic is the quiet and subdued tone—but hold!—the thing is done to my hand. In the next speech it is described to a tittle. We there have the united opinion of all the characters that it is sweet and pretty. And so it is.

Lord Narcissus. But have you thought of naming the happy day? Must I long languish?

Lady Amarilla. How can you be so tormenting, Narcissus?

Lord Narcissus. (Leading her opposite to a looking-glass, and pointing to her reflection in it.) Can Lady Amarilla wonder? *

Lady Amarilla. (Giving him her hand.) Well, I declare you are an irresistible monster.

Lord Narcissus. Charming creature! Apropos-so it is settled that Lord Everbloom Daisymore and your elegant sister, Lady Cecilia, are -Lady Amarilla. Why, between ourselves - but here they come.

(LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE and LADY CECILIA join them.) Lady Cecilia. I'm positive he knew nothing of the affair on the tapis, be-

Lord Everbloom. I hope not; but 'pon honour --- however, Lady Amarilla can best inform us.

Lady Cecilia. Amarilla, do you know that this obstinate creature will have

Lady Amarilla. Oh! about the Colonel? Positively I can't say, for "he never told his love.

Lord Narcissus. Elegantly quoted!

Lady Amarilla. But have you heard of Lord Sweetberry's scheme for the Colonel?

Lord Everbloom. No; pray let us have it.

Lady Amarilla. But, mum; for 'tis a secret. Finding the Colonel rather but here he comes.‡

Enter COLONEL FITZMYRTLE, looking sad.

Bless me, Colonel, I began to fear we had lost you.

Colonel. (Sighing.) Ah! Lady Amarilla! Lord Narcissus. You seem out of spirits, Fitzmyrtle.

Colonel. (Aside.) I must dissemble.-Never in better, believe me.

Lady Cecilia. Will you join our little satirical party, or adjourn to a card-

Colonel. The party of Lady Cecilia must ever be mine. (Bowing.)

Lady Cecilia. (Curtseying.) You overpower me, Fitzmyrtle. (To Lord Everbloom.) Now I declare he's a charming man.

Lord Everbloom. (Evidently piqued.) You think so? Lady Cecilia. You're jealous! How ridiculous!

Lady Amarilla. Now for a little scandal. Do you know it is whisper'd ----||

All this is very elegant.

+ These breaks in the dialogue, where one of the interlocutors begins a sentence which the other does not finish, serve a double purpose: they economise the Author's matter, or his wit, by dividing one idea between two or more persons; and suspend what he calls the interest.

The scheme here on the point of exposition seems to be nothing less than to induce the Colonel to quit the party, among whom is the object of his fruitless and unhappy passion, and court oblivion at the Opera. Indeed, so far as I can perceive, this forms the entire plot of the Comedy. It is not remarkable for interest, nor are the situations and incidents arising out of it either numerous or striking; but the gentility of the dialogue is a sufficient compensation for deficiency in other respects.

§ (Note of the Author, attached to the MS.) " This scene of jealousy all my own-best I ever wrote-perhaps too strong for genteel Comedy-query, cut it out? Theodore Hook swears it's finer than Felix and Violante, and he is not the man to quiz one. I myself think it is more refined; in better taste, and so forth."

(Another note by the Author.) "Positively will cut out all this_too cutting and severe—might be said I'm coming too near the scandal scene in What's-his-name's play of the School for Scandal—besides, any body in general might think I mean somebody in particular—rather lose my joke than my friend."

Spite of the Author's diffidence, I cannot resist the pleasure of informing the reader that the weight of this exquisite satire fell chiefly on the tie of Captain S___'s neckcloth, and the cut of Lord R-'s boot. I congratulate them both on its suppression. Yet Lord Everbloom.
Lord Narcissus.

Lady Amarilla. A truce, a truce. Really, Narcissus, there is no defence against your satire. Your shafts are too piercing.

Lord Narcissus. Were they piercing as the shafts shot from those eyes -

Lady Amarilla. Be quiet; you say such divine things.

Lord Everbloom. A truce, as Lady Amarilla says; a truce to this contest of wit. To prevent discord, we will fly to harmony. Lady Amarilla will sing us Lord Narcissus's new song.

Lady Amarilla. The song he wrote on my refusing to allow him to take

charge of my reticule and fan?-Indeed 'tis charming.

Lord Narcissus. (Bowing to her.) When you sing it, I think so too. (Lady Cecilia appears piqued.) Or when Lady Cecilia sings it. (Bowing to her.)

Lady Amarilla. Well, we will each sing a verse. Let a servant place my harp here.

Lord Narcissus. I am your servant. (He brings forward the harp.)

Lord Everbloom. Delicate and elegant.

LADY AMARILLA sings.
O let me thy richly-wrought reticule carry,

To thee it belongs, then to me_it is dear! Believe me, my lady, Sir Charles, or Lord Harry,

Will scarce breathe a sigh on the 'broider'd " Souvenir."

But I, Lady A____, with soft rapture will press it, Yet harm no bijou that may nestle within;

Though fervent my love, my respect shall repress it: I'll kiss, but not crush it—for that were a sin!

All exclaim. Exquisite! Divine!

LADY CECILIA sings.

The fan that on Sycamore's button now dangles, Allow me, my lady, to hang upon mine:

He knows not its worth—I don't mean for its spangles—

But since 'tis (as well as the reticule) thine, Consign it to me, and I'll still hover near thee;

I'll watchfully lean on the back of thy chair, And e'er as thou wantest a Zephyr to cheer thee, The fan shall be ready to summon one there.

Lord Narcissus. Lady Cecilia, nothing can equal the charm of your voice ——

Lord Everbloom. Except the charm of Lady Amarilla's; nor can any thing equal the beauty of the music.

Colonel. Except the beauty of the poetry. (Bowing to Lord Narcissus.)

Lord Narcissus. This from you, Colonel! Too generous man!* (Bowing to Colonel Fitzmyrtle.)

Colonel. (Drawing Lord Narcissus aside.) Narcissus, I have something of

the last importance to communicate.

Lord Narcissus. (Eyeing Lord Everbloom Daisymore with his glass.) Daisymore's collar is a prodigious deal too high.

Colonel. I am going to Paris.

Lord Narcissus. Eh?—Oh!—Ah!

Colonel. In that gay vortex of pleasure, I will endeavour to banish the recollection of the lovely Lady Amarilla for ever. My love is unavailing—you are to be the happy man—but you deserve her, Narcissus, for you are a charming creature.

I am not of opinion that the Author was in any danger of being dragged into a comparison with the School for Scandal; nor do I entirely subscribe to the maxim he alludes to, that it is better to sacrifice one's joke than one's friend. Much depends on their relative value: the joke may be a good one, and worth preserving; the *friend*, not.

* It must be remembered they are rivals.

+ This trait is finely characteristic of fashionable attention to a communication of the last importance.

‡ The Colonel has said this once already; but the repetition may be pardoned for the extreme prettiness of the speech.

Lord Narcissus. Were merit alone considered, she would be yours, Fitzmyrtle; for you are a sweet fellow-now don't deny it-you know you are.* Colonel. But, hush! we are observed.

Lady Amarilla. (To Narcissus.) This is the instant for the execution of

Lord Sweetberry's project. Your arm, Narcissus.

Lady Cecilia. Everbloom, yours. (Aside to him.) We must leave the Colonel here alone.

Lord Everbloom. And, fortunately, he's lost in reverie.

Lord Narcissus. Come then, my lovely burthen. (As he leads Lady Amarilla off, he takes some flowers from a vase, and scatters them before her.) Do you take? - May we ever tread on flowers.

Lady Amarilla. Fascinating creature.

(Exeunt all the characters except the Colonel.)

Colonel. I am lost in reverie.

Enter LORD SWEETBERRY.

Lord Sweetberry. The moment is propitious; the Colonel is alone. (Look. ing off.) Everbloom with Cecilia-Narcissus bending over Amarilla! Sweet creatures! my dearest hopes are gratified.—Colonel.

Colonel. (Starting from his reverie.) My Lord—pardon.

Lord Sweetberry. (Aside.) I must open my project cautiously.†—Still brooding over your late disappointment? You ought rather

Colonel. To seek relief in the busy haunts of pleasure. True, my Lord. Lord Sweetberry. (Aside.) He anticipates my wish. (Affecting carelessness.) Have you heard the new Opera?

Colonel. No, my dear Lord; and I am anxious to hear it.

Lord Sweetberry. (Looking at his watch.) 'Tis not yet twelve, and as the ballet will hardly be ended -

Colonel. Suppose we go?

Lord Sweetherry. (Aside.) 'Pon honour the thing I would have proposed .-The carriage is in waiting .- Colonel, I am yours.

Colonel. I'll follow you, my Lord. (Lord Sweetberry bows, and exit.) And must I leave her!

> Sure none can tell what pain it is to prove The bitter pangs of unrequited love.

(Exit.)

END OF THE SCENE.\$

P*.

- * These gentlemen's praises of each other are uncommonly soft and sweet; and, considering they are rivals, there is something very touching in their acknowledgments of each other's merits.
- + The reader will not fail to observe with what consummate art and address this difficult and important scene is conducted.
- # Throughout this admirable genteel Comedy, the propriety and consistency of the characters are preserved with the most scrupulous exactness. Sending Lord Sweetberry and his friend to hear the new Opera a full hour after it is over is a masterly stroke, and exhibits wonderful intimacy with the manners of fashionable life.
- § I have taken it on my own responsibility to designate this as the end of the Scene merely, though, for any thing that appears to the contrary, it might have been intended as the end of an Act, or even the end of the entire piece. So ingeniously is this play constructed, that the interest excited by it would be neither augmented nor diminished were the scene before us (or indeed any other scene of it,) made to serve as its beginning, its middle, or its ending. The plot, if indeed it ever possessed one, must have dropped out in the course of the many changes the piece has undergone, backwards and forwards, from Drama to Farce, and from Opera to Comedy. But this is of no sort of consequence; it is one of the great advantages inherent in GENTEEL COMEDY, that nothing is expected or required from it but decent, well-behaved dialogue; and this condition has been amply fulfilled by the Author of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

A GERMAN TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age-his learning-his celebrity-no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance-his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. " I was handsome enough," he used sometimes to say to us-and no one who looked at him could doubt it; " but I was not amiable, for a savant rarely is," he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows.

" I was not quite thirty," said he to us, "when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my amour propre was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there VOL. V.

is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article Rose, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical books, or all the gardeners' calendars that I could meet with: you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said 'Amelia,' instead of 'philosophy.'

"It was the name of my beautyin fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl ennuyed herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark

eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me-I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, re-assured her. There were a few other young persons-daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each

that fell from her lips.

"Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that what she most dreaded was violence of temper.' Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say-it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the Rose, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. 'Amelia,' said a pretty, little, laughing Espiègle, 'how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?' 'Not one,' replied she; 'I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.'

"I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me: 'You have just learned that I am passionately fond of Roses; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a Rose-tree in blow (as a new year's gift) the first of January; I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon-so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, ' I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.' 'I should never have guessed it,' said Amelia; 'he seems neithervainnorpedantic.' How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune,' thought I, 'if, among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's-purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as

Perrette's; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer aw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Hap-pily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding-the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered

her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing-and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published ' An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy.' was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; ' Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for tomorrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new I read all that was ever earth. written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the

education of man, said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes-always for exclusive systems-let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my elèves, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady-their stalks twisted-they drooped-and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth-not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalidsthe more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my troublethickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collargrew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my

beauteous introducer with compla-

"On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sum rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a Baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the Baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity-the approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the

peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening re-

past with no slight avidity.

" I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane: I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catherine,' said I, 'bring your light; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rosetrees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see!'.... exclaimed she when near, 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here? Oh! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice, 'has she actually a sheep?' 'Oh! good Lord! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up

in the air: she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread-'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice that she most detests: she is right, it has been fatal Yet if he should be only to her. stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some æther, or Eau de Vie, or hartshorn, - run, Catherine,

"Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her

enough without that.'

"What is all this, Catherine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death? 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be! I looked at it; and, judge

of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beau-A secret pretiful and costly. sentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rosetrees. I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the tlambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' Oh yes, perhaps,' -replied the mother with irritation, it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite be-wildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the entrée of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

"Ah, Mademoiselle!' returned I,
you know not to whom you address
the term gratitude.' 'To one who
has conferred on me a great pleasure,'
said she. 'To one who has caused
you a serious pain, to the killer of
Robin.'

"'You, sir?—I cannot credit it why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

" 'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

"And I, sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother; I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

" What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's,' observed the mother.

" 'Yes—for you,' said Amelia; 'he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

"'It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

"'Thank Heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, 'or where would have been my ring?'

"It is necessary at least,' said Amelia, with emotion, 'that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

"'Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New Year's Day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would

give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

fifty rose-trees. "Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madam.' 'Ask. sir,- 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!' 'Granted,' replied she, gaily; I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day--and every-day-I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties, she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New Year's Day arrived. I had gone the evening

before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madam de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rosetree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and grateful-' I also should like to give you a New Year's gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, ' if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' If it should chance now to be my daughter-' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill and dale, and distant sea, Through all the miles that stretch between, My thought must fly to rest on thee, And would though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks, The farther we are forced apart, Affection's firm elastic links But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each, I learn what I have lost in thee,— Alas! that nothing less could teach How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell. I did not know thy worth:
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized,—
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized.

ON WITCHCRAFT.

No. II.

The imputed Attributes of Witches, with the Ceremonies of Initiation.

- They call me hag and witch. What is the name? When, and by what art learn'd? With what spell, what charm or invocation, May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd? - Witch of Edmonton.

- Cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes In fontes redière suos : concussaque sisto, Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello; Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque, vocoque; Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces; Vivaque saxa, suâ convulsaque robora terrâ, Et silvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes; Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris. Te quoque, Luna, traho.—Ovidii Metamorph. I. vii. fab. 2.

The rivers I can make retire Into the fountaines whence they flow; (Whereat the banks themselves admire) I can make standing waters go. With charms I drive both sea and cloud, I make it calme and blow aloud. The viper's jawes, the rocky stone, With wordes and charmes I break in twaine; The force of earth congeal'd in one, I move, and shake both woodes and plaine. I make the souls of men arise, I pull the moon out of the skies.

Abraham Fleming's Translation.

to practise the mysteries of a vocation of such universal and direful influence as Witchcraft, some initiatory form was necessary. It was even so; and any person, more especially the old and the ugly, might become endued with all its infernal

It may be naturally supposed that potency by the patient performance of certain appalling ceremonies. The first point to be gained, was the bond fide appearance of the devil, with whom a compact was made, which imparted to the applicant a reasonable proportion of this potentate's diabolical power.* This was an awful ce-

 The possibility of raising the potentate himself has been strenuously disputed by several erudite scholars,-particularly by Mottray (Travels, vol. ii. p. 334.) who endeavours to confirm his opinion by a strange story of a Baron L____, a Danish prisoner of war, who was confined in one of the prisons of Stockholm. This worthy had been convicted of a design of treating with his Satanic majesty for a certain sum of money, of which he, at that time, stood in extreme need. It was stated that, in order to accomplish his wishes in this respect, he had with his own blood signed a bond, by which he himself, and some companions of his (who, for lack of money and credit, had signed it in a similar manner) firmly and truly consigned their souls to the infernal spirit after their death, in consideration of the immediate payment of the sum required. But neither the Baron nor any of his comrades could compass their desired end, notwithstanding all the pains they took to do so; going by night under gibbets,-

Where felons' bones hang dangling in the wind;

and frequenting burying-places, " at the witching hour of night," to call upon Beelzebub to hear and relieve them; but neither body nor spirit, ghost nor goblin, ever came near them. At last one of these valiant wights, finding the devil was inexorable, and would not help him, determined to help himself, and having robbed and murdered a man, was taken up, tried, and executed; and in his confession he impeached the Baron, and owned all the particulars of the transaction. The bond was found in the Baron's chamber, but torn in pieces as void and of none effect.

This is a plausible story, and entitled to consideration; but Defoe, who has certainly paid more attention than any other mortal to what he terms "the devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind," proves that, " although we can hardly suppose that remony, and must have impressed on the mind of the novice a terrible idea of the impious propensities of her unhallowed patron.

The convention (says an old writer) for such a solemne initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's day, or some great holy-day, or chief festivall, they meete in some churche neer the font or high altar, and that very early, before the consecrated bell hath tolled, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late after all services are past and over. Where the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented by some confederate or familiar to the prince of devills, sitting now in a throne of infernall majesty, appearing in the form of a man, only labouring to hide his cloven foot. To whom, after bowing and homage done a petition is presented to be received into his association and protection; and first, if the witch be outwardly christian, baptism must be renounced; and the party must be re-baptized in the devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him: and here must be god-fathers too, for the devill takes them not to be so adult as to promise and vow for themselves. But above all, he is very busic with his long nails, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. Instead of both which, he impresses or inures the mark of the beast (the devill's flesh brand) upon one or other part of the body. Further, the witch (for her part) vows, either by word

of mouth, or peradventure by writing, (and that in her own bloode) to give both body and soul to the devill,-to deny and defy God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. But especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other: to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse; to spurne at the crosse, and tread Saints' images under feet; and as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c. To bee sure to fast on Sundayes, and eate flesh on Fridays; not to confess their sins whatsoever they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholic church, and despise his vicar's primacy. To attend the devill's nocturnall conventicles, sabbaths, and sacrifices. To take him for their god, worship, invoke, and obey him. To devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confede-Then the devill for his part proracy. mises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body; that they shall have what riches, honours, and pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be princes ruling in the aire, or shall be but turned into impes at worst. Then he preaches to them to be mindful of their covenant, and not to fail to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for this purpose) an impe, or familiar, in the shape of dog, cat, mouse, rat, weasle, &c. + After this they shake hands, embrace in armes,

the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman;" still there are several "emissaries, aids du camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business." "Again (he observes), that some extraordinary circumstances may induce the devil himself to assume human shapes cannot be doubted. He did so to Manasses whom the Scripture chargeth with sorcery; and fame tells us that St. Dunstan frequently conversed with him, and, finally, took him by the nose: and so of others." The History of the Devil. as well Ancient as Modern, Ed. 1727, p. 356-7.

tory of the Devil, as well Ancient as Modern, Ed. 1727, p. 356-7.

* John Gaule, "preacher of the Word at Great Staughten." See his Select Cases

of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft. + A Familiar was generally supposed to have been the spirit of a departed witch. "It is not necessary," observes Mr. Hallywell, "to suppose the grandees of the airy principality to trade with witches, but that the souls of extremely wicked persons, after their release from the body, may do these feats. For whether we suppose, that such as in this life have incorporated themselves into the dark society, by all manner of vitious and flagitious actions, are, when loosened by death from their terrestrial bodies, the vassals and slaves of those crafty demons, whose cursed inspirations and counsels they so eagerly followed, and so by them are employed in these abominable offices; or whether the proclivity of their own natures to all enormous wickedness may not induce them to attempt familiarity and society with sorcerers and witches, especially since those radicated and confirmed habits of vice, contracted in this life, are rather heightened and increased, than any way diminished or abated by the releasement from the flesh, and consequently it may be accounted by them a pleasant sport and pastime to tempt and inveigle such desolate and forlorn mortals: either of these ways are sufficient to beget a probability that those Familiars of witches, to whom they have linked themselves, may be no other than human souls, deeply sunk and drowned in wickedness." Melampronvea, or a Discourse on the Polity of the Kingdom of Darkness, &c. by Henry Hallywell, A.M. London, 1683. See also Glanvil, p. xi. Ed. 1726.

dance, feast and banquet, according as the devill hath provided in imitation of the Supper. Nay, ofttimes he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer, as a pretender to witch-finding told me, in the presence of many. After this they part, till the next great conventicle or sabbath of theirs, which is to meete thrice in the year, conveyed as swift as the winds from the remotest parts of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to redintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement. Where they that have done the most execrable mischiefe, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the devill and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assoygned, are amerced to this penalty, so to be beaten on the soles of their feete, to be whipped with iron rods, to be pincht and suckt by their fa-miliars till their heart's-blood come, till they repent them of their sloth, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future.+

But although the new disciples had become thus thoroughly initiated, they could not practise the mysteries of their calling without observing certain formal regulations. In the first place, there were some sixty or seventy master spirits, all of whom were gifted with various attributes, and enjoyed a command over different numbers of legions of devils. In fact, there was a complete community of these "fallen angels," where ranks and titles were bestowed upon those who had distinguished themselves, precisely in the same manner and degree as among the several kingdoms of the terrestrial globe. Dukes there were, and marquisses, earls, prelates, and knights; and although the form of government was somewhat democratic (king being little more than a nominal title), yet there was a degree of subordination preserved in

* Bodin, in his Lib. de Demonomania, says, that at these magical assemblies, the witches "never faile to dance; and in their dance they sing these words, -- Har par, devill, devill, dance here, dance there, play here, play there, sabbath. sabbath! And whiles they sing and dance, every one hath a broom in her hand, and holdeth it up aloft. Also that these night-walking, or rather night-dancing devills, brought out of Italy into France that dance which is called La Volta." This is undoubtedly the parent of the modern Waltz, and we grieve to think that so elegant and fascinating an accomplishment should be derived from a source so disgusting and diabolical. Jerome Cardan, however, dates the origin of these bewitching orgies from a period still more remote, and, we wish we could add, from a custom rather more commendable. " He writeth," quoth Reginald Scot, "that these excourses, dancings, &c. had their beginning from certain hereticks, called Dulcini, who devised those feasts of Bacchus, which are named Orgia, wherewith these kind of people openly assembled; and beginning with riot, ended with this folly; which feasts being prohibited, they neverthelesse haunted them secretly; and when they could not do so, then did they it in cogitation onely, and even to this day (saith he) there remaineth a certain image or resemblance thereof among our melancholick women." Scot's Discoverie, b. iii. ch. 3. See also Cardani lib. de var. rerum, 15 cap. 10.

† The actual and corporeal presence of the witch on these occasions has been denied, and Mr. Hallywell, in his Melampronvea, is inclined to believe, that it is merely upon the spirit that these practices are performed. "It is possible," he says, "that the soul may be rapt from this terrestrial body, and carried to remote and distant places, from whence she may make a postliminar return by either of these two ways. First,—from a vehement affection, or a deep imagination, piercing into the very lowest of her powers. Second,—by the assistance and activity of a more potent spirit; those officious demons, loosening the continuity or vinculum between soul and body, by which means they pass

freely and securely to the place of rendezvous.

‡ Scot has numerated sixty-eight of these spirits, who seem to be but little connected with the mighty potentates of Tartarus itself. Indeed, as far as we can judge, this community appears to be appropriated entirely and exclusively to the service of witches. What relation it may bear to the other infernal orders we leave to the learned to determine. The following is the list given by Scot:—Baal, Agares, Marbas, Amon, Barbatos, Buer, Gusoin, Botis, Bathin, Peuson, Eligor, Leraie, Valefar, Morax, Ipas, Naberius, Glasya, Labolas, Zepar, Biloth, Sitri, or Bitru, Paimon, Bune, Forneus, Renove, Astaroth, Foras, Furfur, Marchosias, Malphas, Vepar, Sabnacke, Sidonaye, Gaap, Shax, Procell, Furcas, Murmur, Caim, Raum, Halphas, Focalor, Vine, Bifrons, Gamigin, Zagan, Orias, Valac, Gemory, Decarahia, Amducias, Androas, Andrealphus, Oses, Aym, Orobas, Vapula, Cimenes, Amy, Flauros, Balam, Allocer, Saleos, Vuall, Haagonti, Phænix, Stolas.—Scot's Discovery, b. 15. c. 2.

this spiritual commonwealth, which must have tended in no small measure to render its members so beneficial to the witch and the wizard. At the head of this "body politick" was Baal, "the first and king," who, when he was conjured up, appeared with three heads "one like a man, one like a toad, and one like a cat.' His power was by no means so extensive as his rank would lead us to imagine, as he could only "make a man go invisible." The next in or-der was Agares, "the first duke." He "came up mildly, in the likeness of a faire old man, riding upon a crocodile, and carrying a hawk on his fist." He taught all manner of tongues, overthrew all manner of dignities, and manufactured earthquakes. He had command over thirty-one legions of devils.* Marbas, or Barbas, ranked next. He was a "greate president," and appeared in the form of a "mightie lion;" but at the command of an expert conjuror, he would come up in the similitude of a man. He answered fully touching any thing which was stolen or concealed; he brought diseases and cured them; he promoted wisdom and knowledge, and transformed men into other shapes. His attendant satellites consisted of thirty-six legions. Amon, or Damon, was a "greate and mightie marques," who came abroad in the likeness of a wolf, having a "serpent's taile, and breathing out and spitting flames of fire." When he condescended to put on the semblance of a human form, he still displayed the formidable grinders of a wolf. But, notwithstanding his fearful appearance, he was one of the best and kindest of devils; for he knew all things, past, present, and to come; he procured favours, and reconciled friends and foes,-that they might speedily quarrel again. He had forty legions to execute his pleasure. Barbatos was a "greate counte or earle." He appeared "in signo sagittarii sylvestris," with four kings, and a goodly retinue. He understood the " singing of birds, the barking of dogs, the lowing of bullocks, and the voice of all living creatures.' He detected treasures hidden by magicians and inchanters, and, like his colleague, Amon, was endued with

the knowledge of all things, past, present, and to come. Thirty legions awaited his bidding. These, with some others, composed the council, by which all affairs of state were regulated and ordained;—the inferior officers occupying themselves in performing less important transactions, leaving to their superiors the welcome task of

Repairing shatter'd thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemics,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh.——

But notwithstanding the "assortment" of spirits was so extensive, a more than ordinary degree of discrimination was necessary as to selection. They were not to be called upon either rashly or carelessly, nor at all seasons; for there were stated periods for each rank of devils, and stated forms for their invocation. The following particulars from Reginald Scot will fully explain the formality of these proceedings:—

The houres wherein the principal Devills may be raised.

A king may be raised from the third houre till noone, and from the ninth houre till evening. Dukes may be raised from the first houre till noone; and cleare weather is to be observed. Marquesses may be raised from the ninth houre till compline, and from compline till the end of day. Countes, or earles, may be raised at any houre of the day, so it be in the woodes or fieldes, where men resort not. Prelates, likewise, may be raised at any houre of the day. A president may not be raised at any houre of the day, except the king, whom he obeyeth, be invocated; nor at the shutting in of the evening. Knights, from day-dawning till sun-rising, or from evensong till sun-set.

The forme of adjuring and citing the Spirits aforesaid to appeare.

When you will have any spirit you must knowe his name, and office; you must also faste and be cleane from all pollutions three or foure dayes before; so will the spirit be more obedient unto you. Then make a circle, and call up the spirit with great intention, rehearse in your ownename, and your companion's (for one must alwaies be with you), this prayer following; and so no spirit shall annoye you, and your purpose shall take effect. And

note how this prayer agreeth with Popish

charmes and conjurations. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father, I and the Sonne, I and the Holy Ghost, I Holy Trinity and inseparable Unity, I call upon thee, that thou mayest be my salvation and defence, and the protection of my body and soule, and of all my goodes; through the vertue of thy holy crosse, and through the vertue of thy passion, I beseeche thee, that thou give me grace and divine power over all the wicked spirits, so as which of them soever I do call by name, they may come by and by from every coaste, and accomplish my will; that they neither be hurtfull nor fearfull unto me, but rather diligent and obedient about me. And through thy vertue, streightly commanding them, let them fulfill my commandements. Amen. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth, which will come to judge the quick and the dead. Thou which art A and 2, first and last, king of kings, lord of Iords, Joth, Aglanabrath, El, Abiel, Anathiel, Amazim, Sedomel, Grayes, Heli, Messias, Tolimi, Elias, Ischuos, Athanatos, Imos, By these, thy holy names, and by all other, I doe call upon thee, and beseeche thee, by thy nativity and baptisme, by thy crosse and passion, by thine ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, by the bitterness of thy soul when it departed from the body, by thy five wounds, by the bloud and water which went out of thy body, by thy vertue, by the sacrament which thou gavest thy disciples the day before thou sufferedst, by the holy trinity and the inseparable unity, by blessed Mary thy mother, by thine angels, archangels, prophets, patriarchs, and by all thy saints, and by all the sacraments which are made in thine honour, I do worship and beseeche thee to accept these prayers, conjurations, and wordes of my mouth which I will use. I require thee, O Lord, that thou give me thy vertue and power over all thine angels (which were throwne downe from heaven to deceive mankind), to drawe them to me, to tie and binde them, and also to loose them, to gather them together before me, and to command them to do all that they can, and that they by no meanes contemne my voice, or the wordes of my mouth; but that they obey me, and my sayings, and fear me. I beseeche thee by thine humanity, mercy, and grace, and I require thee, Adonay, Amay, Horta, Vegedora, Mitai, Hel, Suranat, Ysion, Ysesy, and by all thine holy names, by all thine angels, and archangels,

that name that Solomon did bind the devills, Elbrach, Ebanter, Agle, Goth, Joth, Othie, Venoch, Nabrat; and by all thine holy names, which are written in this book, and by the vertue of them all, that thou enable me to congregate all thy spirits throwne downe from heauen, that they may give me a true answer of all my demandes, and that they may satisfie all my requests, without the hurt of my body or soul, or any thing that is mine, through our Lorde Jesus Christ, thy sonne, who liveth and raigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, worlde without ende.

Oh Greate and Eternal vertue of the Highest, which through disposition these being called to judgement, Vaicheon, Stimulamaton, Espharos, Tetragrammaton, Olioram, Cryon, Esytion, Existion, Eriona, Onelas, Brazim, Noym, Messias, Soter, Emanuel, Sabooth, Adonay, I do worship thee, I invocate thee, I implore thee with all the strength of my minde, that by thee my present prayers, consecrations, and conjurations be hallowed; and wheresoever wicked spirits are called in the vertue of thy names, they may come together from every coaste, and diligently fulfill the will of me the Exorcist. Fiat, fiat, fiat, Amen.+

In this precise and formal manner did the witches of old perform their diabolical ceremonies; and however improbable it may now appear, we have not the least doubt, but that the whole formula,-revolting and ridiculous as it is,—was rigidly ob-This elaborate formality, served. however, fell at length into desuctude; and the imposing rules by which witches, in the earlier ages of the world, were accustomed to execute their deeds of darkness and malignity, were, at a subsequent period, very much neglected and abused. In fact, they became reduced to a very simple series of ceremonies; and little need was there latterly for that tremendous preparation, which the witches and wizards of the olden time were actually compelled to undergo. Still the art was exercised every whit as effectually as in former times, and seemed to have lost none of its potency by the abolition of such severe and formidable regulations. The old and withered and crippled

powers, dominations, and vertues, and by

^{*} We have debated with ourselves a long time on the propriety of inserting this impious and blasphemous invocation. But as our object is to show as plain a view as we possibly can of a most disgusting superstition, we conceive that we are not acting wrongly in thus publishing one of its most important ceremonies.

⁺ Scot's Discovery, b. 15, c. 2.

hag of the sixteenth century, was as fully endued with bewitching qualifications, as her more accomplished prototype of antiquity.

She pluck'd each starre out of its throne, And turned back the raging waves; With charmes she made the earth to cone, And raised souls out of their graves: She burnt men's bones as with a fire, And pulled to earth the lights from heaven; And made it snow at her desire, Even in the midst of summer-season.

And no witch, whether of ancient or modern times, whether poetical or real, could do more.

We have entered fully into the proceedings of former times, and we must now turn our attention to those of a later period. The following curious "confessions," will explain the subject extremely well; and we may rely upon their authenticity, as they were made in the year 1664, before Robert Hunt, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Somerset, and "in the presence of several grave and orthodox divines."

Elizabeth Style * confessed, that the devill, about ten years since, appeared to her in the shape of a handsome man, and after of a black dog; that he promised her money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the world for twelve years, if she would, with her blood, sign his paper, which was to give her soul to him, and observe his laws, and that he might suck her blood. This, after four sollicitations, the examinant promised to do; upon which he pricked the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joint (where the sign at the examination remained), and with a drop or two of her blood, she signed the paper with an O. Upon this the devill gave her sixpence, and vanished with the paper.

That since he hath appeared to her in the shape of a man, and did so on Wednesday seven-night past; but more usually he appears in the likeness of a dog, and cat, and a fly like a millar, in which last he usually sucks in the poll, about four of the clock in the morning, and did so January 27, and that it usually is pain to her to be so suckt.

That when she hath a desire to do harm, she calls the spirit by the name of Robin, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, O Satan, give me my purpose! She then tells him what she would have done. And that he should so appear to her was part of her contract with him.

That about a month ago, he appearing, she desired him to torment one Elizabeth Hill, and to thrust thorns into her flesh, which he promised to do, and the next time he appeared, he told her he had done it.

That a little above a month since, the examinant, with Alice Duke, Ann Bishop, and Mary Penny, met about nine o'clock of the night, in the common near Tristongate, where they met a man in black cloaths, with a little band, to whom they did courtesy and due observance; and the examinant verily believes that this was the devil. At that time Alice Duke brought a picture in wax, which was for Elizabeth Hill. The man in black took it in his arms, anointed its forehead, and said, I baptize thee with this oyl, and used some other words. He was god-father, and the examinant and Ann Bishop were god-mothers. They called it Elizabeth or Bess. Then the man in black, this examinant, Ann Bishop, and Alice Duke stuck thorns into several places of the neck, hand-wrists, fingers, and other parts of the said picture. + After which they had wine, cakes, and roast-meat (all brought by the man in black), which they did eat and drink. They danced and were merry, were bodily there, and in their cloaths.

[Several of these unhallowed meetings took place, when other effigies were baptized, and other freaks and merriments indulged in. The black gentleman always presided, and whether he was man or devil, the most solemn respect was con-

[&]quot;This Elizabeth Style, of Stoke Triston, in the county of Somerset (quoth Mr. Glanvil), was accused by divers persons of credit, upon oath, before Mr. Hunt, and particularly and largely confessed her guilt herself, which was found by the jury at her tryal at Taunton: but she prevented execution by dying in gaol, a little before the expiring of the term her confederate demon had set for her enjoyment of diabolical pleasures in this life." What a precious set of asses these "grave and orthodox divines" must have been!

[†] This precious "examinant" deposed also, that "when they would be witch man, woman, or child, they do it sometimes only by a picture made in wax, which the devil formally baptized. Sometimes they have an apple, dish, spoon, or other thing from their evil spirit, which they give to the party to whom they would do harm. Upon which they have power to hurt the person that received it. Sometimes they have power to do mischief by a touch or curse: by these they can mischief cattle, and by cursing without touching: but neither without the devil's leave."—Sadducismus Triumphatus, p. 297-8.

stantly paid to him. From the testimony of this communicative old lady, it appears, that she and her associates were carried to these nocturnal confederations by supernatural means, but before they commenced their flight, it was necessary that they should anoint their foreheads and hand wrists with " an oyl the spirit brings them *; " after which ceremony they are carried in "a very short time," using the following words in their passage, "Thout, tout, a tout tout, throughout and about!" and on their return they exclaim, " Rentum, tormentum." + The " man in black " was certainly a very substantial sort of spirit, and never failed to bring with him abundance of excellent cheer. "Wine, good ale, cakes, meat, or the like," was the usual bill of fare; and few, we imagine, existed, who could withstand such a powerful temptation. The demon appears also to have been somewhat accomplished; for he " sometimes played sweetly on the pipe or cittern," while his delighted disciples danced merrily to the music. This, by the way, was no despicable mode of whiling away the tedium of a long and dreary winter's evening; and there can be but little doubt, that this fascinating fiend gained a great number of proselytes among the ancient women of the country.

The confession which follows was made by a participator in the routs and revels of Elizabeth Style.]

"Alice Duke, alias Manning, of Wincanton, in the county of Somerset, widow," declared, that "when she lived with Ann Bishop, of Wincanton, about eleven or twelve years ago, Ann Bishop persuaded her to go with her into the church-yard in the night-time, and be-

ing come thither, to go backward round the church, which they did three times. In their first round, they met a man in black cloaths, who went round the second time with them, and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black toad, which leaped up against the examinant's apron. In their third round, they met something like a rat, which vanished away! After this the examinant and Ann Bishop went home, but before Ann Bishop went off, the man in black said something to her softly, which the informant could not hear.

A few days after, Ann Bishop speaking about their going round the church, told the examinant, that now she might have her desire, and what she would wish for. And shortly after, the devil appeared to her in the shape of a man, promising that she should want nothing, and that if she cursed any thing with a pox take thee! she should have her purpose, in case she would give her soul to him, suffer him to suck her blood, keep his secrets, and be his instrument to do such mischief as he would set her about. All which, upon his second appearing to her, she yielded to, and the devil having pricked the fourth finger of her right-hand, between the middle and upper joint (where the mark is yet to be seen), gave her a pen, with which she made a cross or mark with her blood on paper or parchment, that the devil offered her for the confirmation of the agreement, which was done in the presence of Ann Bishop. And as soon as the examinant had signed it, the devil gave her sixpence, and went away with the paper or parchment.

She confessed further, that the devil useth to suck her in the poll + about four o'clock in the morning, in the form of a

^{*} That the confederate spirit (observes Glanvil), should transport the witch through the air to the place of general rendezvous, there is no difficulty in conceiving it; and if that be true, which great philosophers affirm, concerning the real separability of the soul from the body without death, there is yet less; for then 'tis easy to apprehend, the soul having left its gross and sluggish body behind it, and being clothed only with its immediate vehicle of air, or more subtile matter, may be quickly conducted to any place it would be at by those officious spirits that attend it. And though I adventure to affirm nothing concerning the truth and certainty of this supposition, yet I must needs say, it doth not seem to me unreasonable. And our experience of apoplexies, epilepsies, extasies, and the strange things men report to have seen, during those deliquiums, look favourably upon this conjecture, which seems to me to contradict no principle of reason or philosophy; since death consists not so much in the actual separation of soul and body, as in the indisposition and unfitness of the body for vital union, as an excellent philosopher hath made good. On which hypothesis the witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight, may, perhaps, serve to keep the body tenantable, and in fit disposition to receive the spirit at its return. These things, I say, we may conceive, although I affirm nothing about them; and there is not any thing in such conceptions, but what hath been owned by men of worth and name, and may seem fair and accountable enough to those who judge not altogether by the measures of the popular and customary opinion .- Sadd. Triumph. 9.

⁺ Sadducismus Triumphatus, p. 295-6-7.

The following exquisite explication of this imaginary action is worthy of Coleridge himself, - so far, we mean, as regards ingenuity of argument :- " as for witches being sucked by their familiars, we know so little of the nature of demons and spirits, that 'tis no wonder we cannot certainly divine the reason of so strange an action. And yet we

fly like a millar, concerning which let us hear testimony, which is as follows. Nicholas Lambert testifieth that, Alice Duke having been examined before the justice (the aforesaid Robert Hunt, Esq.) made her confession; and being committed to the officer, the justice required this depo-nent with William Thick and William Read of Bayford, to watch her, which they did; and this deponent sitting near Duke by the fire, and reading in the Practice of Picty, about three of the clock in the morning, there came from her head a glistering bright fly, about an inch in length, which pitched at first in the chimney, and then vanished. In less than a quarter of an hour after, there appeared two flies more, of a less size, and another colour, which seemed to strike at the deponent's hand, in which he held his book, but missed it, the one going over, the other going under it at the same time. He looking steadfastly on Duke, perceived her countenance to change, and to become very black and ghastly, the fire also at the same time changing its colour; whereupon the deponents, Thick and Read, conceiving that her familiar was then about her, looked to her poll, and seeing her hair shake very strangely, took it up, and then a fly, like a great millar, flew out from the place, and pitched on the table board, and then vanished away. Upon this, the deponent, and the other two persons, looking again in Duke's poll, found it very red and raw like beef. The deponent asked her what it was that went out of her poll? she said, it was a butterfly, and asked them why they had not caught it. Lambert said, they could not. "I think so, too," answered she. A little while after, the deponent, and others, looking again into her poll, found the place to be of its former colour. The deponent demanded again, what the fly was; she confessed it was her familiar, and that she felt it tickle in her poll, and that was the usual time when her familiar came to her.

Taken upon oath, before me, ROBERT HUNT.

The remainder of this confession is merely a disclosure of the same disgusting practices as those which were used by Elizabeth Style, and of the same profuse liberality and fascinating courtesy of the "gentleman in black." It concludes, however, with the names of several individuals, upon whom Alice Duke had vented her malice, and who had been afflicted, in consequence of her baneful gifts, or injurious maledictions.

That she hurt Thomas Garret's cows, because he refused to write a petition for her.

That she hurt Thomas Conway, by putting a dish into his hand, which dish she had from the devil,—she gave it him to give his daughter for good handsel.

That she hurt Dorothy, the wife of George Vining, by giving her an iron slate to put into her steeling box.

That being angry with Edith Watts, the daughter of Edmond Watts, for treading on her foot, she cursed Edith with a pox-on-you, and after touched her, which hath done the said Edith much harm, for which she is sorry.*

may conjecture at some things that may render it less improbable. For some have thought, that the genii (whom both the Platonical and Christian antiquity thought embodied) are re-created by the reeks and vapours of human blood, and the spirits that proceed from them. Which supposal (if we grant them bodies) is not unlikely, every thing being refreshed and nourished by its like. And that they are not perfectly abstracted from all body and matter; besides the reverence that we owe to the wisest antiquity, there are several considerable arguments I could allege to render it probable. Which things supposed, the devil's sucking the sorceress is no great wonder, nor difficult to be accounted for. Or, perhaps, this may be only a diabolical sacrament to confirm the hellish covenant. Again, it seemeth most probable to me that the familiar doth not only suck the witch, but, in the action, infuseth some poisonous ferment into her, which gives her imagination and spirits a magical tincture, whereby they become mischievously influential; and the word Venefica meaneth some such matter. Now that the imagination hath a mighty power in operation is proved by the number of diseases that it causeth; and that the fancy is modified by the qualities of the blood and spirits is too evident to need proof. Which things supposed, 'tis plain to conceive, that the evil spirits have breathed some vile vapour into the body of the witch, it may taint her blood and spirits with a nexious quality, by which her infected imagination, heightened by melancholy, and this worse cause, may do much hurt upon bodies that are impressible by such influences. And 'tis very likely, that this ferment disposeth the imagination of the sorceress to cause the mentioned apagesia, or separation of the soul from the body; and may, perhaps, keep the body in fit temper for its re-entry, as also it may facilitate transformation, which, it may be, could not be effected by ordinary and unassisted imagination."-Glanvil's Con-

**These bewitched persons were duly sworn before Robert Hunt, Esq. "touching their griefs and maladies,"—all of which were, of course, imputed to the influence and infernal agency of Alice Duke. This poor, infatuated hag, although no doubt firmly

It appears from these narratives, that the chief object which these crazy women had in view, was the tormenting of those individuals who had become obnoxious to them. But, in addition to the power which enabled witches to accomplish their purpose in this respect, they were gifted through the aid of their patron with divers other marvellous and supernatural attributes. They could assume the resemblance of any animal in the creation;

Transform themselves to th' ugly shapes Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,—

but, it must be observed, that their new form would always want the tail.* This convenient faculty was not altogether confined to their own persons: it extended in a slight degree to that of others, and the following simple recipe is given by Dr. Bulwer, for "setting a horse or ass's head" upon a man's neck and shoul-ders. "Cut off the head of a horse or an ass (before they be dead, otherwise the vertue or strength thereof will be less effectual) and take an earthen vessel of a fit capacity to contain the same. Let it be filled with the oyl or fat thereof; cover it close, and daub it over with loam. Let it boil over a soft fire for three dayes, that the flesh boiled may run into oyl, so as the bones may be seen. Beat the hair into powder, and mingle the

same with the oyl, and anoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horses' or asses' heads! If beasts' heads be anointed with the like oil made of a man's head [cut off, of course, while the said man was "alive;"—mercy on us!] they shall seem to have men's faces, as divers authors soberly affirm!" †

But witches were not always thus misanthropic and malignant. For a moderate remuneration, they would use their influence in behalf of such persons as sought their aid in the hour of need and trouble; and they satisfied the wishes of the applicant by the disposal of certain charms. These were as various in kind as they were in virtue, but the following were usually found to be the most efficacious, and were consequently in the greatest request.

Against the Biting of a Mad Dog.

Put a silver ring on the finger, within the which these words are graven of Hobay of Habar of Heber; and say to the person bitten by a mad dog—I am thy Saviour, lose not thy life, and then prick him in the nose thrice, that at each time he bleed. Otherwise, take pills made of the skull of one that is hanged. Otherwise, write upon a piece of bread, Irioni, Khiriora, Osser, Khuder, Feres, and let it be taken by the party bitten. Otherwise, O Rex glories Jesu Christi veni cum pace. In nomine Patris max, in nomine Filii max, in nomine Spiritus Sancti prax. Gasper, Mel-

convinced in her own mind of the wide extent of her power, was fain to confess that she had gained nothing by her compact with the Devil. She could afflict her enemies with sickness and with sorrow, and their cattle with disease, but she could not amend her own squalid and miserable condition. Her patron (she said) promised her "when she made the contract with him, that she should want nothing, but ever since she hath wanted all things." Glanvil, p. 303.

The reason given by some writers for this unfortunate deficiency is, that, though the hands and feet by an easy transition might be converted into the four paws of a beast, yet there was no part about a witch that corresponded with the length of tail common to most quadrupeds. See a Pleasant Treatise on Witches, 1613, p. 30—1.

Le Blanc (see his Travailes, part ii. c. 18,) acquiesces in the possibility of this kind of transformation; but Wierius sneers at the idea, and after having related a fabulous instance from William of Malmesbury, of some mischievous pranks played by two witches at Rome, who kept an inn, and occasionally transformed a guest into a horse, a pig, or an ass, he concludes, "At hæ, et similes nugæ eandem sortiantur fidem, quam Apuleius, et Luciani metamorphosis merctur." De Præstigiis Dæmonum, lib. iv. cap. 10. Cleveland thus banters the notion,—

Have you not heard th' abominable sport

A Lancashire grand jury will report?

A soldier with his morglay watch'd the mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
Whips off great puss's leg, which, by some charm,
Proved the next day such an old woman's arm.

+ Bulwer's Anthropometamorphosis, or Artificial Changeling, p. 516.

chior, Balthasar, prax 4, max 4 Deus

Against the Tooth-ache.

Scarifie the gums, in the grief, with the tooth of one that hath been slaine. Otherwise, Galbes, gabat, galdes, galdat. Otherwise, at saccaring of masse hold your teeth together, and say, "Os non comminuetis ex eo." Otherwise, "Strigiles falcesque dentatæ, dentium dolorem personate. O horsecombs and sickles that have so many teeth, come heal me of my tooth-ache!"

To Release a Woman in Travaile.

Throw over the top of the house where a woman lieth in travaile, a stone, or any other thing that hath killed three living creatures; namely, a man, a wild bore, and a she beare.

Against the Head-ache.

Tie a halter round your head wherewith one hath been hanged.

A Charme against Vinegar.

That wine wax not eager, write on the vessel, "Gustate et videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus."

To find out a Theefe.

Turn your face to the east, and make a crosse upon christall with olive oil, and ander the crosse write these two wordes— "Saint Helen." Then a child that is innocent, and a chaste virgine born in true wedlock, of the age of ten yeares, must take the christall in her hand; and behind her backe, kneeling on thy knees, thou must devoutly and reverently say over this prayer thrice: "I beseeche thee, my lady Saint Helen, mother of King Constantine, which diddest find the crosse whereupon Christ died: by that thine holy devotion, and invention of the crosse, and by the true crosse, and by the joy which thou conceivedst at the finding thereof, and by the love which thou bearest to thy son Constantine, and by the great goodnesse which thou dost alwayes use, that thou shew me in this christall, whatsoever I ask or desire to know, Amen." And when the child seeth the Angell in the christall, demand what you will, and the Angell will make answer thereunto. Memorandum, that this be done just at the sun-rising, when the weather is faire and cleare.

To find her that Bewitched your Kine.

Put a paire of breeches upon the cowe's head, and beat her out of the pasture, with a good cudgel upon a Friday, and she will run right to the witche's door, and strike thereat with her hornes.

The manner of making a Wastecoat of Proofe.

On Christmas day at night, a threed must be spun of flax by a little virgine girl, in the name of the Devil; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or fore part thereof must be made with needle-worke, two heades: on the head at the right side must be a hat, and a long beard; the left head must have on a crowne, and it must be so horrible, that it may resemble Beelzebub, and on each side of the wastecoat must be made a cross. This holy garment. [observes Reginald Scot] was much used of our forefathers, as a holy relique and charm, as given by the Pope, or some such arch-conjuror, who promised thereby all manner of immunity to the wearer thereof, insomuch as he could not be hurte with any shot, or other violence. And other-wise, that woman who should wear it, should have quicke deliverance.+

Such is the tenor of the most ordinary charms; but the most precious charm of all was the Agnus Dei, or Lamb of God. This was " a little cake, having the picture of a Lambe carrying of a flag on the one side; and Christ's head on the other side, and was hollow; so that the Gospel of St. John, written on fine paper, was placed in the conca-vitie thereof." This charm was a preservative against all manner of evil,-a perfect Catholicon,-and blessed, indeed, was the individual who possessed a treasure so valuable. The monkish lines which follow will explain the ingredients and virtue of this delectable talisman.

Balsamus et munda cera cum chrismatis undâ

Conficiunt Agnum, quod munus do tibi magnum,

Fonte velut natum, per mystica sanctifica-

Fulgura desursum depellit, et omne ma-

Peccatum frangit, ut Christi sanguis et

Prægnans servatur, simul et partus liberatur,

Dona refert dignis, virtutem destruit ignis, Portatus mundæ de fluctibus eripit undæ.

[•] May we venture to recommend this charm to the notice of Dr. Pinckard, whose indefatigable and praiseworthy inquiries respecting this horrible malady, merit so highly the gratitude of his countrymen?

⁺ Scot's Discovery, book xii. c. 9. Vol. V.

Thus Englishd by Abraham Fleming.

Balme, virgine wax, and holy water An Agnus Dei make:

A gift than which none can be greater, I send thee for to take.

From fountain cleare, the same hath issue, In secret sanctified;

'Gainst lightning it hath soveraigne virtue, And thunder-cracks beside!

Each hainous sin, it weares and wasteth, Even as Christ's precious blood.

And women while their travaile lasteth
It saves—it is so good.

It doth bestow great gifts and graces
On such as well deserve,
And borne about in poisome places

And borne about in noisome places
From peril doth preserve.

The force of fire, whose heat destroyeth,
It breakes and bringeth downe;
And he or she that this enjoyeth,
No water shall them drowne.

The facility with which witches were wont to take the air on a broomstick is well known, but we question whether any of our readers are acquainted with the method adopted to infuse a power so volatile into an instrument so humble and degraded. "The devil (quoth Scot,†) teacheth them (witches) to make ointment of the bowels and limbs of children, whereby they ride in the aire, and accomplish all their desires; so as, if there be any children unbaptized, or not guarded with the signe of the crosse, or with orizons, then the witches may and do catch them from their mother's sides in the night, or out of their cradles, or otherwise kill them with their ceremonies; and, after buriall, they steal them out of their graves, and seethe them in a cauldron, untill their fleshe be made Of the thickest thereof potable. they make ointment, whereby they ride in the aire; but the thinner portion they put into flaggons, whereof whosoever drinketh, observing certaine ceremonies, immediately becometh a master, or rather a mistresse in that practise and faculty.' ‡

Another marvellous property ascribed to witches, was the raising and assuaging of tempests; and the power of making the moon and the stars and all the host of heaven descend from their exalted spheres. In proof of the former, we have the following tale from that abominable collection of popish superstition and credulity, the Malleus Maleficarum. Certain commissioners having apprehended some witches, wished one of them to show them an experiment of her skill; promising to procure her pardon, provided she would discontinue her evil practices. She acceded to the proposal, and going out into the fields, commenced her operations in the presence of the commissioners, and several other persons. She first made a pit in the earth with her own hands, and poured some water into it, which she constantly stirred with one of her fingers, making at the same time, certain cabalistical characters on the ground near her. Presently there arose a vapour, which, ascending upward like smoke, hovered over the spot where the sorceress stood, becoming every moment more dense and gloomy. Out of the cloud thus manufactured there came such vivid lightning, accompanied with such tremendous claps of thunder, that the spectators began to think their latter end was rapidly approaching. After this fearful exhibition had continued for some time, the woman asked the commissioners in what spot the cloud should discharge a great number of stones? They pointed to a place at some distance, and lo! the cloud " of a sudden began to move itself with a great and furious blustering of winds; and in a short space, coming over the place appointed, it discharged many stones, like a violent shower, directly within the compass thereof." The influence of witches over the moon

Scot's Discovery, book xii. c. 9. + Ibid. book iii. c. 1.

[‡] Francis Bartholinus has asserted a similar fact. "Strigibus per unguentum prædictum diabolicum possibile est accidisse, aut accidere somnium vehementissimum, et somniare se ad loca deportatas longinqua, in catos converti, vel quocunque alia facere, etiam vel pati, quæ postmodum se putant in veritate fecisse, vel passas esse." Fra. Barthol. de Spina, Quæst. de Strigibus, tom. 4. Weirus (de Præstigiis Dæmonum) exposes the folly of this opinion, and proves it to be only a diabolical illusion. Oldham likewise sucers at it:

As men in sleep, though motionless they lie, Fledged by a dream, believe they mount and fly; So witches some enchanted wand bestride, And think they through the airy regions ride.

and stars is frequently alluded to in the writings of the heathen poets, more especially in those of Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. They will readily recur to the classical reader, and our limits will not allow us to transcribe them.

We have now enumerated and described the more important ceremonies and attributes appertaining to witchcraft. Reginald Scot, indeed, to whom we have been so largely indebted, mentions a curious faculty which we have overlooked, and which, could it but be rendered practicable, might prove an excellent substitute for the diving bell. It is briefly that of "sailing in an eggshell, a cockle, or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

But who, in these degenerate days, would trust themselves to so frail and precarious a vehicle? Times, indeed, are strangely altered, and the witch and the wizard, however powerful their sway might once have been, exist only in the fable of the poet, or in the disgusting detail of a contemporary chronicler. But we must for the present bring our lucubrations to a close. In our next paper, we shall enter into a more minute examination of the principles which induced our ancestors to credit and encourage so baneful a doctrine; showing on the one hand the vile imposture, and on the other, the rancorous malignity which fostered and supported so wicked and abominable a delusion.

ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

No. II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following letter from Elizabeth, when princess, to her brother, Edward the Sixth, is transcribed from an original entirely in her own handwriting. It is well worthy of preservation, whether we consider it as a mere matter of curiosity, as a specimen of her truly excellent style of men of the specimen writing. Latin, or in the indisposition in her discover that it printed, although gerous to promise the style of the specimen of the specimen of the specimen of the specimen writing Latin, or in the indisposition in her discover that it printed, although gerous to promise the specimen of the specime

writing Latin, or for the information it affords us of her early tendency to indisposition in her head and eyes: nor can we, at the present moment, discover that it has been before printed, although it is always dangerous to promise originality in matters of this nature.

Nobilissimo et Sereniss. Regi Edouardo Sexto.

Tametsi nihil æque studuerim, Rex Sereniss. quam vt ingratitudinis non modo notam, verumetiam suspicionem vel minimam effugerem, metuo tamen ne in illam incidisse videri possim, quæ tot a tua Maiestate beneficijs semper affecta nullas tanto temporis interuallo literas dederim, e quibus animi saltem grati signa cognosceres. Cuius rei causæ cum sint iustæ ac necessariæ, spero, simulque confido, Maiestatem tuam me ab omni ingratitudinis crimine facilè liberaturam esse. Valetudo enim capitis et oculorum aduersa accessit, quæ ita me grauiter ab aduentu in hanc domum molestauit, vt dum sæpe ad tuam Maiestatem scribere conarer, in hunc vsque diem semper a proposito institutoque reuocata sim. Quæ valetudo cum Dei Opt. Maximi ope et auxilio nunc semet aliquantum remiserit, existimaui scribendi officium minime diutius a me differendum esse, quo tua Maiestas intelligeret quiduis potius quam animum erga se gratum beneficiorumque memorem hactenus mihi defuisse. Nam etsi non ignorarem tantam tuorum erga me beneficiorum esse magnitudinem, vt illorum partem vel minimam referenda gratia consequendi spes prorsus omnis adimeretur, in hoc tamen omnes mihi neruos contendendos esse putaui, vt iustam meritamque gratiam voluntate memorique mente persoluerem. In quo quidem cum nihil sit a me hactenus vnquam prætermissum, spero tuam Maiestatem hoc meum scribendi gratiæque agendæ huc usque intermissum officium non modo in æquam partem accepturam, verumetiam debitam sibi gratiam animo semper et voluntate a me fuisse habitam, existimaturam esse. Dominus Jesus qui omnia conseruat et tuetur, tuam Excellentiam isto regno, magnis virtutibus, multisque annis, perpetuo augeat. Enfildiæ,

Maiestatis tuæ humilima serua et soror,

ELIZABETA.

Before we quit the Virgin Queen, it may be allowable to observe, that some lines communicated by the late Mr. Lysons to Lord Orford, and printed in the first volume of his works, page 552, as the production of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, are

ascribed to Elizabeth, in a very good and ancient MS. in the Bodleian. We subjoin them, as the Oxford manuscript affords several readings very preferable to the copy used by Lord Orford, and, after him, by Mr. Ellis in his Specimens.

Verses made by the Queine when she was supposed to be in love with Mountsyre.

When I was fayre and younge, and fauour graced me, Of many was I soughte theire mystres for to be; But I did scorne them all, and awnswer'd them therfore, Goe, goe, goe, seek som other-wher, Importune me no more,

How manye weepinge eyes I made to pyne with woe, How manye syghinge hartes, I haue no skyll to showe; Yet I the prowder grewe, and awnswerde them therfore, Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where, Importune me no more.

Than spake fayre Venus' son, that proude victorious boye, And sayde; Fyne Dame, since that you be so coye, I will so plucke your plumes that you shall say no more, Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-where, Importune me no more.

When he had spake these wordes, suche change grew in my brest, That neyther nyghte nor day since that, I coulde tak any rest; Then, loe, I did repente, that I had sayde before, Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-where, Importune me no more.

Elysabethe Regina.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

given, we may add the following believed by the Oxford antiquary, Epigram, which is ascribed to Charles Anthony à Wood, from whose manuthe First, when Prince of Wales, and script collections we have retrieved supposed to be addressed to the In-

As a companion to the verses just fanta of Spain. Its authenticity was

D. Principis Angliæ ad serenissimam Infantam Mariam.

Fax grata est, gratum vulnus, mihi grata catena est, Me quibus astrinxit, læsit, et urit amor. Sed flammam extingui, sanari vulnera, solvi Vincla, etiam ut possent, non ego posse velim. Mirum equidem genus hoc monstri est, incendia et ictus Vinclaque, vinctus adhuc, læsus, et ustus, amo.

Thus translated by the royal lover:-

The brande, the blowe, the bands wherewith imperious Loue Me moved, hath enflam'd, ensuar'd, most welcome prove. To have the wounds heal'd up, the fire extinguisht quite, The fetters beaten off, I would not, if I might. Straunge maladie! that wounded, burn't, and bounde, remaines; That takes delight to bleede, to burne, to be in chaines!

In 1722, J. Roberts, at the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, published an 8vo. tract that has escaped Lord Orford and Mr. Park. The Pious Politician; or Remains of the Royal Martyr, being Apophthegms and Select Maxims, Divine, Moral, and Political. Left to posterity by that incomparable Prince,

our late sovereign King Charles I. Faithfully collected. This is a scarce shilling's-worth of 76 pages, containing very little that can be deemed novel; for the maxims and opinions are mostly to be found in the Eixwr Βασιλικη, or Royston's huge folio of Charles's works. At the end is an

epitaph, probably written by the Editor of the volume, who signs himself H. G. to whom also may be ascribed some lines on the Εικων, in

which an allusion is made to Charles's deficiency in oratory, or, perhaps, some impediment in his speech.

Great Tully had been silenc'd among men, Had but thy tongue been equal to thy pen; But this defect doth prove thy skill more choice, That makes the echo sweeter than the voice.

HENRY BOOTH, LORD DELAMER, AND EARL OF WARRINGTON,

The friend of Lord Russel, whose cause he vindicated in a spirited tract entitled Observations upon his Case, folio, 1689. After being a principal means of introducing King William the Third, he was dismissed by that sovereign, from his situation as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to please a particular political party, and died before he was forty-two. To make some amends for his abrupt dismissal, he had an earldom given him, with a pension of two thousand a year; but this was only paid for the first six months, and the remainder was included in the list of King William's debts, drawn up by order of Queen

We have before taken notice of Aubrey's superstition and credulity (page 220) but a very good instance occurs in his mention of this Lord's father. Dr. Richard Napier, a great figure-caster in his day, "did converse with the angel Raphael, who gave him the responses." One of Ra-phael's answers to a question proposed was, that "Mr. Booth, of Cheshire, should have a son, that should inherit, three years since." question and answer were given in 1619, and, as good luck would have it, in 1622, George Booth (the second, though inheriting, son of his father) was born, and became afterwards Lord Delamer. "It is impossible," continues Aubrey, " that the prediction of Sir George Booth's birth, could be found any other way, but by angelical revelation."

Lord Delamer was accused of high treason by King James, and tried in Westminster Hall by Judge Jefferys. In his Advice to his Children, page 15, we have the following passage illustrative of his own behaviour on this occasion: "If you are examined as a criminal, confess nothing; only argue against the insufficiency of what is objected against you. For, first, it is an argument of your cou-

rage and resolution: secondly, by confessing any thing, you help them to evidence against yourself and others; for you furnish them with time and place, and then it is an easie matter for a knight of the post to give such an evidence against you as is not easily disproved: thirdly, it's very seldom that you will meet with better usage, though you confess never so much, unless you will turn accuser of others, and give evidence against them; which is so base a thing, that I would advise you to undergoe any extremity rather than do that; for, as your own party will for ever abhor you and your memory, so the other side will despise and slight you as soon as you have done their business, and all that you can do for the future, will never wipe off such a blot." In the copy of his Lordship's works now before us, are several MS. notes written by some former possessor, who well knew the Earl's family affairs. Upon the passage just quoted, the anonymous annotator remarks: "This conduct he strictly observed, at his own tryal before Judge Jefferys, and was ac-quitted." The same writer gives a singular anecdote of his son and successor's match, which proved an unhappy one. The account does not reflect any credit on his Lordship's conduct. "George, late Earl of Warrington, married the daughter of a merchant in London, who, on his death-bed, requested his two daughters not to marry noblemen; but fearing they might neglect his advice, left each of them 10,000l. in trust, exclusive of 40,000l. absolute. Some few years after my lady had consigned up her whole fortune to pay my Lord's debts, they quarrelled, and lived in the same house as absolute strangers to each other at bed and board. She died in 1739, leaving one daughter, married to the Earl of Stamford."

Lord Orford notices a speech which he supposes was addressed to his county, upon the arrival of the Prince of Orange; we have seen a copy of what we suppose to be the speech to his Lordship's own tenants.

alluded to, in its original form, a single folio leaf, and it proves the supposition to be correct, although (if the same) it was chiefly directed

"Can you (he says) ever hope for a better occasion to root out popery and slavery, than by joining with the P. of O. whose proposals contain and speak the desires of every man that loves his religion and liberty? And in saying this, I will invite you to nothing but what I will do myself, neither will I put you upon any danger, where I will not take share in it. I propose this to you, not as you are my tenants, but as my friends, and as you are Englishmen. No man can love fighting for its own sake, nor find any pleasure in danger: And you may imagine I would be very glad to spend the rest of my days in peace, having had so great a share in troubles: but I see all lyes at stake, I am to choose whether I will be a slave and a papist, or a protestant and a freeman, and therefore the case being thus, I shall think myself false to my country, if I sit still at this time. I am of opinion, that when the nation is delivered, it must be by force or by miracle: it would be too great a presumption to expect the latter, and therefore our deliverance must be by force; and I hope this is the time for it. I promise this, on my word and honour, to every tenant that goes along with me. That if he fall, I will make his lease as good to his family, as it was when he went from The thing then which I desire, and your country does expect from you, is this. That every man that hath a tolerable horse, or can procure one, will meet me on Boden downs to-morrow, where I randezvouze: but if any of you is rendred unable by reason of age, or any other just excuse, then that he would mount a fitter person, and put five pounds in his pocket. Those that have not, nor cannot procure, horse, let them stay at home and assist with their purses, and send it to me with a particular of every man's contribution. I impose on no man, but to such I promise, and to all that go along with me, that if we prevail, I will be as industrious to have him recompensed for his charge and hazard, as I will be to seek it for myself.-I have no more to say, but that I am willing to lose my life in the cause, if God see it good, for I was never unwilling to dye for my religion and country."

We should apologize for so copious an extract, but the rarity of the source from which it is derived, and the manly, honest, and genuine spirit of Lord Delamer's address upon so momentous an occasion, must plead

our excuse. In our next Number, the reader shall be introduced to some noble authors, who have not as yet been graced by a niche in Lord Orford's literary temple.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

In our last report but one we mentioned the rising partiality manifested by his Majesty towards English music, and the growing patronage he had of late extended to native professors. We may now consider both as much more decided. The principal singers of the Chapel Royal are every week summoned to Brighton, and on the Saturday evening a concert chiefly made up of English glees, and on the Sunday a selection of sacred music, are performed in the splendid music-room. The latter is taken almost wholly from the works of Handel; and a

few evenings ago the King, in speaking to one of the vocalists, concerning his own musical preferences, said, that "although he could not give any one credit for fine taste, who was exclusively devoted to any one school, yet he thought the English style, as exemplified in Handel, was the most sound; and in this respect he was daily approaching nearer to the sentiments of his late father." His Majesty is universally acknowledged to be an excellent judge of music in all styles. He has a good bass voice, and sings occasionally. He formerly played on the violoncello; but has of late years discontinued the practice in consequence of

a hurt in one of his arms.

The King's band consists entirely of wind instruments, and the accompaniments are arranged by Mr. Kramer. There is music almost every evening while the King is at Brighton, and when there are no singers present, Handel's Oratorios, as well as the compositions of the modern symphonists, are performed, most skilfully and beautifully adapted for these instruments, the air being allotted to the oboe, clarinet, &c. according to the character of the song or chorus. When the band is employed to accompany the voice, their execution is delightfully subdued, and the singer feels himself as much at home, and as well supported, as in the best orchestras of the metropolis. It is impossible to speak more highly of this band than it deserves. It is unquestionably the first in Europe, and to Mr. Kramer belongs the highest praise that can be bestowed.

We do not esteem this somewhat sudden direction of the King's favour towards English music as solely attributable to any casual change or impulse of musical appetite, but to a well principled consideration for the conservation of English art, and the encouragement of native talent. We lately stated why the tide of general opinion had for some years past set with so strong a current towards foreign productions and foreign performers. Circumstances now clearly indicate the matured results of those causes. The Ancient Concert certainly maintains "without co-rival all its dignities;" but in every other place the ascendancy of the Italian and German schools is obvious. There is scarcely an English piece produced at the Philharmonic. Even when English singers are engaged, Italian compositions are selected for them. Thus, on the last night, Mr. Sapio sang, Il mio tesoro, from Il Don Giovanni; he sang also Il tuo destino, with Madame Camporese; and the Ricordare, from the requiem, with that lady and Mr. Nelson. At the City Concerts, which, under the judicious conduct of a board of amateurs, and the practical management of Sir George Smart, certainly exhibit very strong symptoms

of a most liberal impartiality, the finales of Mozart's and Rossini's operas are much preferred. The Vocal Concerts, so long a favorite place of fashionable resort, are this season removed to the small room at the Royal Harmonic Institution, and after one or two postponements, owing, as it is understood, to the very small number of subscribers, have begun on a very contracted scale. This change is, certainly, attributable to want of novelty in the selections. The principal singers almost always give the same pieces. We have Alexis, and the Soldier's Dream, and Old Robin Gray, for ever and ever. It is a maxim in commerce, that demand creates supply. In music, on the contrary, we suspect that supply creates demand. Novelty and variety are stimuli which the public appetite rarely resists, and if few new singers of talent, and few compositions of merit have appeared, we are inclined to attribute the dearth rather to the absence of ingenuity and effort, than to the want of patronage. Why have Mozart and Rossini, and other foreign composers, obtained such universal reception? Why complain of their reception, if that reception be not universal? But it has been and is universal, as we cannot but own, when we go to the oratorios, and of six encores perceive that five of them are given to Italian amatory, or comic concerted pieces; when Handel's finest sacred productions obtain no such distinction. This is decisive. Box, pit, and gallery, are allured by the catching melodies of the Italians. They who understand, and they who do not understand the language, are alike delighted with the beauty of air, and the richness of accompaniment. Even the Messiah is now performed with the addition of Mozart's accompaniments.

In opposition to these circumstances may, however, be placed some national facts, which seem to indicate the sterling excellence of English taste. Mr. Bochsa, who has this year the management of the Covent Garden oratorios, commenced his novelties by introducing (as we have before stated) Rossini's oratorio Mose in Egitto. This was performed by Italian singers, and an

English translation was subjoined in the books, in order to give it every possible advantage. Now we do not hesitate to affirm that no event for the last twenty years has so highly benefited the English school, and the English profession, as this attempt, and its failure. The composition is flowery and unmeaning to a degree that sinks it to the lowest contempt, when compared with Handel's treatment of parts of the same subject. How infinitely meagre and miserable did the Passage of the Red Sea appear to those who had the slightest recollection of For the Horse of Pharaoh, and the succeeding recitative and choruses! It so happened that, on Wednesday, we heard Mose in Egitto, at Covent Garden; and, on the Monday following, Handel's transcendently magnificent composition, where only it can be said to be performed,-at the rehearsal of the Ancient Concert at Hanover-square. At Covent Garden we felt, while listening to the multitudinous notes and divisions which Rossini has substituted for the grandeur and simplicity of true expression, the infinite nothingness of his Mose. At Hanover-square, Handel, indeed, "triumphed gloriously." Nor was the composer alone pre-eminent. When we compared the sad endeavour of Placci and De Begnis to be serious and sublime, with the unaffected solid dignity and purity of Vaughan and Miss Stephens; when we remembered the coarse bellowing of the Choruses at the theatre, which grated upon the ear like the tearing of brown paper magnified; when this too was put in competition with the noble swell and fall, the fine aggregate of sound, which proceeds from numbers of attempered voices seeking to compound a rich mixture of the best tone, rather than confound the hearer by mere loudness; when these reminiscences, and these actual effects, were presented to us, they flashed conviction on our mind, that the public would soon be glad to return to its old and juster predilections. And so it has early proved. Handel and Haydn, not, however, quite without an alloy of the Italian opera, have been found necessary to recruit the treasury of Covent Garden. The Messiah was last Friday given entire, and the audience was more numerous than any that has attended since the first night, malgré the repetition of Mr. Bochsa's own Deluge.

Mr. Bochsa's Deluge was, notwithstanding, a great attempt, and, consequently, as it must be owned to have failed, a great failure. Mr. Bochsa, however, is a man of various and extraordinary talent, and if he has not succeeded in this exalted instance, his error lies as much in the principle as in the execution. The Deluge is almost entirely imitative music, and imitative of elementary warfare and destructiveness. Haydn, in his Creation, and in his Seasons. has touched lightly those images which Mr. Bochsa has endeavoured to concentrate. He has aimed at carrying description beyond its just limits, and has failed. The opening symphony expressing the dawn, and the natural objects that grace "the hour of prime," is, indeed, exquisite in its kind, and gives a promise which, we lament to say, most of the suc-ceeding parts of the oratorio disappoint. Recitative and chorus succeed each other in a heavy train, and a want of melody adds to the lack of interest. Grandeur subsides into dullness. The fact is, the whole thing has been too little considered. The subject demanded the most profound thought, the most perfect arrangement, the most sublime expression. Mr. Bochsa's uncommon brilliancy and fertility are faculties acting in diametrical opposition to deep consideration and lofty elevation of mind. Above all, he has plunged into a subject which has already been most magnificently treated, and he offers his work to a tribunal whose principles, as they regard such compositions, are as austere as they are And such are the reasons pure. which probably have dimmed the lustre of talents undoubtedly great and diversified. The oratorios, however, generally speaking, are proceeding prosperously under Mr. Bochsa's management, and much pains are obviously used, and much skill employed in catering for the public taste. The principal English singers, and those from the Opera, form, as it were, two complete choirs for the display of both styles in their highest present perfection; and although we

cannot abate our disapprobation of the anomalous junction of things sacred and profane,—we are bound to admit, that the manager has left no exertions untried to deserve the favor of

the public.

While the attraction of vocal music, as in the instance of the Vocal Concerts, appears to have in a measure declined, instrumental retains its full ascendancy. The subscription to the Philharmonic is more than full, and long pieces are frequently encored. At this concert Mr. Field, a young professor from Bath, has played a Pianoforte Concerto with the most complete success. He is allowed by the first judges so nearly to equal Moschelles himself, that the slight objections taken to this admission are rather differences than distinctions. His attainments are really prodigious for his age (21); and to the honour of his talents and judgment, we understand he cultivates languages and literature with as much zeal and enthusiasm as his own

The Opera is better supported by the public than by the board of management. Of the three new singers produced, Cartoni and Graziani are infinitely below mediocrity, and Madame Caradori is so deficient in power as to be all but excluded by that deficiency from such a theatre. Cartoni has appeared as Fernando in La Gazza Ladra, and Selim in Il Turco in Italia. His voice is a heavy bass, his intonation terribly defective, and his execution by no means of a kind to accommodate itself to the rapidity of Rossini's multitudinous Graziani, with a meagre brassy voice, scarcely ever sings a note in tune. It is really lamentable that such a singer as Miss Mori should be compelled to give place to Graziani. Is it (as has been sug-gested) because Miss Mori is an Englishwoman? Curioni has been reinforced by Begrez, who improves every time we hear him. He not only has a fine voice and a correct ear, but his manner of forming his tone is Italian, and exactly true, his taste is good, and his execution improving every hour. He is unquestionably the best tenor in London by many In the general management of the Opera there seems to be a great want of novelty and excellence in the little that is produced, Il Barone di Dolsheim to wit.

An Oratorio has been established at the Olympic Theatre. The performers are, however, all second rate, but it will probably serve to extend the circle of musical taste to an almost new class of auditors. This attempt will also have the effect of encreasing the number of singers, since young aspirants are here admitted to try their powers. A Miss Myer, who has lately appeared, is well spoken of, but we have had no opportunity of hearing her.

A series of concerts at the Opera Concert Room is about to be esta-

blished.

While the King was at Dublin, it was the remark of those who were accustomed to observe the general pleasure his Majesty derives from music, that he gave no attention to any that he heard. At length, a Master Ornskirk, a boy about fourteen, sang an Irish air at a public dinner, which so much affected the King that he shed tears. This boy has a beautiful voice and strong feeling. The circumstance of course attracted notice, and he is now in England, and in great request at the private concerts of the nobility. He sings in a pure good style.

No singer has of late made so rapid a start into reputation as Mr. Sapio. He has unquestionably considerable natural advantages and scientific acquirements, but he has still much to learn, in English singing most especially. He has, how-

ever, no competitor.

Miss Fearon, the English Catalani, as she has been called, has been for some time on the Continent, and during the last two years has been much followed. Sinclair also has gained considerable applanse, and, it is said, has improved his style. The lady will shortly appear at Drury Lane; and, we believe, Sinclair also is expected in England. Braham (very wisely) has not sung this season. Signora Corri has appeared at Paris, but without the success she certainly deserves. She too has proceeded to Italy.

The veteran, Clementi, has been for some months in Germany. Several new Symphonies of his composition have been given in the cities where he has sojourned, and these

works and their composer have received due honour. At the court of Bavaria, in particular, he was distinguished with singular marks of respect.

Catalani is, or was very lately, at

Bath.

We now come to the new publications of the month.

Two favourite Irish Airs arranged for the Pianoforte, by Meves, are in an easy and elegant style. The character of the second air, Love's young dream, which perhaps it derives entirely from Mr. Moore's words, has not been sufficiently preserved. The lesson is, however, extremely pretty.

The first Number of a Series of Hibernian Airs arranged for the Piano-forte, by Burrowes. The Caledonian airs with variations, by the same composer, are already before the public. The form of the Rondo is adopted in the present set. Planxty Connor, a very lively air, has been selected as the subject of the first number, and this sprightliness pervades the entire piece. Mr. Burrowes's style is well known, and this is in his best manner. If his combinations are not strictly original, they are always melodious and agreeable. His aim is to please, and in this he completely succeeds. The Hibernian airs will probably be as great favourites as his other compositions. His Scottish Rondos are easy Pianoforte lessons in an agreeable style.

Addio Teresa, a favourite Italian Air, with Variations for the Pianoforte, by Latour. This piece is simple, graceful, and elegant, and has the brilliancy of more difficult and studied compositions, although within the compass of limited execu-

tion.

Les Belles Fleurs, by N. Rolfe, three easy and agreeable airs for beginners.

A Military Air with Variations, by Ries. The dashing white Serjeant, as sung on the stage, is in bad taste, and it is in still worse to have selected it as a theme for variations. As a melody it has nothing to recommend it, and when associated with the words it becomes disgusting. The variations are, however, worthy of a better subject; the first contains ingenious imitations between the parts; the second is bold

and effective from the strength of the bass; the third is in an agreeable legato style. The sixth and seventh degenerate into the vulgarity of the air, they remind us of the dance of the clown in a pantomime.

The Polacca, Si dolce e il mio contento, from Tancredi, arranged for the Pianoforte, by Ries. The introduction contains passages from the subject ingeniously interwoven with the original parts. The elegance of the theme is preserved, and agreeably varied, whilst the general style of the composition is brilliant and animated.

Six Notturnos for the Pianoforte, by A. A. Kleugel. These compositions are in a singular and highly original manner. They afford great practice and vast scope for the powers of the left hand, the bass being very prominent and forcible in all of them. They are capable of great expression, and in this branch of the art may be considered as good studies.

Mr. Horsley has published a spirited glee, for three voices, upon words by Mrs. Opie, Crown the passing Hour with Joy. It has all the purity of this composer's style, which however does not impair the effect.

Love wakes and weeps, by Mr. Barnett, is a composition of much merit, both in respect to melody and accompaniment. Mr. Barnett will be remembered as a boy of talent while a singer at Covent Garden, and as a composer he has shown powers of imagination much above the common, in several songs.

The Children of the Mist, a musical play, introduced at Covent Garden, has several pleasing things by Bishop and Ware. The music being the work of more than one hand, indicates, indeed, that the task of setting the words was required to be executed in a time too brief even for the feather-weighted speed of the regular composer to the house. Due allowance ought, therefore, to be given for these "insects of an hour."

Mr. Bishop's Trio, Howdeep the Sigh, for two trebles and a tenor, is very elever, and may be sung with considerable effect. Mr. Ware's song November's hail-cloud drifts away, is also pretty. But the great attraction has been in two old Scotch Airs, Charlie is my Darling, and We're a noddin, sung by Miss Stephens.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE. Mr. Mathews.

THE public look with as much anxiety for the annual opening of Mr. Mathews's budget, as for the bringing forward of Mr. Vansittart's; and they are quite as sure of suffering in their pockets from the one as from the other:-Mr. Mathews in-flicts upon them, however, a pleasurable taxation; -and they pay it with all their hearts, for he is Thalia's minister; - while Mr. Vansittart, we fear, is but the financier of To have done, how-Melpomene. ever, with this political jargon (we know not how we became involved in it), let us devote the little space and time we are this month enabled to afford to the description of the singular exertions of "this marvellous proper man;"-this actor of actors;

-this Mr. Mathews.

The entertainment which he has this year brought forward is intitled "The Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews,"—and, to us, who take a peculiar delight in auto-biography, the subject now produced is one of the most promising and fruitful kind. Some one has remarked (Dr. Johnson, perhaps), that every man may record something interesting, if he will write from his own observation and experience ;- if this remark will hold good with respect to Mr. Giblett the poulterer, and Mr. Wigley the hair-dresser, - and Mr. Anybody else, the anything else,-how must it flourish with such a person as Mr. Mathews. The early life of an actor is the very essence of experience.-It hath a strange garb-motley coloured-it is made of shreds and patches, it is a gorgeous pantomime with a bright opening, and a long train of cuffs and changes. Mr. Mathews runs it all through, even from his boyish days; he unfolds to us the whole mystery of breaking away from home, of acting by stealth in nooks and corners, of getting up three-pairof-stairs-tyrants and garret-Romeos,
of going mad, in short, at seventeen, and following the bedlamite
muse with that incurable frenzy against which St. Luke, and not St. Covent Garden, has set his face.

This entertainment is made up of facts and fancies, and we credit the whole. Mathews was born in the Strand, and he tells us so ;-he is 40 odd years of age,—and he tells us so;
—he was a long thin restless child, he does not disguise it, and we can readily believe him ;-and his first painted disobedience was committed in the company of Master Elliston (was Elliston ever little?) up two pair of stairs, at a pastry cook's in the Strand,-this he avouches, and it sounds like truth. This mixture of whim and matter of fact is surely mighty pleasant.-Well-but to give a slight "abridgment for the use of schools," let us hastily run over some of the incidents and characters which are crowded into this eventful history.-We are sure our readers who live beyond 30 or 40 milestones, on the London roads, will love us for giving them the memoirs of such a man as Mathews, if ever so much "in little." Old Mr. Mathews was a bookseller, a serious bookseller (we writers know what a serious bookseller is), and was devoted to Bunyan, and not to Banquo:-he observed burnt corks in corners, and rouge pots in cupboards, and very soberly remonstrated with his mad son about his lunacy. Old Mr. Deans of Scotland could not have drawn down a more stern lip at the knowledge of Effie's abomination—dancing,—than the senior Mr. Mathews was ever disposed to do, when he contemplated the playful habits of his child Master Charles. Much argument was carried on between Pater and Filius; and, at length, Mathews was bound apprentice, before Wilkes, to the bookselling business; what a pity he did not continue in it, so as to have published his present Me-moirs! Wilkes, looking ineffably with one eye on one Mr. Mathews, and one eye on the other, gave the sucking apprentice a lecture on the duties he had to fulfil. Master Mathews pined at the counter,— turned "a deaf eye" to Doddridge, and pored over the Devil to Pay; took an expensive sixteenth, or some such share, in the blank lottery of a private play, and, at length, resolved

to cut the shop, and get into the public line. His father seeing his determined bent (how preciously was this little twig bent, as the tree has since inclined) gave way in parental despair to the spirit of the stage, and Thalia walked away with her bargain to a country company. Mathews proceeds to relate the anecdotes, and to sketch the characters which he met with during his strolling life, -and certainly nothing can be given with more vivacity, originality, and effect. Familiar jests are spiced anew, and relish of a first flavour; and well known men are drawn and grouped with the hand of a Hogarth. Cooke, who led a sort of fairy life of inebriety, and actually lived in cups, is finely painted on a strong background, and shines out through a spirit-varnish, like one of the genuine old masters! Macklin, too, in all the rugged energies of age, is well and faithfully given. We never heard Mr. Curran speak, but the portrait looks as if it were a likeness, and, bears about it that characteristic mark which answers for its truth. At the York theatre Mr. Mathews became acquainted with that whimsical, original, charming old man, Tate Wilkinson, the manager, and having time and opportunity at his command, he took a whole length of this singular and delightful personage; it is to our taste the most spirited and pleasant portrait in his col-Tate was old when Malection. thews became acquainted with him; but age seemed only to have warmed and ripened the eccentricities and, quaint virtues of his character; and it would appear that, like the aloe, he blossomed at the end of a hundred years. He had a peculiar manner of cocking up his wig, or wiglet, slouching his hat, and wearing the collar of his coat back upon his shoulders, so as to leave the nape of his neck, of about the size of a plate, open to all lookers on. He was an ardent admirer, and a profound judge of good acting; and the moment any performer in his company showed genius, Tate procured him an engagement at a London theatre, " for he was too good to stay at York." His conversation, expressed in a slouched manner after the fashion of his hat, generally treated of about

five subjects at once, in the proportion of three sympathies to about two antipathies. He let none of them drop, but kept them all in play like the juggler with his balls. He seemed weaving a conversation of several different threads, so exactly did he take each subject in its turn and work it in. Mrs. Siddons,-Dimond's dinner,-his own hatred of rats,-Kemble's Rolla,-and Garrick, nearly made a topic for him, and a very charming rondeau did he play upon them. Mathews pourtrays all the tedious kindness, and odd peevishness, and motley-coloured plaidpattern'd discourse, and dramatic judgment of this Sir Roger De Coverley of actors, to the perfect life. He comes forward on the stage, Tate, to the very collar of his coat. We could listen to this old man till we were as old as he!

Mathews introduces us to many other characters of a more ideal kind, compounded of the whims picked from clusters of men. Mr. George Augustus Fipley, the young gentleman who is convinced "the line of beauty" is preserved in his person; and Mr. Trombone, the little bass singer who "could reach G." are thus fashioned. But all real, all imaginary characters must sink before the dear, melancholy, merry man of Wales, Mr. Llewellyn ap Llydd, who, with the person of old Daniel Lambert, has the spirit of Mercutio. Had Falstaff taken, as he promised, "to live cleanly as a gentleman ought," he would have learned Welch, and survived in Mr. Llewellyn. We are now convinced, for the first time, that the first of men was a Welshman. O! commend us to his pleasant lamentations - his plump distress - his charming trouble! - pining fatter and pining fatter, he waddles and wanders from spring to sea, from sea to well, from well to pump, from pump to sea, from sea to spring, from spring to well-round he goes,-round he gets,-there is no end !- " Am I thinner, think you?" uttered for ever in a mild sleek melancholy chuckle-and again, and yet again echoed with yet a tenderer mirth—" Am I thinner?" We loved him by description, but when we saw him in the last act come on the stage all in nankeen, and fat, and smiles,

yellow as butter, and almost of the same material—we could have made him an offer. He looked like the jolly Autumn in his person, with all the mildness of Spring in his manners. His eye, the colour of the leek, swam in his countenance in a fine faint green light!-He seemed fairly to have got the better of the atmospheric pressure, and to be a Welshman fit for heaven. What an ethereal Bonassus! He describes his walking into the Fives Court by mistake.-What a swell must they have considered him there! Spring himself could not have doubled up that Primrose Hill of a belly-Randall's little arm could not have compassed that wondrous neck, and the chancery suit must have dropped! The Gas man would have shrunk from his fatal lugger, and have patted Llewellyn's cheek! What a creature to have "gone to scale!" For the present we bid farewell to dear Ap Llydd!-but often shall we drop in during the coming months to hear his nightingale note-" Am I thinneram I thinner?" Such a man can never fall off!

We need hardly say that this entertainment hits our taste exactly; had we written it ourselves we could not have made it better. And Mr. Mathews carols his way through it in a way that convinces us he takes a pleasure in his business. Of the songs, we certainly think the Rubber at Whist, and the Volunteer Field Day are the best—though the quarrel over the cards is kept up a little too long, and the old game of playing at soldiers is now over. Major Sturgeon is gone to his long home, and Captain Pattypan sleeps in glory and Cripplegate.

The last act is a little farce, in which many of the characters appear in character. It is lively and rapid, and never suffers the audience to unwrinkle its visage. Mr. Mark Magnum, a tipsy steward, flurried with content, flushed with wine, and flustered with song, is quite our favourite. We remember him at the New

London perfectly.

We must now conclude. We are not very loquacious this month, but we trust we have said enough to induce every London reader we have to pass three hours (by the stopwatch) with Mr. Mathews. The country gentlemen must really come up to town:—they do wrong to lose a moment in booking their places with the Balloon and the Box-keeper.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE affairs of the Porte appear latterly to have taken rather a favourable turn, if it be true as reported, that peace has been restored between that power and Persia, thus diminishing at all events the number of her With respect to the opponents. state of her negotiations with Russia, it is quite impossible to speak with any certainty; the report of to-morrow supersedes that of to-day, and in the end, each is alike traceable to that common, prolific, and in some degree, prescriptive parent of all reports, the Stock Exchange. Turkey, however, continues actively her formidable preparations, and an occurrence is reported to have taken place, which, if true, may operate as a death blow to the Greek cause; this is no other than the so often rumoured death of the too famous Ali Pacha. The versions of it are different, but

they all agree in the result; one of the most remarkable is the following: that having been only able to obtain from Chourschid Pacha, who, it will be recollected, besieged him in Joannina, a passport for his own personal safety to Malta, leaving his immense treasure at the disposal of his enemies, he collected his wealth and family in one of the vaults of the fortress in which he had deposited several barrels of gunpowder. Just as he was going with his own hand to fire the train, one of his rela-tives remonstrated, whom Ali instantly shot dead upon the spot! The rest of the family, urged by desperation at the crisis, rushed upon the Pacha, with whose head they purchased an amnesty from the Turkish General; the head has since been paraded through the streets of Constantinople amid the universal joy of

its inhabitants. Such is the generally received report, about which, however, there are some sceptics, who attribute it to a stratagem of the "old Wolf," as Ali is nicknamed, one of whose peculiar devices seems to have been the report of his death. Much as we detest the character of this gifted monster, we confess we should regret such an occurrence at this moment; the death of Ali would enable Chourschid Pacha instantly to repair to the Morea with an army of 23,000 men, where he would soon be joined by the Pacha of Salonica, now marching thither, and their junction would swell the effective Turkish force in the Morea to at least 60,000 men! If such should prove the case, we fear there will be but little rest as yet for those who toss upon the "gory beds" of Marathon and Thermopylæ.

The accounts from France possess one exclusive character-revolt and rebellion. Every day proves that the Ultra administration are not fit to govern or scarcely to live in revolutionized France. They seem to have returned to the country under the delusion that the public mind has stood still during the last thirty years. They forget that the throes by which they were heaved into England, produced, as it were, a new political birth in their country; that the child of the revolution has now grown into manhood, and they absurdly endeavour to lull it with tales of priestcraft, and to swathe it in the swaddling clothes of the old regime. The consequence is natural. Risings have taken place in various parts of the country, which have all the appearance of previous concert. The most serious of these was headed by General Berthon, an old contemporary of Napoleon, at the Military College of Brienne; he is a man of considerable talent and of some literary acquirements, having been for some years a coadjutor of the Minerve. This General raised the tricoloured cockade in Saumur at the head of 50 men, who are stated to have at one time increased to 2,000. Subsequent reports say that his force has dispersed, and that its leader has taken refuge in the forest of Parthenay, into which numerous bands of Gens d'armerie have been sent with

directions to take him alive, if possible. Such is the result as mentioned in the very questionable columns of the Parisian press. The metropolis itself has been the scene of commotion. In despite of popular feeling, it seems, the missionaries, countenanced by the Archbishop of Paris, continue to preach; the churches are instantly surrounded by a mob who throw squibs and crackers amongst the ultra congregation, and a general dispersion takes place amid the groans of the devout and the trumpets of the military! such is stated to be a daily spectacle; a decent way certainly of recommending Christianity to a nation. On one occasion, the students of the Law College in Paris assembled round the pillar in the Place de Vendome, shouting "Vive la liberté," "Vive la charte," they were at last dispersed by the soldiery. This, bad as it seems, is however, almost peaceable when compared with the conduct adopted in the Chamber of Deputies. During the debate on the finance law, M. Tervaux openly accused the government of a design to introduce the despotism which France had exploded. Benjamin Constant went even farther than this, denouncing in the most indignant terms their foreign and domestic mismanagement. This provoked the utmost fury of the Ultras: the expressions-" Take care of your head,"-" We have heard enough of your horrors,"-" You are a rebellious, factious instigator of commotions," - "You are the friend of Berthon; the apostle of revolution in every country-silence, you rebel, you ought to be impeached," assailed the speaker as he stood in the tribune, and at last, all the deputies on the right side rising in a body and rushing out of the chamber, terminated a scene which disgraced the seat of legislation, and afforded but a poor specimen of Ultra argument, and a still worse one of Ultra civilization. It is utterly impossible that such a state of things can long continue: - where fires are thus exploding over the whole surface of a country, the existence of an internal volcano cannot be considered as doubtful.

It is a curious fact, that one of the Bourbon tribunals has been lately oc-



cupied in a legal discussion about Napoleon's Will. M. Lafitte, the Banker, had refused to pay over to the executors a large sum of money which the late Emperor had deposited in his hands, alleging that he might be liable to a second claim on the part of the heir; the tribunal in the first instance dismissed the suit of the executors, on the ground that they only proved extracts from the Will, when they were bound legally to produce the document entire. The original Will is in England. It is a most important and voluminous document, and would, we are credibly informed, occupy a man at least twelvehours in the transcription. Its publication is, however, at present rendered unnecessary. We know from our peculiar private sources that Lafitte has compounded with the executors on the following terms. He agrees to allow 4 per cent. interest from a certain date, which he gua-rantees to pay for five years, at the expiration of which period he is to pay the principal, provided no demand is previously made on behalf of the young Napoleon.

The state of the public mind in Spain may be collected from the single fact, that the popular chief Riego has been nominated President of the Cortes. A deputation waited on the monarch to acquaint him with the election, with the news of which he is said to have been considerably affected. He opened the session, however, on the 1st, with a speech from the throne, and was answered by Riego, who spoke of the obstacles which the constitutional cause still encountered, and of the firm deter-mination of the Cortes to remove them. The King left the hall amid the shouts of " Long live the constitutional King,"—" the Cortes," and the "Spanish Nation." It is said, that the departure of the King of Portugal has proved fatal to his sovereignty in the Brazils, and that various parties have arisen in that country, who, whatever may be their ulterior views, are united in a determination to rescue the Colonies from European thraldom.

An edict has been issued by the Emperor of China, forbidding the admission into his dominions of some Christian Missionaries who had arrived there, for the purpose of pro-

pagating their religion. What else could they have expected?

The domestic report of this month is neither very voluminous nor very satisfactory. Disturbances broken out in some parts of England, occasioned by penury, and want of employment. In Ireland, we have the same sad catalogue of alternate crime and conviction. Thirty-two poor creatures are said to have been sentenced to death in one batch at the special commission for the County of Cork, one half of whom were told that they held the tenure of their lives on the good conduct of those who were at large! That is, they were to be held responsible, and fatally responsible, for the acts of those over whom they could have no con-trol! Such, at least, is the account of the Irish papers. At the special sessions for either Cork or Limerick, one farmer was transported for seven years, under the blessed insurrection Act, because he was found out of his own house fifteen minutes after sunset!! Such are the means taken to quiet Ireland. While on this subject, we present our readers with the following official document, which, we will venture to say, speaks trumpettongued the necessity of some immediate attention to the desperate misery of this neglected part of our empire.

An abstract of the population of Ireland, according to the late census printed by order of the House of Commons, makes the number of souls in 1821, in

Total in Ireland ... 6,846,949

The enumeration of several counties in 1813 is also given; and it is curious to observe that the increase of population has been beyond proportion greatest in the disturbed counties. The population of Cork County in 1813, was 523,936; in 1821, it is 702,000. But the most extraordinary increase is that of Limerick: in 1813, it was 103,865; in 1821, it is 214,286—that is, it has more than doubled itself in eight years.

Our parliamentary register for this month contains matter of much importance, and of some novelty—ministers not having on every occasion latterly maintained that preponderance which has been hitherto consi-

dered as a matter of course in an unreformed House of Commons. The first subject upon which the administration evinced any weakness, was on a proposition brought forward by Mr. Calcraft, for a gradual repeal of the tax upon salt. As the tax now stands, it amounts to fifteen shillings on each bushel, and the suggestion was, to reduce that duty five shillings a year, until the whole should be extinct. In one year, according to this plan, the calculation was, that the revenue would be reduced 500,0001.! This was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground, that the moment a repeal to such an extent took place in this article, the trade in salt would be completely at a stand. On a division, the numbers were-for the proposition, 165-against it, 169-leaving government a majority of only 4. This, which in former days would have been considered tantamount to a virtual abolition of the tax, was in a few days after followed by a defeat of signal importance. We allude to the debate on the expenses of the Admiralty office. Sir J. Osborne, after a flourishing panegyric on the saving which had been effected in the contingent expenses of that department, concluded by moving for a grant of 57,616l. 16s. 1d. to defray the current expenses of the office during the present year. To this an amendment was proposed by the Opposition, moving a reduction of 2,000l. in the vote, being the salary of the two junior, or as they are technically termed, lay Lords of the Admiralty. A long debate ensued, in which the advocates for the amendment declared the utter inutility of these appointments, and ministers as vehemently contended for their importance; at the close, however, the numbers appeared to be, for the amendment, 182-against it, 128leaving ministers in a minority of 54! Those two useless offices have since been abolished.

A question of some importance to persons in confinement, at least for political offences, was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. James, who complained of a breach of the privileges of parliament, by the opening of letters addressed to him by a prisoner in Lancaster gaol; the practice was avowed and jus-

tified under the Act 31 Geo. III. by which the organization of regulations for various places of confinement was vested in the local magistracy, subject to the revision of the circuit judges of assize; in Lancashire, the provisions of this Act had been strictly complied with, and the practice now complained of was sanctioned by the local regulations. The house divided, confirming the propriety of the practice, by a majority of 107.

Lord Palmerston submitted the Army Estimates to the house, in which, as compared with last year, he stated a decrease of charge upon the public to the amount of 537,8491. 13s. 1d. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's plan for the proposed reduction of the five per cents. has passed into a law. The plan may be stated to have completely succeeded, as upon the closing of the Bank books, in which the dissen-tients were to be enrolled, the number of non-contents amounted to only 1,373, and the sum total of the property represented by them to 2,605,978l. 6s. 10d.; a mere mite compared to the property vested in

that species of stock.

A motion was made by Lord Normanby for the reduction of one of the Postmaster's General, upon the ground, that the appointment of two officers of that description was an unnecessary waste of the public money. This was opposed by ministers, on the ground, that such an appointment was "necessary to the machine of government," and that, according to a resolution of a finance committee in 1817, the revenue of the Post Office should not be placed under the control of a single postmaster. Upon a division, there appeared for the motion, 159-against it, 184—leaving ministers a majority of 25.

The business in the House of Lords has been divested of all interest, with the exception of a few observations made by the Duke of Devonshire on the important subject of the tithe question on presenting an Irish petition. As the question is however to be soon discussed at length, we shall content ourselves at present with the mere mention of the

March 24, 1822.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

APRIL 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

AMONGST the latest and worst symptoms of Agricultural distress have been the disorderly assemblies of the starving or alms-taking labourers in the eastern counties of the kingdom, their destruction of thrashing and drill machines, and most disastrous and disgraceful of all-the felonious burnings of corn stacks, and other farming property. These are, as it were, practical comments on Lord Liverpool's doctrine of abundance being the cause of distress. The labourer is of the same opinion; and he but takes a short course to the same purpose which Lord Liverpool intends to effect by "time and patience." "Leave things alone," say the Ministers, and supply will accommodate itself to de-mand. A few thousands of farmers will be ruined, land will go out of cultivation, and then all will be as it should be; corn will be scarce, and obtain a high price, and the farmer will be remunerated; the pauper takes a shorter course. The competition amongst labourers is too great, says he; corn is too abundant-destroy the machines which supersede labour, intimidate the farmer from using them, and burn barns, stacks, and granaries. Our masters must employ us, and corn must rise; but, unfortunately, both the minister and the machine-breaker forget the present misery they inflict, and they forget also, what is even more important, that their process is only to exact more labour, in order to obtain the same quantity of the necessaries of life. This is a most curious species of economy. This, however, is a sad strain of pleasantry into which we are forced by ministerial folly and pauper-crime; for between both, the strength of the nation, "the bold yeomanry their country's pride" is crumbling away like the independence by which their spirit has been hitherto upborne, but which is now fast breaking.

Nor does there appear any probability of the application of wholesome remedies. Ministers are obviously all abroad upon the subject, and as it should seem are rather anxious to shift the responsibility than manfully to meet the occasion. They have, indeed, denied the efficacy of reduction of taxation, but they propose nothing in its stead. It is stated that the remedies suggested by the committee at present sitting, are to reduce the sum (80s. per

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quarter) at which importation is now allowed, to 70s. per quarter; to impose a duty of 15s., when wheat is under 80s.; and of 5s. when above 80s., and under 85s. In the mean time, government is to expend one million sterling in the purchase of corn to be warehoused. When this latter proposal was put to the vote, it is added, Lord Londonderry and Mr. Robinson left the room, in order to avoid voting. The division was ten to ten, and the proposition was carried by the casting vote of Mr. Gooch, the chairman.

The object of these provisions is artificial regulation—the source of all our present evils—and the result is easy to be foreseen. But we cannot help persuading ourselves that the good sense of the country, expressed through the medium of the periodical prints, will co-operate with the calmer judgment of parliament, and will prevent the adoption of this absurd series of propositions, the only end of which must be to allure the farmer on by fresh but unavailing hopes; and thus conciliate for a short time the landed interest in parliament.

The question, as we have said in our former reports, mainly depends upon the relation which domestic supply bears to demand. If the foreign growth is wanted at all, in any visitation of the seasons, no regulation, short of such a duty, as it is alike wicked and absurd to suppose the country would endure, can preclude the influx of an immense quantity of foreign corn. The want being indefinite, the supply must also be indefinite; and the whole world, from Archangel to Canada, would be eager to pour their superabundant stores, now rotting in their warehouses, into this country. But to consider the propositions as they stand.

Government is to expend a million in corn. In what market or markets? At what periods? The thing itself is not absolutely impracticable, but unless its effects are to be sudden, they will not be perceptible. If sudden, they will most probably raise the price sufficiently to open the ports. For unless they raise the price to that rate, the farmer will not be benefited; if they do raise the price to that point, the farmer will be again overwhelmed with an influx greater than that of 1818, because the

quantity on hand in the foreign marts is so much more immense now than it was then, and because the price is so much lower. The moment the price approaches the sum at which importation is allowed, every manœuvre to open the ports will be played off by the holders of the large stocks of foreign grain now in warehouse, and by the merchants whose interest it may be to import; and if, under the present system of averages, a manœuvre of the capitalist could powerfully affect the market, what will the same means effect when aided by govern-ment purchases? To make this assurance doubly sure, the present importation rate of 80s. is to be lowered to 70s. Should parliament then adopt the resolution to expend a million in the purchase of corn, there can scarcely be a doubt the averages would open the ports by the 15th of August, the period most favourable to importations from the north. Already the supply in the London market begins to slacken; the last three weeks have not exhibited more than from one half to a third of the quantities usually brought up coastways.

When we come to examine the proposal for a duty of 15s. per quarter, (on wheat) it promises scarcely less disaster to the farmer. Wheat has fallen one-third, and can now be bought for 20s. per quarter in the northern ports. The meditated duty, and charges of import, would not add more than 20s. to the price. Thus, wheat might be brought into England at 40s. The present average is 46s. 9d. Even a rise of 6s. per quarter would therefore leave the English grower just where he now stands. From these statements, it should appear to be impracticable to propose any legal provision, by which the certainty of an adequate supply can be ensured, together with a fair remuneration to the English grower under his present expenses. There either is, or there is not, a necessity for an occa-sional supply from abroad. If we grow enough for our consumption, the price must fall to the exportation rate; for no man will export, until he finds he cannot obtain at home a price equal to what he can obtain abroad. If, on the contrary, any occurrence, a bad harvest or an insufficient growth, the one probable in the course of nature, the other in the progress of an increasing population, and a discouraging state of Agricultural property; if either of these circumstances lead to the necessity of a foreign supply, that supply cannot be limited in its amount, and it is most likely that the influx would be so vast, particularly under the proposed regulations, as to reduce the price again for years to come, and generate the same evils and the same complaints amongst the landed interest. We are, indeed, of opinion,

that the supply and consumption are nearly in equilibrium, for reasons we have formerly given; namely, that the average import to 1819, for twenty-eight years, was 500,000 quarters of wheat alone, besides flour and other grain; and because these are the best grounds for supposing that the importations of 1817, and 1818, only displaced an equal bulk of British produce, which the British farmer was induced to hold back, yet which has been of late forced into the market. Upon the whole, then, we think the necessity for importation is much more near and urgent than is generally imagined.

We have stated these objections, in order to impress the country as generally as possible with the manifest incompetency of the resolutions of the committee to the end proposed. By leaving the committee to their own suggestions, Ministers permit the country-gentlemen to cut their own throats, as they did in 1816, by allowing them the choice between a duty and the warehousing clause, when the representatives of the landed interest at the conference at Fife House preferred the latter. Here too, then, they shift the responsibility, and reserve the power of hereafter turning round upon those shallow and interested politicians, and saying, this is your own work; while their seeming concessions secure them the support of those of the County and other Members, who have of late shown some symptoms of tergiversation. But the farmer should be especially guarded, and let him never forget, that he has no safety but in the reduction of his outgoings to such a rate as may enable him to defy foreign competition. The rest is all fallacy, as the intercourse of the world now stands.

The extraordinary mildness of the season has continued, and indeed within the last few days the air has had the temperature of summer. Even in the eastern parts of the kingdom, vegetation in general is at least a month more forward than usual. blackthorn has in many places already burst into leaf. Ploughing is very forward-beans are sown, and the grasses look particularly well and thriving. The turnips are running away, and are so plentiful, that in some places the crier has in vain offered acres to be fed off, gratis. Long wool is not so ready of sale, nor so high in price by a shilling a tod. The spring markets in Scotland have been well supplied with cattle at lower prices than at the end of autumn. The meat markets also are low for the season. In Smithfield, the supply exceeds the demand, both of oxen and sheep, and prices are reduced.

March 23, 1822.

HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1822.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, Fair Venus' train appear; Disclose the long expected flowers, And wake the purple year!

ALL vegetation, awakening from the torpor of its winter existence, is bursting silently and sweetly into its gaiety of life; each plant with unerring order advances into the fairy ranks of nature; and each as it rises fails not to pourtray, by perpetual change, the boundless power and beneficence of its great Creator. Vain would be the attempt to describe their beauties and their odours, rich and various as they are beyond the reach of words; even imagination, "amid its gay creation," feels its impotency.

Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task, Ah! what shall language do?

The fullness of the Horticulturist's labours has arrived; "from dawn of day till setting sun," he is found encompassed by incessant yet delightful toils and cares. Each portion of the soil is now manured, and brought in its order under the spade, preparatory to receiving the early and main crops for the supply of the year. Hotheds are prepared "potent to resist the freezing blast," for the production of the melon, and—

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd So grateful to the palate, and when rare So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—Food for the vulgar merely.

Planting and pruning are nearly completed this month in the fruit garden. The beds and borders of the pleasure-grounds are also put in order for the reception of the various plants and seeds destined to be committed to their bosom. Feb. 1. The young and etiolated leaves of the hyacinth (Scilla nutans of Smith) this day burst through the surface of the earth. 3. The peach and nectarine trees, on a south-cast wall, have at length resigned the last of their foliage: the period at which trees lose their verdant honours is greatly influenced by their age; under similar circum-stances, the oldest resign them the first; the trees we are now speaking of are young and vigorous. 5. The dark-tinted sprouts of culinary or spear mint (Mentha viridis) and the leaf-tips of the tulip are now apparent; -two or three solitary scattered crocuses (Crocus vernus) are also in flower, crouching low upon the bosom of the parterres, as though afraid of the fickleness of the youthful year. 8. The buds of the gooseberry (Ribes grossularia) have this day burst their scaly envelope; and their leaflets are apparent.—The bullfinch (Loxia pyrrhula), the indicator of reviving vegetation, has commenced his ravages upon the swelling buds; this is one of the feathered tribe that the Horticulturist never spares; he blasts the prospects of the year, without so much as giving the requital of a song.

13. The azure flowers of the hepatica, one of the earliest offspring of the year, and those of the laurel, are completely open. The leaves of the damask rose (Rosa centifolia) are rapidly expanding; and thus awakened from her winter's trance, she calls from us the lay of Casimir,—

Child of the Summer, charming Rose,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light; thy form disclose;
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The rains are gone; the storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly blushing flower;
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

14. The last remnants of the Mignonette (Reseda odorata) which had withstood the "coming of the Father of the Tempest," have now departed to mingle with their parent soil. 15. The autumn-planted brocoli is becoming fit for use; in the usual course of vegetation, this should not occur until the beginning of March. Some few flowers of "the yellow wall-flower stained with iron-brown," have ventured into life and fragrance. 16. The leaf-buds of the blackberry have burst even whilst the leaves of last year are unfallen. 13. The crocuses are now generally in flower, and some of those which were the heralds of the tribe are thus early beginning to droop. The tunicate sprout of the crown imperial has burst from its earthen prison; thus by degrees "Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;" and with her too come the gardener's foes, the weeds, which are now advancing in growth and mischief, in multitudes far "beyond the power of botanists to number up their tribes."

All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
Th' impoverish'd earth, an overbearing race,
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

One of the foremost and most predatory of these is the nettle (Urtica urens); "this plant, with pellitory of the wall, may be said," observes M. Brisseau Mirbel, "to seek the society of man and to haunt his footsteps:" this, as observed in our last month's report, is the consequence of their

requiring a soil containing nitrate of potass, which salt always abounds near the habitations of man: hurtful to, and despised as is this weed by, the cultivators of the soil, yet it is one of the comparatively few of the vegetable myriads of which man has discovered the utility; in the county of Salop, it is dressed and manufactured like flax into cloth; this is likewise the case in France, where too it is made into paper; when dried, this plant is acceptable to sheep and oxen; in Russia, a green dye is obtained from its leaves, and a yellow one from its roots; in the spring, every person is aware that nettle tops are made into a salutary pottage; and in Scotland they make a rennet from a decoction of it with common salt, for coagulating their milk, in the making of cheese. 21. A few flowerets of the white violet (Viola odorata) have made their appearance, "cmblems, expressive emblems, of those virtues which delight to blossom in obscurity." The swelling of the flower-buds of the wall-fruit gives notice to the gardener to prepare his matting and the branches of firs for their protection, since Spring oft-

Brings her infants forth with many smiles; But once deliver'd, kills them with a frown. He, therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies

Her want of care, screening and keeping warm

The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as

As the sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,

The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,

And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

25. The brilliantly verdant leaflets of the larch (Pinus larix) are expanding, as also are the crimson bourgeons of the peony, which have for some time protruded through the surface of the earth. The primrose (Primula veris) is now appearing beneath every hedge—

Low tenant of the peaceful glade, Emblem of virtue in the shade, Rearing its head to brave the storm That would its innocence deform.

The new year's leaves, in coronal shape, of the martagon and white lily (Lilium candidum) are rapidly advancing. The buds of the Corcus Japonica are expanding, and in a few days its yellow flowers will be apparent. This month has departed, like its predecessor, with scarcely a day of gloom; it has been a season over the remembrance of which no class of society need drop a tear; and were the approaching summer to pass by, "in pride of

youth," without a day more genial than that of the 23d, we are aware of no tribe of Flora or Pomena that would sigh for the more refulgent beams of the "parent of the seasons."

February has passed away, and March is gliding along in the train of time, with the same smiling aspect; their days " have mingled in peace," and the calendar alone is the indicator that "the month of many weathers" has commenced. This is the month for inserting most of the main crops on which depend our winter's supply; many too for successional production during the summer; as well as many inhabitants of the herbary, where required. It is hazardous any longer to continue planting and pruning trees; their sap "detruded to the roots by wintry winds," has recommenced its circulation; no planter should be unmindful of the homely adage, " plant in autumn, and command them to grow; plant in spring, and implore them to grow:" the work of preparation in the flower garden should also this month be completed. Mar. 2. The columbine (Aquilegia vulgaris), is showing its tufted heads along the borders. The first of the daffodils (Pseudo Narcissus) are trusting their "flowering gold to trea-cherous skies." 5. The leaflets of the black current, and of the quince (Pyrus cydonia), are rapidly expanding. blossom of the apricot, and other wall-fruit of the amygdalus tribe, are unfolding; "how my heart trembles, whilst my pen relates," for fear, in spite of hope, paints them scattered beneath the wall, by the blasts of

Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves. Those trees, which as yet are too young to bear fruit, are also advancing in leaf. 9. "The violet darkly blue," is now generally in flower, peeping among its heart-shaped leaves. 11. The red currant (Ribes rubrum), is rapidly assuming "its mantle o' green." 13. Notwithstanding the apparently superior forwardness of the white lilac, yet the buds of the red (Syringa vul-garis), have led "the dance of life," and are the first to exhibit within their bosoms the tender embryo of their summer hopes. 15. The leaves of the thornless rose, and of the hawthorn (Cratægus oxyacantha), are gradually becoming determinate. 19. The rich, yet soft-tinted auriculas, "enriched with shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves," are gradually displaying their flowers. The last few days have afforded to vegetation the "pellucid treasure of the clouds;" the appearance of the various tribes since its fall, declares how greatly this refreshment was required; "moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around."

Essex.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, March 22.)

WHILE the country is anxiously looking forward to the measures which government intends to bring forward, concerning the navigation laws, the warehousing system, and in general the restrictions upon foreign trade, the manufactures are stated to be in a very flourishing condition, and commerce to be considerably improved, and holding out prospects of increasing prosperity: though it must be obvious, that the uncertainty which prevails respecting the intended alterations in our system, must recessarily act as a temporary check on many operations. Thus, for instance, the announcement of a proposal by Mr. Curwen in the House of Commons, to lay a duty on foreign tallow, caused a great anxiety among the merchants connected with the Russian trade, not only on account of the immediate result, but also of the effect which such a measure might produce on the Russian cabinet, which, it must be owned, seems already disposed to throw every possible obstacle in the way of British commerce; for it cannot be denied, that its tariffs are more injurious to England than to any other country: we need only mention the article of Havannah sugars, which are admitted as raw, while British sugars, that have, in fact, not undergone any further process than they, are taxed as refined. The publication, by some of our journals, of a new Russian tariff, still more rigorous than that of last year, excited considerable sensation here: but as it certainly had not been published at St. Petersburgh up to the 26th of February, it is now supposed either to have been wholly unfounded, or that if such a tariff was proposed it has been suppressed. We are rather inclined to the latter supposition. We know that a new tariff was drawn up, and submitted to the examination of four gentlemen, supposed to be particularly qualified to judge of the pro-priety of the changes proposed. They were to give their opinions in detail, and without reserve. One of these gentlemen was the Dutch Consul at St. Petersburgh. We may, therefore, suppose, that some such regulations as those published may have been submitted to them, that they have not approved of them, and that this has occasioned the delay in the publication of the new tariff, a delay which has caused great surprise at St. Petersburgh itself.

We mentioned in a preceding report the opening of some of the ports of Mexico to foreign trade, and the hopes conceived by our merchants and manufacturers of finding an extensive market in the immense countries of Spanish America. We must own

that we are not so sanguine as many of our friends. We cannot but recollect the losses that occurred at Buenos Ayres, and we fear that something similar may be experienced in Peru. It is easy to talk of the millions of consumers, from whose mar-kets we have hitherto been excluded, and which will be now open to us: but it would be well to inquire, who these millions are? How small is the proportion of those who are likely to become immediate customers for the superfluities of Europe! we consider their climate, their habits, and customs, we shall be convinced that it will be easy to overstock the market, (of which we confess we are afraid), and that extraordinary care must be taken in the choice of the goods sent out. This must be done, even if the new governments should allow us to send what we please, and on our own terms; but we already hear that in Peru and Chili, at least, this is not likely to be the case, and that General San Martin has resolved, that no foreigner shall act as a merchant, unless he chooses to settle in Peru, and become a Peruvian citizen—a condition which few Englishmen will be willing to accept.

The German West India Company has received a favourable account of the disposal of its first cargo, sent to St. Domingo, and of the reception given to its agents by the government of that country.

Cotton .- The cotton trade has, on the whole, been in a favourable state since the beginning of this month. The accounts from Liverpool and the manufacturing districts being exceedingly favourable, there was a great demand for East India descriptions, and good fine Surats realized a small advance. The purchases in the week ending 5th March, amounted to 2400 bales. In the following week the purchases amounted to nearly 4000 bales, and prices were a shade higher, viz.—2400 bales of Bengal—ordinary, 5 d.; fair, 5 d. a $5\frac{1}{6}d$.; good fair, $5\frac{1}{6}d$. a $5\frac{1}{6}d$.; good $6\frac{1}{6}d$.: 1500 Surats— $6\frac{1}{6}d$. a $6\frac{1}{6}d$. middling to fair and very fine, up to $7\frac{1}{2}d$. for very good; nearly all the latter are taken for re-sale; the Bengals for home consumption and exportation; 100 Pernams good, realized 123d. a 12dd. in bond. In the following week the trade was less brisk; but East India descriptions continued to be in request, and were readily purchased at the late prices; the sales amounted to about 380 Surats at 6½d. a 6½d. good fair quality; and 800 Bengals, 5½d. a 5¾d. very ordinary; 5½d. a 5¾d. fair common; 5¾d. a 61d. good fair to very good in bond-The letters from Liverpool of the 16th

and the 20th instant, state the cotton market to be rather heavy, and the prices rather lower. Sales in four weeks up to 16th March, 43,000 bags. The quantity of cotton delivered from the East India warehouses in the month of February was 6907 bags, viz.—2029 for exportation, and

4878 for home consumption.

Sugar.-The prices of sugar have continued to advance throughout the last month, though the demand has not been very considerable. In fact the quantity of Muscovades in the market has been very limited, and the stock is greatly reduced. The advance in price has been about 1s. each week, and the present week from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. This rise has in some This rise has, in some to 3s. per cwt. manner, tended to limit the demand; yet where purchases are made, the buyers are obliged to submit to the terms of the holders, who have become much more confident, since the late advices from the West Indies hold out the prospect of a short supply, and the probability of being much later at market than usual.

With respect to refined sugars, the market has been pretty steady; but the demand for exportation received a temporary check, by the report that a new Russian Tariff was on the eve of publication, by which all refined and crushed sugars were to be excluded. No such document, however, has yet been officially issued, and the accounts from St. Petersburg of so late a date as 26th February, do not mention it. The paper published by the news-papers as the New Tariff, is, therefore, supposed not to be authentic, and the demand for refined sugars has in consequence much increased during the last week. The following is the report of the market for to-day (22d March):-

The prices of Muscovades since Friday last are again 1s. a 2s. per cwt. higher; the demand has been considerable, parti-

cularly early in the week, and the supply is still very limited.

An advance of 2s. a 3s. took place early in the present week in low goods; since which the improvement has been firmly maintained, but there is not so much business doing in the finer descriptions; a small advance has been obtained, but there is no briskness in the refined trade.

The public sale of Havannah sugars yesterday, 916 chests, sold at prices a shade lower: good white, 40s. a 42s.; middling, 35s. a 39s.; yellow, 25s. a 26s.;

brown, 24s.

By public sale this forenoon, 225 chests damaged Havannah sugars, and 20 chests Brazil, sold at very high prices; but as they were washed, we cannot take them as a guide; if the sales could be taken as a criterion of the market, the prices are today 2s. a 3s. per cwt. higher.

At the East India Company's sale on the 21st:—Bengal white, fine 37s. a 39s.; middling to good, 33s. 6d. a 36s. 6d.; yellow, middling to fine, 25s. 6d. a 27s. 6d.: Java, grey, 28s. a 33s.; yellow, good to fine, 24s. 6d. a 27s.; brown, middling to good, 20s. 6d. a 24s.: Bourbon, yellow, good to very fine, 20s. 6d. a 26s.; damp, 18s. a 21s. 6d.; brown, ordinary to good, 17s. a 19s. 6d.; damp, 14s. a 17s. The brown sugars sold 1s. a 2s. higher than the previous prices; the other descriptions at the late currency.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Ga-

zette:-

March 2 32s. 4½d. 9 33s. 1¼d. 16 33s. 6d. 23 34s. 0¾d.

Coffee .- The coffee market has declined since our last publication. From 26th of Feb. to March 5, there were no public sales of coffee, and the demand by private contract was languid, owing to the announcement of several public sales for the ensuing week; the prices however were but a trifle lower; St. Domingo 108s. to 108s. 6d.— The public sales in the following week were too extensive for the demand; they consisted of 583 casks and 1562 bags, chiefly Foreign descriptions; all the ordinary coffee sold 2s. a 3s. lower; the coloury and finer qualities fully supported the previous prices; good middling Jamaica realized 138s. and 139s., middling Demerara 128s. and 131s. 6d.; the other descriptions sold at the depression we have stated, fine ordinary foxy Jamaica 115s. a 116s. 6d., fine ordinary 115s. a 115s., good ordinary 111s, and 112s.; large parcels of St. Domingo, good ordinary 106s. a 107s. 6d., fine ordinary coloury 110s. a 112s.; good ordinary Brazil 108s., fine ordinary 111s.

By public sale on the 12th, 1556 bags Cheribon coffee also sold at prices 2s. a 3s. lower, good ordinary 105s. a 106s., coloury 107s., damaged 97s. a 103s. 6d.—This reduction of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. was confirmed in the sales towards the close of the week; 433 barrels 324 bags Havannah sold, ordinary 102s., good and fine ordinary 104s. a 106s. 6d.; 300 bags Brazil, good to fine ordinary 108s. 6d. a 110s., or-

dinary 105s. a 107s.

By public sale on the 19th, 520 bags Brazil and 61 bags Jamaica coffee; the former went off heavily, again 3s. a 4s. per cwt. lower; good ordinary 106s. a 108s., ordinary 98s. a 101s.; good ordinary Jamaica 108s. a 113s. 6d., fine ordinary foxy 117s. 6d.; the latter may be quoted 1s. a 2s. lower; the market exceeding heavy at the reduction. St. Domingo, of good quality, was sold by private contract at 105s. and the nearest quotation was

104s. a 105s. The market has since improved, and at the public sale yesterday, the 21st, 600 bags Porto Rico sold at very high prices; fine ordinary, or ordinary middling coloury, 115s. a 118s., good to

fine ordinary 108s. a 112s. 6d.

By public sale this forenoon, 20 casks 141 bags St. Domingo, the good quality sold readily 104s. 6d. and 105s. Generally Coffee appears to be in more demand, and some prospect of the market improving.

East India Company's sale yesterday :coffee, Cheribon fine ordinary 103s. a 106s. damaged 97s. 6d. a 103s.; Sumatra ordinary 97s. 6d. a 99s.; Malabar, yellow

113s. a 124s. 6d.

Tea.-At the tea sale which began on the 5th instant, the prices were lower than at the December sale. Bohea sold at 2s. 51d. to 2s. 61d. Congou 2s. 61d. to 3s. 1d. Green teas considerably under last sale; Twankay, including the duty, 2d. per lb.

Spirits.—There has been a brisk and extensive demand for rum. At the beginning of this month, one house purchased from 3000 to 4000 puncheons, and including this extensive operation, between 5000 and 6000 puncheons were purchased on speculation; this, of course, caused an advance in the price, though not so considerable as might have been expected. This speculation has been excited by the opinion that the intercourse between the West Indies and the United States will be re-opened. At this moment, not much is doing in rum; but the late advance is fully supported, and the holders are so very firm, that in some instances, even higher prices have been obtained. Brandy has been exceedingly heavy, and declining; no sales of Geneva have lately been reported.

Oils .- The prices of Greenland oil are rather lower, owing to several of the holders having evinced a determination to effect sales; it is however expected the market will improve, as the number of vessels named for fishing is 38 less than last season; in 1821 there were 158 vessels, and only about 120 are at present reported.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow .- In bemp and flax very little has been doing. tallow market has been in a state of complete stagnation and uncertainty, on account of the reports relative to a new duty on the importation of Russia tallow. At present, the prices of Foreign tallow are entirely nominal; since the proposal of a new tax on Foreign import has been discountenanced by government, there have been no purchases whatever; it is, indeed, reported, that a considerable parcel of yellow candle has been disposed of at 48s., but the rumour does not rest on much authority; at the same time, if sales were forced in the present stagnation of trade, it is probable

no higher price could be realized. Town tallow is to-day quoted 46s. 6d., which is 3s. lower than last week.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, 15th Feb .- The roads having been again rendered impassable for sledges by a return of thaw, very little business is doing. Flax is still in demand, but there is a want of sellers, because the supplies now arrive so slowly: the last prices noted, viz. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 41 r.; cut Badstub, 37 r.; and Risten Threeband, 29 r.; must be considered as merely nominal. Corn continues to be without request. Hemp has not been much in demand this week. Contracts have been made for Ukraine for the end of May, at 106 r. all the money down; and it is held at 112 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. For delivery at the end of May, and all the money down, we may note Ukraine Outshot, 87 r.; Polish ditto, 92 r.; Ukraine Pass, 78 r.; Polish ditto, 82 r. Hemp Oil. On the spot for delivery at the end of May, might be had at 95 r. all the money down; but there are no purchasers. Potashes. Our stock is cleared off: 100 r. all paid, are asked for Polish crown, for future delivery. Seeds. For a long time nothing has been doing. Our stock of sowing linseed remaining from the last harvest is scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of the farmers in Livonia and Esthonia, who are obliged to procure from this place seed for sowing. Small parcels, have been sold at 9 to 10 r. per barrel. crushing linseed, there has been nothing doing. Tobacco. Polish crown for delivery is held at 50 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. Tallow. Yellow crown is said to have been purchased for delivery at the end of May, at 126 r. all down.

St. Petersburgh, 15th Feb.-We have here a great scarcity of money, and an increasing want of credit, so that any sale of merchandise is hardly to be thought of. The finest white Havannah sugars are offered at 23 r. ready money; and might probably be had at 22 r. Under these circumstances, the exchanges continue to rise, and Hamburgh will probably be at

9 in a couple of post days.

Hamburgh, 9th March.—Cocoa. The demand is improved. Coffee. On the whole little has been done this week, and the prices of the ordinary descriptions have rather declined; but middling and fine middling fully maintain themselves, and are chiefly in request.-Corn of all kinds is dull; wheat has lately fallen some rix dollars; other grain nominally unchanged in price; even barley, though pretty large shipments have been made to Portugal.

Cochincal,-Notwithstanding our stock

is not large, this article is very dull. Dyewoods. Our stock of logwood is much less than it has been for many years; and the price fluctuates between 9 marks 8 schillings and 10 marks; without much demand. For Fustic the demand seems to become more brisk; and as that of good quality is but little in proportion to our stock, higher prices are asked, and have been in some instances obtained. Quercitron Bark is pretty much in request. Prime quality is particularly scarce. Brazil Wood is in very great request, and our stock of all sorts is but small. It is true that a parcel of 350,000 lb. of Bahia was sold on the 28th ult. at a very moderate price, the sole cause of which, however, was ignorance of the real value of the wood, which was for the first time brought to market in so large a quantity. Several orders that have been given will scarcely be executed without paying a higher price.— Indigo. Though little business is doing, the prices still keep up. Gum Senegal. We have not received the supplies that were expected, and consequently there is no great change in the prices.—Rice. The inferior descriptions of Carolina have continued to meet a brisk sale, so that several considerable magazines have been entirely cleared off; the consequence of which is, that the holders of other sorts begin to ask higher Tobacco. Though no extensive business

is doing the prices remain steady .- Tea. We cannot say that any great purchases have taken place, yet the prices not only keep up, but green teas are even higher; Haysan has been sold in public auctions from 2d. to 3d. higher. - Sugar. Hamburgh refined have again met a brisk sale this week at an advance of $\frac{1}{4}d$. to $\frac{1}{2}d$. and only part of the orders already received could be executed, the stock being inadequate; so that a farther rise is not improbable. Lumps, in loaves, also met a ready sale at 9d. to 9½d. according to quality, and not-withstanding several fresh supplies, are scarce in the market. There was also more inquiry for crushed lumps for exportation, but for the most part the orders given could not be executed, because the prices limited were too low, since there is nothing in the market of good middle quality under 91d. and the stock is besides small.

In raw goods, large purchases are made of white and brown Brazils, the prices of which are not only firmer, but may even be noted \(\frac{1}{6}d \). to \(\frac{1}{4}d \). higher. Other descriptions

remain steady.

Stockholm, 2d March.—We continue to ship iron without interruption. We have weather like October; dry, but very stormy. Several vessels with grain have already arrived from Scania. Ordinary bar iron is now worth 16 rix dollars banco per ship lb.; half-inch to § inch Steel, 8½ to 8¾ rix dollars per cwt.

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Lewis, P. R. Bath-place, New-road, Middlesex, fringe-manufacturer. [Wigley, 49, Essex-street,

Strand. T.

Parsons, John, Swaff ham, Norfolk, linen-draper.
[King, 11, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.
Patter, B. Chorlton-row, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. [Milne, Temple. C.
Savage, J. Broadway, Worcester, pig-dealer. [Taylor, Gray's-inn. C.

Savage, J. Broadway, Worcester, pig-dealer. [Laylor, Gray's-inn. C.
Scandrett, Wm. St. Clement, Worcester, glover. [Collett, Chancery-lane. C.
Sherwin, Wm. Thos. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Tilson, 29, Coleman-street. T.
Stevens, Dan. Gut. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper. [Evans, 97, Hatton-garden, T.

Woolcock, J. Truro, Cornwall, draper. [Gates, 38, Cateaton-street. T.

March 12.—Colley, B. Posenhall, Salop, farmer.
[Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.

Copley, B. and W. Hirst, Doncaster, York, iron-founders. [Battye, Chancery-lane. C. Griffiths, H. Swansea, Glamorgan, linen-draper. [Price, l, Lincoln's-inn. C. Herbert, P. late Master of the Thalia, merchant. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street.

Knight, J. Halifax, York, merchant. [Beckett, Earl-street, Blackfriars. C. Maullin, T. Dudley, Worcester, nail-ironmonger. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. C. Moorsom, W. Scarborough, York, banker. [Kearsey, Bishopsgate-within. C. Poole, R. Leeds, grocer. [Neale, 1, Inner Temple-lane. C. Richardson, M. Kirkoswald, Cumberland, butcher. [Lowden, 17. Clement's-inn. C. Turton, W. Westbromwich, Stafford, coal-master. [Whitaker, Broad-court, Long Acre. C. Vertue, S. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, merchant. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C. Weeks, J. Fxeter, currier. [Mailock, 1, Field-court, Gray's-inn. T.

court, Gray's-inn. T.

March 16.—Bishop, E. Cheltenham, tallor. [King, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Brett, Wm. Stone, Stafford, grocer. [Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Butler, P. Little Bolton, Lancaster, manufacturer. [Adlington. Bedford-row. C.
Button, W. Bicester, Oxford, innkeeper. [Umney, 14, Clement's-inn. T.
Chittenden, Edward, Ashford, Kent, ironmonger. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.
Dalmaine, Geo. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, embroiderer. [Gaunt, Furnival's-inn. T.
Day, H. and R. Holmes, Tottenham-court-road, linen-drapers. [Hewitt, 11, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury. T.
Edwards, G. H. Craven-street, Westminster, winemerchant. [Williams, 9, New-s-quare, Lincola's-inn. T.
Glover, Eliz. Hardshaw, Lancaster, shopkeeper.

coln's-inn. T.
Glover, Eliz. Hardshaw, Lancaster, shopkeeper.
[Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Hort, J. Great St. Helens, London, coal-merchant.
[Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.
Judd, G. Farringdon, Berks, cordwainer. [A'Beckett, Broad-street, Golden-square. T.
Kirkland, J. and J. Badenoch, Coventry, ribbonmanufacturers. [Webster, 25, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.

manufacturers. [Webster, 25, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.
Leppingwell, K. Croydon, linen-draper. [Willis, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
Lightfoot, John, Eccleston, Lancaster, miller. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Maddock, R. aud J. Tweed, Rosemary-lane, timber-merchants. [Sweet, 6, Basinghall-st. T.
May, W. Newgate-street, victualler. [Clare, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
Milthorp, J. Poole, York, maltster. [Granger, Leeds. C.
Parker Thes. Carincott-mill, Somerset, mealman.

Leeds. C.
Parker, Thos. Carincott-mill, Somerset, mealman.
[Price, I, New-square, Lincoln's-inn. C.
Petitpierre, E. South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T. South-street, Finsbury-square, mer-

Petitpierre, F. South-street, Finsbury-square, mer-chaut. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.

street. T.
Pitts, T. and T. Collison, Beverley, York, woollen-drapers. [Eyre, Gray's-inn. C.
Rose, John, Ibstock, Leicester, grocer. [Long,
Grays-inn. C.

Rose, John, Ibstock, Leicester, grocer. [Long, Gray's-inn. C. Rose, M. Berry-hills, Leicester, farmer. [Long, Gray's-inn. C. Scott, W. Jun, Norwich, confectioner. [Tilbury, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street. C. Simkins, I. Store-street, Bedford-square, tailor. [Hunt, Surry-street, Strand. T.

March 19.—Brewer, S. Alderton, Suffolk, cornmerchant. [Hine, Essex-court, Temple. C. Copland, W. Holt, Norfelk, miller. [Bridger, 5, Angel-court, Throgmorton street. C. Darke, S. W. Red Lion equare, Middlesex, picture-dealer. [Minchin, Vernam-buildings, Gray's inn. T. DavRsen, Wm. Philipot-lane, Femburch-street,

merchant. [Gregson, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.

Handford, Wm. Tavistock, Devon, linen-draper.
[Bourdillon, Bread-street, Cheapside. T.

Herbert, R. and W. Buckmaster, St. Mary Axe, wine-merchants. [Hodgson, St. Mildred's-

wine-merchants.
court. T.
Keene, W. Marylebone-lane, Marylebone, farrier.
[Hamilton, 31, Berwick-street, Soho. T.
Kenyon, T. Rooden-lane, Lancaster, flour-dealer.
[Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
Ketcher, N. Bradwell, Essex, shopkeeper. [Bunn, Brook-street, Holborn. T.
Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, merchant. [Sweet, 6, Basinghall-street. T.

Basinghall-street. T.
Otley, G. New Bond-street, tailor. [Smith, 6,
Gray's-inn-place. T.
Thomas, R. S. Hanbury, Worcester, farmer. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Tickell, T. West Bromwich, Stafford, iron-master. [Norton, 8, Gray's-inn-square. C. Vaill, Wm. Jun. Brockworth, Gloncester, corn-dealer. [Dix, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette-Feb. 23 to March 21.

M'Gregor, A. merchant, Dingwall. M'Leod, A. merchant, Glasgow. Brownlie, W. engineer, Glasgow. Scotland, T. and J. lime-burners, West Luscar,

Williams, J. coal-master, Muithead, Fife. Wilson, R. merchant, Glasgow. Gardiner, W. spirit-merchant, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 19. At Frien-house, the lady of J. W. Bacon,

Esq. a daughter.
. At Langley Farm, Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Col-

At Langley Farm, Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, a daughter.
 The lady of Dr. Goodenough, Head-master of Westminster School, a daughter.

 At his house, in Chatham-place, the lady of Charles Cradock, Esq. a daughter.

 March 4. The lady of Thos. Starkie, Esq. Barrister-at-law, twins, girls.
 The lady of James Moody, Esq. of Hunterstreet, Brunswick-square, a son.

 At the Dowager Lady Rodney's, Alfred-place, the lady of the Hon. Edward Rodney, RN. a daughter.

daughter.

At Holme, in the East Riding of the county of York, the lady of the Hon. Chas. Longdale, a

10. The lady of Captain Henry Andrews Drummond, of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, a daughter.
 At Knowlton Park, Kent, the lady of Captain

D'Aeth, RN. a son. 11. In Bloomsbury-square, Mrs. Edward Lawford,

In Upper Brook-street, the lady of Sir Charles

Sullivan, a daughter.

— In Queen Ann-street, the lady of Major Chet-wynd Stapylton, Royal Hussars, a son.

13. In Portman-square, Mrs. Fuller Maitland, a

daughter. 14. At Woolwich, the lady of Major Payne, Royal

14. At Woolwich, the lady of Major Payne, Royal Artillery, a daughter.
16. In Upper Gower-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Dance, a daughter.
18. At the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury's, the lady of George Baker, Esq. a daughter.
At Crofton-house, near Titchfield, Hants, the lady of Thos. Naghten, Esq. a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Carlow, the lady of Col. Sir Dudley Hill, a adaughter. In Rutland-square, Dublin, the Hon. Lady Lovinge,

MARRIAGES.

MARKIAGES.

Feb. 26. By Special License, by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Thos. Wm. Coke, Esq. MP. for the county of Norfolk, to Lady Anne Keppel, eldest daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

27. At Chatham, Lieut.-Col. Dashwood, of the 3d Guards, second son of Sir Henry Dashwood, Bart. of Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire, to Caroline, fourth daughter of Sir Robert Barlow, KCB.

— Lieut.-Col. Percival, CB. to Alicia Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir William Henry Palmer, Bart.

Bart.
March 2. At Plymouth, Wm. Loner, Esq. of Southampton, to Maria Prudence, daughter of George Taylor, Esq. of Plymouth.

At Leamington, the Rev. Edward Woodpatt, MA. son of Dr. Woodyatt of Worcester, to Louisa Georgiana Maria, youngest daughter of the late Sir Nigel Bowyer Gresley, Bart, of Drakelow, in the county of Derby.

At Norwich, Octavius, youngest son of the late Dr. William Greene, of Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, to Catherine Spencer, second daughter of Benjamin Norton, Esq. of Bawburgh-hall, in the county of Norfolk. At Wooton Church, J. G. Stapylton Smith, Esq. of the Royal North Lincoln Regiment, to

Harriot, eldest daughter of John Appleby, Esq.

Harriot, eldest daughter of John Appleby, Esq. of Wooton-house.

7. At the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, by Special License, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, the Hon. George Orger Ellis, MP. only son of Viscount Clifden, (and of Lady Caroline Spencer his wife, eldest daughter of George, third Duke of Marlborough) to the Hon. Georgiana Howard, second daughter of Viscount Morpeth (and of Lady Georgiana Cavendish his wife, eldest daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire) and grand-daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.

— At Belvoir-castle, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, A. R. Drummond, Esq. eldest son of A. R. Drummond, Esq. of Cadland, in the county of Hants, to lady Elizabeth Manners, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

— At Marylebone Church, Josias Jackson, Esq. to Mrs. Hartwell, relict of the late Rev. Holton Hartwell.

Hartwell.

At All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. the Archdeacon of Chichester, Frederick Thesiger, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Wm. Tinling, of Moira-place, Southampton.

Southampton.

14. At Branshot, the Rev. Fred. Ford, MA. eldest son of the late Henry Ford, LL.D. Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, to Mary, only child of John Neale, Esq. of Henshot, Hants.

18. At Walcot-church, Bath, the Rev. Edward Eastcott, of Exeter, to Miss Baynton of Bath.

19. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major Shubrick, to Ellen, daughter of Francis Willock, Esq. of Hill, Southampton.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's, the Vicomte de Lahitte, Lieut. Col. of the Horse Artillery, and Officer of the Legion of Honour, to Jane Cecilia, daughter of Rogerson Cotter, Esq. son of the late, and brother of the present Sir James Lawrence Cotter, Bart.

DEATHS.

Lately, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged
19, Jane, the lady of George Finch, Esq. and
daughter of Rear Admiral and Lady Bridget
Tollemache.
Feb. 22. At Falmouth, in his 28d year, John
Grimwood Newman, Esq. youngest son of the
Rev. Thos. Newman, Rector of Little Bromley,

Essex.
3. At his house, in the Cloisters, Windsor, Dr. George Heath, Canon of Windsor, and Fellow of Eton College.
4. At his house, in Stratton-street, aged 87, Thos. Coutts, Esq. Mr. Coutts left the whole of his immense property to his wife, making no legacies whatever, aware that she would dispose of it in conformity to his wishes. This amiable Lady has accordingly made most ample provision for the daughters of the deceased. Upon

the Countess of Guilford she has settled 10,0001.
per ann. and the same upon the Marchioness of Bute, with 10,0001. to her two children: Lady Burdett will also have a large sum, but the exact amount is not yet known.

5. At Odell-castle, in the county of Bedford, in his 85th year, the Right Hon. John James Percival, Earl of Egmont, and Baron Lovel and Holland; he is succeeded in his English and Irish estates and in his titles by his only son, John Viscount Percival, now Earl of Egmont.

7. At Banstead, in his 80th year, the Rev. Henry Taylor, LLB. Rector of Spridlington, Lincolnshire.

shire.

At the apartments of Sir Richard Keats, at Greenwich Hospital, Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart. GCB. Admiral of the White.

At Hawthorn-hill, Berks, in his 91st year, Whitshed Keene, Esq. who sat in Parliament nearly half a century, and was father of the House of Commons some years previous to his retirement at the general election, in 1818.

retirement at the general election, in 1818.

March 1. At Worlington, in the county of Suffolk, Rice James, Esq. in his 79th year.

3. At Shrewsbury, the Rev. Benjamin Edwards, Rector of Fradesby, Salop.

4. In Pall-mall, in her 60th year, the lady of Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, Bart. of Nettleham, Lincolnshire, daughter of the late Wm. Morland, Esq. MP. for Taunton.

7. At Exmouth, Mrs. Bastard, relict of the late Edmund Bastard, Esq. of Shurpham, and mother of E. P. Bastard, Esq. MP. for the county of Devon.

Devon.

Devon.

8. At Burton-hall, Yorkshire, in his 83d year, the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. This gentleman was well known as a political character, and distinguished himself as a strenuous champion for the principles of constitutional freedom, which he invariably advocated. In conjunction with the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord John Cavendish, and Sir George Saville, he roused the important county of York, to oppose the system of Lord North. He was made Secretary of the Yorkshire Association; and afterwards co-operated with Fox, Sheridan, and their party, in the cause which he deemed most beneficial to his country's interests, and in the cause of freedom, country's interests, and in the cause of freedom, reform, and humanity. In the person of his son, the present Member for York, he has left

son, the present Member for York, he has left an able supporter of the same principles.

9. In Pall-mall, at the residence of his father-in-law, Sir William Beaumaris Rush, in his sixty-fourth year, the Reverend Edward Daniel Clarke, LLD. Professor of Mineralogy at the University of Cambridge, Rector of Harlton, in Cambridgeshire, and of Great Yalden, in Essex. This distinguished traveller was edu-cated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he cated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where be took the degree of BA. 1790, and of MA. 1796. In 1799 he commenced his travels through the Tartary, Asia Minor, and Syria, and returning by way of Egypt. Soon after his return he mar-ried the daughter of Sir William Beaumaris Rush; and in 1808 a Professorship of Mineralogy being founded at Cambridge, he was appointed to the chair. Besides his classical and interesting travels, of which the last portion is expected to appear very shortly, he published some Antiquarian Dissertations on the Statue of Ceres, the Tomb of Alexander, and the Greek Marbles deposited in the Public Library at Cambridge; and likewise some works on Mineralogy, &c. His remains were interred on the 18th, in the Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge, on which occasion his relatives, many of the Heads of Colleges, the greater part of the Professors, all the Members of Jesus College, and many other Members of the University attended. tended.

tended.

In his 48th year, Robert Ramsbottom, Esq. of Birks-hall, near Halifax, who was killed by a large stone falling on his head, while assisting one of his labourers to remove some clay out of

large stone falling on his head, while assisting one of his labourers to remove some clay out of a quarry.

16. At Brighton, after a long illness, at an advanced age, Thomas Elam, Esq. late of Leicester-square, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.

At his residence in Bath, aged 66, Caleb Hillier Parry, MD, FRS. &c. after a long illness.

In Portland-place, Lady Dunkin, reliet of Sir William Dunkin, formerly one of his Majesty's Judges in the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

17. At Whitburn-hall, in the county of Durham, in her 21st year, Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart.

At his seat at Canwick, in the 41st year of his age, Coningsby Waldo Sibthorpe, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel of the South Lincoln Militia, and MP, for the city of Lincoln.

Lately, at an advanced age, John Addie, Esq. of Twisleton, in Ingleton Fells. This gentleman was a singular character, and retained an extraordinary degree of the simplicity of primitive manners. He was regularly to be seen at fairs and markets, attired in a coarse blue coat, a long pocketed waistcoat, a Wensley-dale wig, buge galligaskins, and shoes of most antique fashion. This whimsical appearance acquired for him the not uncharacteristic appellation of Lord Oddie.

IN SCOTLAND. Lord Oddie.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Dumfries, aged 77, the Rev. James Kirkpatrick.

IN IRELAND.

At Waterford, Henrietta, the wife of James Wallace, Esq.

At Barbadoes, in his 20th year, H. J. Loraine, Esq. brother to Sir Charles Loraine, Bart. of Kirkhall, Northumberland, and Ensign of the

At Geneva, William Jackson, Esq. Deputy Commissary General to the Forces.

At Bangalore, in the East Indies, Capt. Ernest Hepburn Leith, 22d regt. Native Infantry, third son of Alexander Leith, Esq. of Freefield, Aberdenselies. deenshire.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Edward Polehampton, MA. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Greenford Magna, Middlesex, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Barrow, MA.—His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the Rev. J. W. Whitaker, MA. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain at Lambeth, to the Vicarage of Blackburn, Lancashire, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Whitaker, LLD.—The Hon. and Rev. Richard Bagot, MA. is appointed Prebendary of St. George's chapel Windsor, vacant by the death of Dr. George Heath.—The Rev. Charles Richard Summer, MA. one of his Majesty's Domestic Chaplains, appointed a Prebendary of the Cathedral of Worcester, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. and Rev. R. Bagot.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Peter Elmsley, MA. of Christ Church, has been nominated one of the delegates of estates, in the room of the late Dr.

Hodson, Principal of Brasennose.—Walker Henry Burton, Esq. MA. Fellow of Exeter College, elected by convocation to the Vinerian Fellowship, vacant by the decease of James Boswell, Esq. MA. of Brasennose.—John Frederick Winterbottom, BA. Fellow of Magdalen College, to the Vinerian Scholarship, vacant by the cession of Mr. Burton.—The Rev. William Russell, BD. Fellow of Magdalen College, and the Rev. John Anthony Cramer, MA. Student of Christ Church, nominated and appointed as Public Examiners.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subjects for the Members' Prizes for the present year, are

Senior Batchelors:—Populis diversis eadem instituta minime conveniunt.

tuta minime conveniunt.

Middle Bachelors:—Astronomiæ utilitas et laus.
That of the Porson Prize is from Shakspeare,
Julius Cæsar, Act iv, scene 3, beginning "Come
Anthony and young Octavius," and ending "and

leave you so." The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Aca alecticum.

Dector in Divinity.—The Rev. Thomas Harwood of Emanuel College.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord Grey, of Trinity College, son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.—The Hon. Thos. Cavendish, of Magdalen College, son of Lord Waterpark.

J. H. Henslow, Esq. of St. John's College is Candidate for the Professorship of Mineralogy, vacant by the death of Dr. E. D. Clarke. The Chancellor's Two Gold Medals for the best

Class Scholars, amongst the commencing Ba-chelors of Arts are adjudged to Messrs. G. Long and H. Malden, both of Trivity College.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

This month has been fine and mild for the season, excepting four or five rainy days. The mean pressure is high, and on the 28th instant the barometer rose to 30.80 inches, a height which it seldom arrives at, even in winter. This great weight of the atmospheric column was accompanied by a frosty air, and by two winds crossing each

other at right angles.

The range of the thermometer is from 31° to 56°, and the mean temperature of the air is upwards of 80 higher than that of February, 1821; and about 43 higher than the mean of that month for many years past. It is remarkable that we have scarcely felt the winter constitution of the air, except in the absence of the sun, when the chilling dews and slight frosts have prevailed; and that the external thermometer has not yet receded more than 20 below the

freezing point.—The ground, however, is still clogged and consolidated by the late heavy rains. Spring water being at its minimum temperature for the winter, the ground, without an addition of much wet, will begin to exhale its moisture, and get warm as the sun's rays make a greater angle with the horizon. All nature having a forward appearance, and the fruit trees already putting forth their buds, indicate an early spring.

The atmospheric and meteoric phanomena that have come within our observation this month, are I solar halo, I double rainbow, 3 small meteors, lightning and thunder, accompanied by heavy rain early in the morning of the 3d instant, and 4 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from SE. 1 from S. and 2

from SW.

DAILY REMARKS.

February 1. A sunny day, with linear, plumose, and ramified Cirrus, and Cumuli: a cloudy and

windy night.

2. A high wind and light rain at intervals in the day—a tremendously hard gale throughout the night from SW. and WSW., when upwards of an inch of rain fell, necompanied by thunder and lightning about 4 o'clock in the morning. The roofs of many houses in this neighbourhood were much injured in the tiling by this wind.

3. AM. fine: after a few drops of rain in the evening, a clear sky by night.

4. A slight hoar-frost, and a Stratus on Portsmouth Harbour before sunrise.—AM. overcast: PM. rain and a gale from SE.

5. A heavy gale from SW. and light showers of rain at intervals: fine by night, and frosty towards morning.

6. Hoar-frost, ice on the ground, and icy efflorescences, both on the inside and outside of the windows—a low crimson haze, through which the sun appeared to rise fiery red, followed by a fair day and night.

7. Overcast with undulated Cirrostratus early in the morning: PM. rain and a gale from the

8. A fine calm day: light rain in the afternoon, and a moonlight night.
9. AM. fine: PM. overcast, and a brisk southerly wind, which brought up rain towards morn-

10. Overcast in the day: light rain and a gentle

breeze by night.

11. A fair day: showery by night.

12. A dense fog throughout the day, which kept the trees in a constant drip: a shrouded sky by

13. As the preceding day: alternately cloudy and clear, and much dew in the night.

14. Overcast nearly all day, and two winds crossing nearly at right angles, the upper one from SW.: a clear and calm night, with a copious dew,

amounting to 2:100 of an inch in the pluviameter, and a quiescent barometer during the last 40 hours.

and a quiescent barometer during the last 40 hours.

15. A calm sunny day: a light shower in the evening, and a clear night.

16. AM. fair and cloudless: PM. Cirri, Cirrocumuli, and Cirrostrati regularly succeeded each other; the latter shrouded the sky by night.

17. AM. overcast: a clear sky in the afternoon, and a thick fog after sunset, followed by light rain in the night.

18. A calm sunny day: overcast by night.

18. A calm sunny day: overcast by night.
19. The day as the preceding: a clear sky soon after sunset, when the planet Mercury being at his greatest elongation, was visible to the naked eye a few degrees to the westward of Venus, and also

a few degrees to the westward of venus, and also for several subsequent evenings.

20. AM. overcast and a fresh breeze: steady rain in the afternoon, which subsided with a shower of hail, and a fine double rainbow, part of which continued in sight fifteen minutes after the sun had set.—A clear night, a slight hoar-frost, and a little ice upon the leads.

21. AM. fair and cloudless: Cumuli in the afternoon: and the night as the preceding.

21. AM. fair and cloudless: Cumuli in the afternoon; and the night as the preceding.

22 Fair with various modifications of clouds: clear, calm, and dewy by night.

23. The day as the preceding, with a fresh breeze from the NW. The unilluminated part of the new moon's disc this evening reflected a bright coppercolour soon after sunset. A shrouded sky by night.

24. Overcast and windy, except an hour or two at mid-day.

25. Cloudy and calm, and a light shower towards the morning.

25. Cloudy and caim, and a light shower towards the morning.
26. AM. as the preceding: rain and wind in the afternoon, and a clear sky by night.
27. AM. a slight hoar-frost early, and a cloudless sky: Cumuli and Cirri in the afternoon, and a blush on the twilight: the night as the preceding.
28. AM. hoar-frost, and two winds crossing at right angles, the upper one from the south, with nascent Cumult: PM. a cloudless sky.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under " Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Month.	Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-			GRO TER.			CLOUDS.			9.	in es, &c.					
0	rhases or the	Max.	Min.	Med.	METER. Wed. Nin. At 8 PM. At 8 PM.	WINDS.	Cirrus.	Cirrocumulus.	Cirrostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.	Nimbus.	Evaporation Inches, &c	Evaporation in Inches, &c. Rain in Inches,					
2 3 4 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 11 12 13 14 16 17 18 19 22 19 22 22 23 24 24 25 26 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27		30°32 29°96 29°72 29°82 29°94 30°02 29°97 29°92 30°15 30°25 30°50 30°50 30°50 30°50 30°34 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36 30°36	30·15 29·64 29·50 29·44 29·40 30·10 29·90 29·85 30·95 30·15 30·15 30·15 30·48 30·48 30·48 30·45 30·35 30·31 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34 30·34	30-235 29-800 29-610 29-630 29-910 30-170 29-920 29-935 29-946 29-890 30-175 30-150 30-195 30-470 30-470 30-475 30-480 30-480 30-350 30-350 30-350 30-350 30-350 30-655 30-665 30-665	48 54 50 50 50 53 55 55 54 55 55 54 55 56 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58 58	40 447 35 444 447 43 40 40 40 42 41 438 47 444 47 43 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49	44 50·5 42·5 47 42·5 47 48·5 47 47 47 47 47 47 47 48 49·5 51·5 46 43·5 46 43·5 46 43·5 46 41 41 46·39	80 82 84 98 76 85 81 83 80 79 80 87 90 87 90 87 92 83 84 84 85 86 87 92 87 87 87 87 65 77 65 77 77 65 77 77 77 77 77 77 77	666 777 766 62 61 7666 766 774 69 774 75 70 59 71 72 53 70 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67 67	80 75 86 95 78 76 79 81 78 86 80 90 90 96 90 90 96 90 75 100 88 71 80 74 74 74 74 72 68 79 53 69 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79	SW SW W to NW SW to SE S to NW NW to S S SW to S S SW to S S SE to S NW to SE E to SE SE to W NW to SW W to NW SW to W NW to NW SW to W NW to NW SW NW to W SW NW to W SW SW NW to W SW SW NW to W SW SW NW to SW NW to SW NW to SW NW to NW SW NW to SW NW to NW SW NW to SW SW SW NW to SW SW NW to SW S	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : 1 :	111111111111111111111111111111111111111	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0-08 -10 -15 -05 -05 -08 -25 -20 -115	1-16 -144 -03 -48 -05 -04 -06 -10 -01 -01 -01

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

	RESULTS.	
	BAROMETER Maximum 30-80 Feb. 28th, Wind E. Minlmum 29-40 Do. 5th, Do. S.	
	BAROMETER Minimum 29-40 Do 5th Do S	
	Range of the Mercury 1:40	,
	Mean barometrical pressure for the Month	20-195
	blean barometrical pressure for the Month	90-157
	for the lunar period, ending the 21st instant	90.07/
	for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination	30.074
*	for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination	30.540
*	Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury	6.760
	Greatest variation in 24 hours	0.820
	Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere	22.
1	(Maximum 500 on foundifferent days	7
7	THERMOMETER { Maximum	
3	Range 25	100
A		
	Mean temperature of the Air 46:39	
٠	for 29 days with the Sun in Aquarius. 46-19	,
3	Greatest variation in 24 hours	
5	Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM 51.21	
ij,	DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.	
	Greatest humidity of the Air 100° in the evening of the 17th.	
	Greatest dryness of Ditto	
	Pages of the Index 42 in the afternoon of the 2/th.	
	Range of the Index 58	
	Mean at 2 o'clock PM 66.0	
	at 8 Do AM 802	
	at 8 Do PM 79-9	
	- of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock · · · · 75·3	
	Evaporation for the month 1-150 inch.	
	Rain and Hail, for Ditto 2000 ditto.	
	Prevailing Winds, SW.	
ú		
	A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.	2.
	A clear sky, 5: fair with various modifications of slowly 10, an overcost sky 71: for	gv. I.

A clear sky, 5; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 10; an overcast sky, 7½; foggy, 1; rain and hail, 4½.—Tota!, 28 days.

STOKE			LOUDS		ALCOHOLD CONTRACTOR	
Cirrus,	Cirrocumulus,	Cirrostratus,	Stratus,	Cumulus,	Cumulostratus,	Nimbus.
19	12	22	3	14	15	14

	A SU	ALE U	F IM	E PHI	VAIL	ING	AINDS	· 5.5.5
N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
14	- 4	1	4	5	7	31	51	28

NEW PATENTS.

D. Loescham, Newman-street, Oxfordstreet, and J. Allwright, Little Newportstreet; for an improved keyed musical instrument. Communicated to him by a Jan. 14.

A. Gordon, London, and D. Gordon, Edinburgh, Esqrs.; for improvements and additions in the construction of lamps, and of compositions and materials to be burned in the lamps, and which may also be burned

in other lamps. Jan. 14. D. Gordon, Edinburgh, Esq.; for improvements and additions to steam-packets, and other vessels; part of which improve-ments are applicable to other naval and marine purposes. Jan. 14.

A. Applegath, Duke-street, Lambeth; for improvements in printing machines. Jan. 14.

J. Hague, Great Pearl-street, Spitalfields; for a method of making metallic pipes, tubes, or cylinders, by the application and arrangement in the apparatus of certain machinery and mechanical powers. Jan. 29.

Sir W. Congreve, Bart.; for improved methods of multiplying fac-simile impressions to any extent. Jan. 29.

P. Ewart, Manchester; for a new method of making coffer-dams. Jan. 29.

R. Bill, Newman-street; for an im-

proved method of manufacturing metallic tubes, cylinders, cones, or of other forms, adapted to the construction of masts, yards, booms, bowsprits, casks, &c. Feb. 5.

F. L. Talton, New Bond-street; for an

astronomical instrument or watch, by which the time of the day, the progress of the celestial bodies, as well as carriages, horses, or other animals, may be correctly ascertained. Partly communicated to him by a

foreigner. Feb. 9.

G. H. Palmer, Royal Mint; for improvements in the production of heat, by the application of well-known principles not hitherto made use of in the construction of furnaces of steam-engines and of airfurnaces in general, whereby a considerable saving of fuel is obtained, and the total consumption of smoke may be effected.

J. F. Smith, Esq. Dunston-hall, Chesterfield; for improvements in dressing of piece goods made from silk or worsted, or

of both these materials. Feb. 12. S. Davis, Upper East Smithfield; for an improvement upon the lock for guns, &c. enabling the lock to be used upon the percussion principle, or with gunpowder, without charging the lock or hammer. Feb. 12.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 18 Mar.	Hamburg. 12 Mar.	Amsterdam 18 Mar.	Vienna. 6 Mar.		Berlin. 12 Mar.	Naples. 1 Mar.	Leipsig. 11 Mar.	Bremer 7 Mar.
London	25.15	36.4	40.3	104	fl. 10-7	0 -0	580	6-17	6154
Paris	-	261	574	118	fr. 1194	841	22.80	80	-
Hamburg .	1824		351	1451	1464	154	42.80	147	134
Amsterdam	581	1061		137	1384	1451	47.60	1384	1251
Vienna	250	1471	361	10	40	105	57.50	101	-
Franckfort.	34	1483	35.1	_	994	1044	_	1004	111
Augsburg .	249	1476	. 56	991	994	1054	57-7	1004	1101
Genoa	472	821	902	611			19.05	SOMO S	nti ban
Leipsig	-	148		-	994	105	-	-	111
Leghorn	510	884	971	57	1000	1	117.60	- 1	DOUR.
Lisbon	555	374	41	-		_	494	19	-
Cadiz	15.65	934	1044	-	_	-	-	-	-
Naples	434		83		- 2	-	-	-	4
Bilbao	15-65	_	1031	-	S THERE	-	_	-	THE .
Madrid	15.75	941	104	-	-	-	PORT AN	01 101	
Oporto	555	374	414	-	-	-	_	-	-

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ОМ	Franckfort.	Breslaw.	Christiana.	Petersburg.	Riga.	Antwerp	Madrid.	Lisbon,
	14 Mar.	9 Mar.	27 Feb.	26 Feb.	1 Mar.	16 Mar.	10 Mar.	1 Mar.
London Paris Hamburg Amsterdam . Genoa	1465	7:3½ 154½ 145¾	200	913 102 8 14 91	9# 877 9#	39.74 par 344 24	37½ 16·3	51± 548 38 42 864

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COURSE	OF	EXCH	ANGE.
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From Feb. 26 to March 22.
Amsterdam, C. F12-812-7
Ditto at sight
Rotterdam, 2 U12-912-8
Antwerp
Hamburgh, 21 U37-437-0
Altona, 24 U
Paris, 3 days' sight 25-4025-25
Ditto 2 U
Bourdeaux
Frankfort on the Main \
Frankfort on the Main 154
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us 849
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M 10-1210-10
Trieste ditto 10-12 10-10
Madrid, effective 37437
Cadiz, effective
Bilboa
Barcelona
Seville
Gibraltar30½
Leghorn
Genoa
Venice, Ital. Liv27-60
Malta
Naples
Palermo, per oz118
Lisbon
Oporto
Rio Janeiro
Bahia
Dublin
Cork93

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

		d. :		
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	00	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	104	0	0
New doubloons 3	14	6(0	0
New dollars 0	4	94) 4	10
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	11) 4	101

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 04d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 104d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys£2	10	0	to	3	0	0	
Champions 2	0	0	to	4	5	0	
Oxnoblesl	10	0	to	2	0	0	
Apples2	10	0	to	3	0	0	

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

मा सुर्वा क	Fe 2	b.	M	ar.	M	ar.	Mar.	
Wheat	47	7	46	11	46	10	45	11
Rye -	23	3	23	5	20	8	21	11
Barley	19	4	19	2	18	8	18	3
Oats	15	4	15	6	16	0	15	7
Beans	22	3	22	8	21	9	21	7
Peas	23	11	23	4	23	4	23	i

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Feb. 26, to March 22. At As Bi Bi Bi Bi

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Gr. Gr. Hu

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Me Mo

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Pea Por Reg

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-	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	38,206	-	900	39,606
Barley	26,844	-	-	26,844
Oats	53,487	10	-	53,497
Rye	296	-	-	296
Beans	11,916	-	-	11,916
Pease	4,454	-	- 1	4,454
Malt	18,444	Qrs.; Fl	our 29,21	4 Sacks.
30-3-3-3	Foreign	Flour -	- barrels	

Price of Hops per cut. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ... 50s. to 84s.

Sussex, ditto 50s. to 75s.

Essex, ditto 0s. to 0s.

Yearling Bags 0s. to 0s.

Kent, New Pockets 46s. to 80s.

Sussex, ditto 50s. to 70s.

Essex, ditto 0s. to 0s.

Farnham, ditto 0s. to 0s.

Yearling Pockets ... 0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

£. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. Smithfield.

3 0 to 4 0..4 0 to 4 15..1 10 to 1 16 Whitechapel.

2 10 to 4 0...2 10 to 4 8...1 6 to 1 16 St. James's.

3 0 to 4 4..3 5 to 4 8..1 11 to 1 19

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate. - Beef ... 2s. Od. to 3s. Od. Mutton . . 2s. 0d. to 3s. Od_ Veal 3s. 0d. to 5s. Od. Pork 3s. 0d. to 4s. 44. Lamb... Os. Od. to Os. Od. Leadenhall.-Beef 1s. 8d. to 3s. Od. Mutton. .2s. Od. to 3s. Od. Veal4s. 4d. 0d. to 5s. 4d. Pork 2s. 8d. to 4s. Lamb . . . 0s. 0d. to 0s. Od.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Feb. 25, to March. 18, both inclusive. Beasts. Calves. Sheep. Pigs. 12,006 1,236 83,030 1,370

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL), In each Week, from Feb. 25 to March 18.

Feb. 25. March 4. March 11. March 18.

s. d. s. d.

Newcastle. 31 0 to 41 0 | 31 0 to 39 6 | 31 6 to 40 0 | 31 0 to 41 0 8 underland 31 6 to 42 0 | 30 0 to 41 3 | 33 3 to 0 0 | 32 6 to 42 9

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(March 23d, 1822.)

100 mg 100 mg	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	02 (201) 11 (10) 13	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
	-	£. s.		£.	denevir en dans	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Canals.	-		Series I	1	Bridges,	182.1	100	TOT 4	
Andover	5	-	350		Southwark	22		7356 1700	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch Ashton and Oldham	16	7	1482	100	Do. new Vauxhall	54 15	74p.c.	3000	100
Ashton and Oldmani	85	4	1760 1260		Do. Promissory Notes ····	95	5	54,000/.	100
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,0001		Waterloo	5 5		5000	10
Birmingham (divided)		24	2000	25	Annuities of 81.	30	-	5000	6
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250		25	-	5000	4
Brecknock & Abergavenuy	80	4	968	150	Bonds,	102	5	60,0001.	-
helmer and Blackwater.	93	5	400	100	Roads.		566	- 1	
hesterfield · · · · · · · · · ·	120	8	1500	100	La Control of the Con	30		300	10
oventry	1000	44	500		Barking	105	-5	1000	ic
Perby	195	6	4546	100	Commercial East-India	100		1000	100
Judley	135	3	20603	100	Branch	100	5	-	10
llesmere and Chester	60	3	3575		Great Dover Street	33	1 17 6	492	10
rewash	1000	58	231		Highgate Archway	4	_	2393	5
orth and Clyde	470	20	1297		Croydon Railway	-	1	1000	6
iloucester and Berkeley,	100 A	MITT			Surrey Do	-	1	1000	6
old Share	- 1	-	1960		Severn and Wye Do	31 10	1 6	3,62	5
le. optional Loan	- 1	-	11.8153	60	Wuter Works.			112	
irand Junction	235	9	1521	100	and the state of t	95		3800	10
Do. Loan	101	3	60.0001.		East London	54	2 10	45.600	5
rand Union	21	5	28 194		Kent	31	1 10	2000	10
Do. Loan		5	19.3271.	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	-
rand Western	3	_	5006	100	South London	25	-	800	10
Frantham	145	8	749		West Middlesex	50 10	2	7540	-
luddersfield	13	-	6312		York Buildings	24	-	1360	10
cennet and Avon	17 10	16		100					1
ancaster · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	27	1	11,6994	100	Insurances.	***	0.10	2000	1 20
eeds and Liverpool		12	2,8793	100	Albion	50	2 10	25,000	50
eicester & Northampton	290	14	545	-	Atlas	4 15 575	40	20,000	5
Union	84	-	1895	100	Bath Birmingham	300	25	300	100
an all the second	3400	170	70	100	British	50	3	-	25
Calera Mr. 9	221	10	250	100	County	40	2 10	4000	10
Mersey and Irwell		30	200		Eagle	2 12 6	-	40,000	5
donmouthshire	160	10	2409	100	European	20	1	50,000	1 2
Do. Debentures	99	5	43,5261.	100	Globe	133	6	1,000,0001.	K
lontgomeryshire	70	2 10			Guardian	10	-	10.000	110
Neath Willes	400	25	247	-	Hope	4	6	40,000	1.5
North Wilts			1770	25	Imperial	90	4 10	3900	56
xford	200	12	500	100	London	20	1 1	31,000	1
eak Forest	65	32	1720 2400		London Ship	17	18	2500	16
ortsmouth and Arandel	Ask.	3	2520	50	Rock	1 18	the same of the same of	100,000	1 2
legent's	05	- 16	12,294	-	Royal Exchange		10	745,100/.	
ochdale	100	2	5631	100	Sun Fire	-	8 10		13
nrewspury	3.0743	9 10	500		Sun Life	23 10		1000	110
hropshire	125		500		Union	40	1 8	1500	2
omerset Coal	107 10		771	50	Gas Lights.	1			1
tourbridge	700	40	700	140			144	-	
tratford on Avon	210	9	300		Gas Light and Coke (Char-	71	4	8000	1 :
troudwater	495	22	3647		Do. New Shares	65	3 12		1 :
wansea	100	10	533	100	City Gas Light Company	110	-	1000	16
avistock	80	-	350		Do. New	60	-	1000	1 10
hames and Medway	20	-	2670		Bath Gas	17	16	2500	1 3
rent & Mersey, or Grand		166	0.000000	2.3	Brighton Gas	16	14	CON 13.00	1 3
Trunk	1900	75	1300		Bristol	26 10	1 14	2500	1 :
Varwick and Birmingham	220	10	1 1000	100			1	5556	1
Varwick and Nanton	losa		1 10003	50	London ·····	25	-	1000	75
ints and Berks	1 4 0 6	9	14 999	100	Russel	10 10	-	700	25
	1 60	=	14,288	105	Surrey	5	-	700	30
Worcesterand Birmingham	25	1	6000	-	Control of the Contro		1.534	the James	1
1 -1 1 611 10 61	12 6	122 4	CENT DI	1- 3	Miscellaneous.	100		1000	1 .
Docks.	1860	100	EST SE	15 8	Auction Mart	22	2 10	1397	1
Bristol	1.	1000	E WY		British Copper Company	52		2299	1
Do. Notes	14	-	2209		Golden Lane Brewery	6	=	3447	1
Commercial	100	5	268,3241	100	London Commercial Sale	100	1	1	1
ast-India	149	3	3132	100		17	1	2000	1.
ast Country	99 1/	10	450,000 <i>l</i> . 1038	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	88	1 4	-	1 -
roadon	INEL	4	3,114,000/	100	Dones 2d Glass	74	8	-	1-
West-India	182	10	1,200,000/		City Bonds	1106	5	-	1,-

-	-	-		3		offered tree		rom	1 43	4 .	-	1	Sea		1.	1
822 Feb.	Bank St.	3 p. Cent.		S p. Cent.	34 p.Cent	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent Navy.	Long An	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium	India St.	India Bonds.	South S.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols
25 26 27	249 1 249 1 249 1 249 <u>1</u>	79½ 79¾	78 年 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75	8	901	984 981	103 <u>1</u> 103 <u>1</u> 103 <u>1</u> 103	201 201	79 78₹ —		2484 248 247 248	52 57 47 41	881	791	4 3 1 par.	79 79 79 79
1		79 \$ - 80 80 80 80 80 80 80 80	79 79 79 1 79		908	984 98 	102 \(\frac{1}{3} \) 102 \(\frac{1}{4} \) 102 \(\frac{1}{3} \) 103 \(\frac{1}{3} \) 103 \(\frac{1}{3} \)	201	78\frac{2}{8} 78\frac{1}{4} 79 78\frac{1}{4} 79 79\frac{1}{4} 80\frac{1}{4} 80\frac{1}{8}		247	40 40 44 45 51 55 52 50 51 49 48 49 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55	87§	791	1p 1p 2p 2p 2p 2p 4p 4p 5 5 3 3 4 5 4 4 4	79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 79 80 80 80 80
		15 P	t	हे ह	ISH	10 1				<u> </u>	lä.		RE	rices VCH rom F	FU.	ND.
	Bank Stock.	68 Government Street Street Government Government Government	Government Stock, 34 per	Government Denture, 4 per	per	Government Green 194	Government	Stock, 5 per cent.	Grand Canal	Loan, 4 per cen	75 75	Royal Canal St.	Feb. fi 279 Mar. 29 59 78 118	5 per Cent.	Ba Act	nk tions
22 23 far.	247½ 247½ 249		901 901 391 90				104 104 104 104		48	à		23		0 60 0 60 1 34 9 40 8 74	0 15 0 15 5 - 0 15 5 -	85
- S - S - S - S - S - S - S - S - S - S	34L 10	W w	W	452		MP	PIC	AN	FILL		0		13 8 15 8 18 8 21 8 23 8	8 94 9 70 9 6	5 150 0 150 5 -	88 ; 90 ; 92 ;
511		F 10	200	-15	Mar	1	mil.l	-	OND 12		. 0	22	26	F	eb.	23
	Shar		. 181 181 181	3	. 95 . 97 . 99	97		2·15 96 97½	22·15 96 974 994	9		2·15 95 96	22·10 95 96		15 06 07±	113 106 107 106 111

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